Aug. 6, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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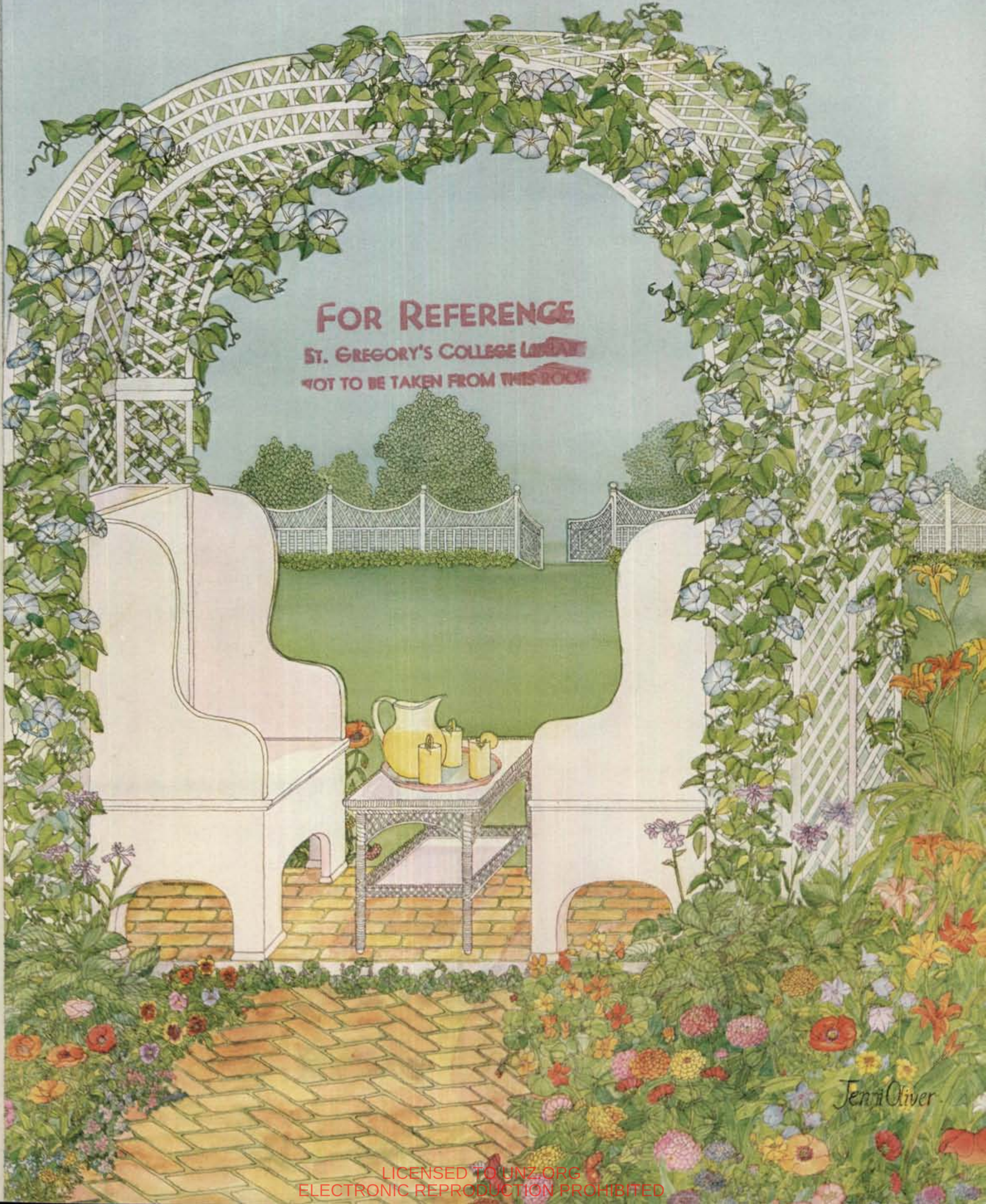
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—Four married couples collide in and out of bed like electric cars at an amusement park, with much bumpy violence and no harm done to anyone. Mildred Natwick, Robert Coote, and John Lithgow now head the cast of Alan Ayckbourn's exceptionally clever play. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broadway Opry '79: A Little Country in the Big City—A country-music show. The performers (each of whom will appear on only four occasions): Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2, Waylon Jennings, the Crickets, and the Waylors; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 3-5, Buck Owens, Vernon Gosdin, and Melba Montgomery; Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 7-9, Conway Twitty, Dottsy, and Ed Bruce; and Friday through Sunday, Aug. 10-12, the Bellamy Brothers, Skeeter Davis, and Johnny Rodriguez. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

But Never Jam Today—Vinnette Carroll's all-black adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," with music by Bert Keyes and Bob Larimer (who also did the lyrics and collaborated with Miss Carroll on the book). First seen last fall at the Urban Arts Corps Theatre in workshop form. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, is the author of a comic horror play, BURIED CHILD. The setting is a blighted farm in Illinois, and the performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:15. . . . ¶ A play by Marty Martin, GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN, with Pat Carroll. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actor's Fund Sunday, Aug. 5, at 7:30.)

Every Good Boy Deserves Favour—Eli Wallach, René Auberjonois, and Remak Ramsay head the cast in the final performances of a week-long engagement of a comedy with a book by Tom Stoppard (based on an original concept by Trevor Nunn) and music (performed by a full symphony orchestra) by André Previn. Directed by Mr. Stoppard. David Gilbert is the conductor. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2, at 8; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, at 7 and 10.)

Father's Day—Three divorced (and discarded) women invite their ex-husbands to celebrate Father's Day with their children. The trouble with Oliver Hailey's scratchy comedy is just that it is not good enough in any number of ways. One compensation, though, is Graham Beckel's subtle, funny performance as one of the ex-husbands. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 921-9877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Getting Out—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Days—Irene Worth is a humorous and intelligent, if somewhat disembodied, Winnie in Samuel Beckett's great play about a woman half buried in a mound of earth, and George Voskovec is good as the husband who sporadically interrupts her monologue. Andrei Serban directed this only partially successful production. (6/18/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I Remember Mama—Mother Machree with a Swedish accent in this play about a Norwegian immigrant family in San Francisco. The accent belongs to Liv Ullmann, and the musical in which she stars belongs on the shelf. (6/11/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Knockout—A play by Louis La Russo II about some sad residents of Hoboken. Evil is everywhere, but virtue triumphs. Danny Aiello is the hero, and Edward O'Neill is the villain; both do well. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 8-12: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lone Star and **Pvt. Wars**—Two funny one-act plays by James McLure, an actor-playwright from Texas. The five actors who make up the casts of the plays are exceptionally gifted; Mr. McLure has been well served at the beginning of what promises to be a distinguished career. (6/18/79) (Century, 235 W. 46th St.

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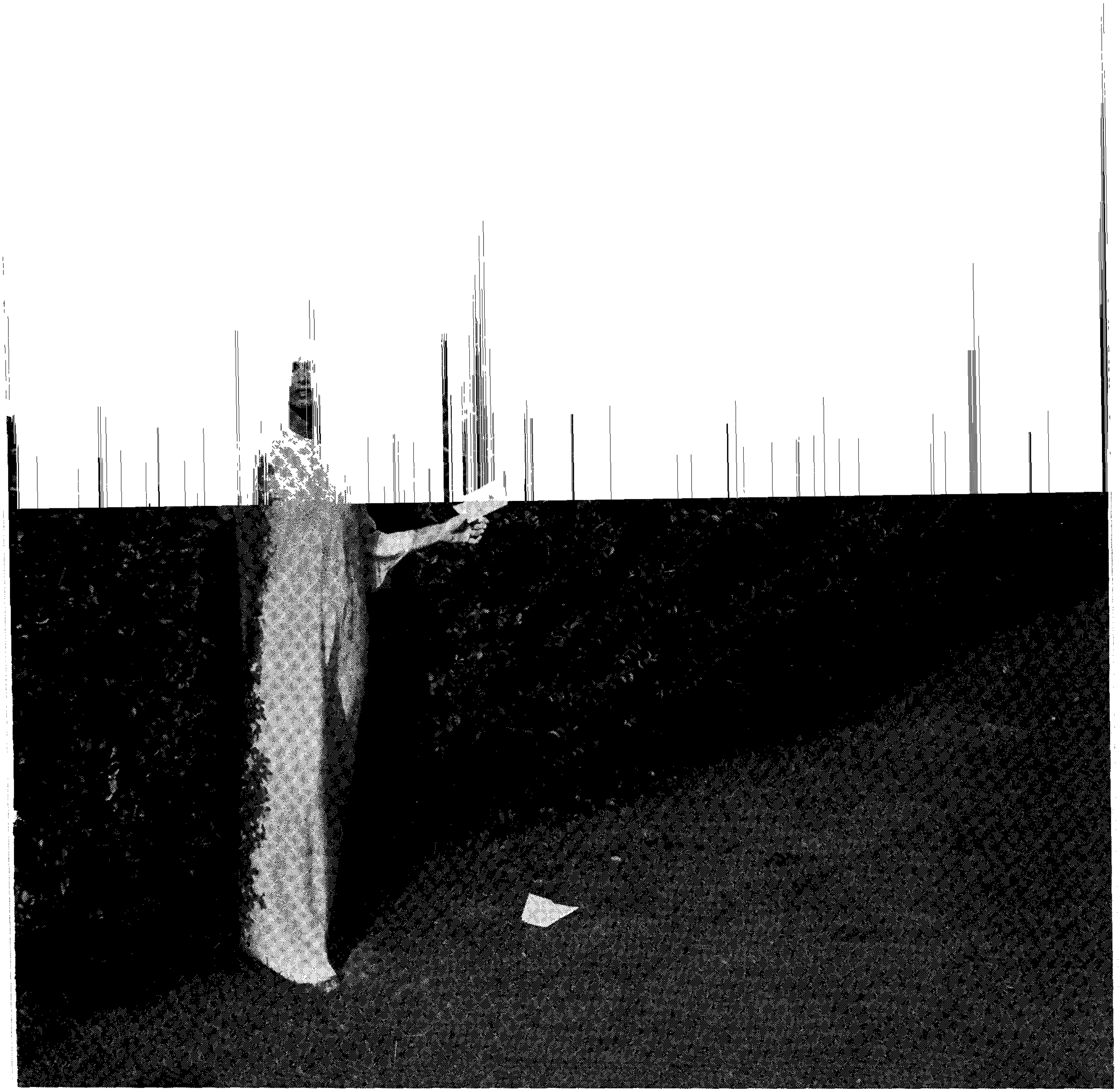

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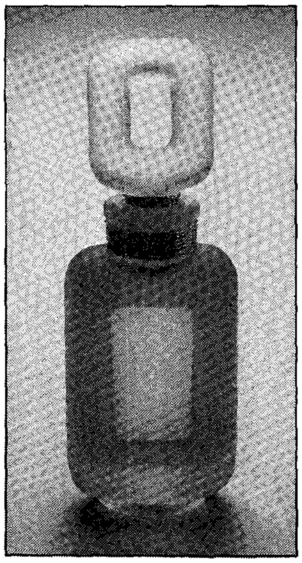

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Loose Ends—Michael Weller casts a cold eye on young folk striving to make good in the seventies. Roxanne Hart and Kevin Kline are first-rate in the leading roles. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26.)

The Madwoman of Central Park West—Phyllis Newman struts her stuff in what is billed as a musical comedy. The rest of the large cast is imaginary. (6/25/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Price—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than the original 1968 production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the talented performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is superior. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scrambled Feet—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

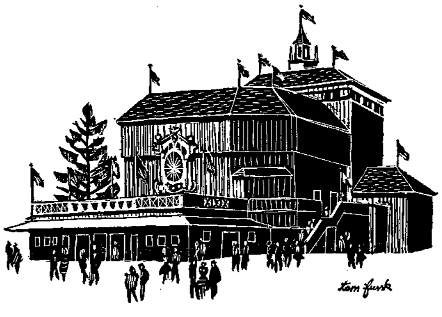
Spell #7—Ntozake Shange's new show—a mosaic of screens and recitations and music and dancing, set in a bar frequented by black actors and actresses—is a spellbinder indeed. The performances, under Oz Scott's direction, are very good; those of Mary Alice, Reyno, La Tanya Richardson, and Larry Marshall are even better than that. (7/16/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Strider: The Story of a Horse—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatregoers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Whose Life Is It Anyway?—The question posed in the title is asked by a brilliant young man who, paralyzed from the neck down, is eager to be allowed to die. An extraordinary performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark which is much warmer-hearted and more high-spirited than you might suppose. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Brian Keith his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRACULA**: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Jean LeClerc heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EUBIE!**: A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,008 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

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Beatlemania—Resumes performances at the Palace, Broadway at 47th St., 752-2626, Friday, Aug. 3. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gilda Radner—Live from New York—Miss Radner is at the head of a cast in an entertainment that evolved from the television program "Saturday Night Live." Directed by Lorne Michaels. Preview Wednesday, Aug. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, August 2, at 7, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 1. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Mon-

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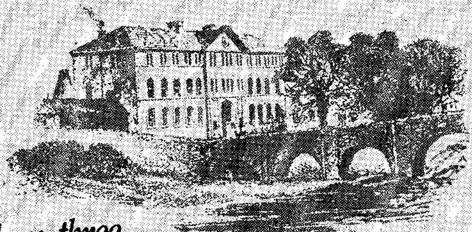

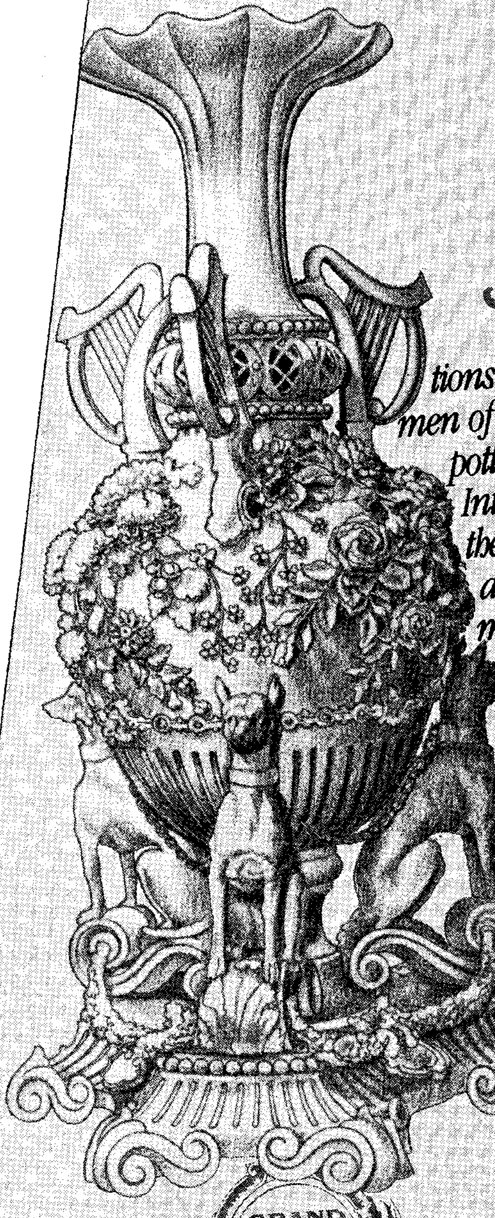

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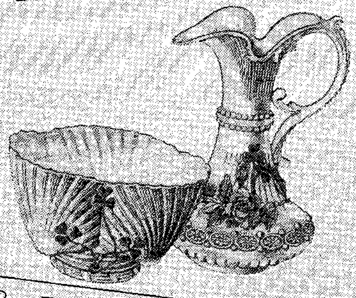

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 8, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 19. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 26—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Aug. 1-3; Saturday matinée, Aug. 4; Sunday evening, Aug. 5; Thursday evening, Aug. 9; and Saturday evening, Aug. 11: "Stone Flower." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 4, and Sunday matinée, Aug. 5: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 7-8; Friday evening, Aug. 10; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 11: "Spartacus." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . .* ¶ *Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.*)

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-7812)—A dark, large room in an enlightened branch of a steakhouse chain. Saxophonist Pete Yellin's quintet performs on Wednesday, Aug. 1; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, electric pianist Peter Borno will lead a quintet; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, will be given over to pianist **Ray Bryant** and his trio. Sets begin Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. 228-6300)—Wet Willie, a spirited Southern rock band, is here on Wednesday, Aug. 1; on Thursday, Aug. 2, Dutch rocker Herman Brood will trade sets with the Fools; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, disco-soul singer Michael Henderson will be onstage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's so crowded here that it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **Tommy Flanagan**, a wonderful bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane") and accompanist (Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Bennett) for years, works with just a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 4; on Monday, Aug. 6, pianist **Don Friedman** will move in. Sundays now belong to pianist Joe Derise. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

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Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Marian McPartland** is at the piano Sundays through Thursdays, at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Ellis Marsalis, a pianist who lives in New Orleans, has come up to fill in for Ellis Larkins during the summer. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—One of the clubs that gave the initial momentum to the reënergized New York rock scene. The audiences get preppier and preppier every week. The bands: the Victims and Power Tools, Wednesday, Aug. 1; Warm Jets, Prince Valiant, the Edge, Mischief, and Buzz & the Flyers (that's five bands), Thursday, Aug. 2; Lynn Todd & Peroxide, Prince Valiant, Skunks, and Horace Johnson & the Tractors (that's four bands), Friday, Aug. 3; and the Maps, Chinese Forehead, Skunks, Double Cross, and the Lords (five bands), Saturday, Aug. 4. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large corner club with a past—it has been known as Nick's, Your Father's Moustache, and Alfredo's Settebello. It is now a country-and-Western hangout, though one needn't arrive in a pickup truck in order to be admitted. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **Ronny Whyte**, who sits at the keyboard in front of an Alicia Alonso poster Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The harmonica is at least a hundred and fifty years old, and virtuoso **Larry Adler** celebrates the instrument by performing "I Got Rhythm," "Melancholy Baby," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Shenandoah," and cowboy campfire songs on it. Mr. Adler and his pianist, Hal Schaefer, go on at eight-thirty and eleven. Sundays and Mondays are given over to **Sammy Price**, who plays blues and boogie-woogie piano at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand from nine-thirty most nights. Solo pianist **Dick Wellstood** plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2; tenor saxophonist **Scott Hamilton** will lead a swing quintet on Sunday, Aug. 5, from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled, below-stairs jazz room. Tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** and his talented young quintet have settled in for a ten-night visit. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays; sets at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are allotted to **Attila Zoller**, a neglected guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, and two other fine players, pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **Harvie Swartz**. On Tuesdays, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio. Guitarist **Joe Puma** works with pianist **Hod O'Brien**, bassist **Frank Luther**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman get a head start at seven. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **Dill Jones** plays piano and leads a trio that supplies music for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Joe Albany alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—This second-floor loft space—next door to a jazz-dance studio—used to be a disco as in disco music, but now it's a disco as in new-wave rock. It is also one of the best places to hear new-wave bands performing live. The new wave: Magazine on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2; Jumers and Rousers on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4; Chelsea Funk Orchestra and Iris Lord & Divine Monochord on Tuesday, Aug. 7. Live music after eleven; taped music from nine. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.) Closed Sunday and Monday, Aug. 5-6.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from nine. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** will bring in his nonet. Snacks and soft drinks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **Roy Eldridge** is supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** heads the group. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—**Mary Lou Williams**, one of two Kansas City legends currently in town

(the other is Jay McShann, who is working at Michael's Pub), is still a strong rolling and tumbling pianist. She gets support from her bassist, Milton Suggs, Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A loud, laid-back (only Texans can be loud and laid back at the same time) bar and restaurant that has done at least as much for blues music as it has for Texas chic. Here's part of the schedule: Singer, guitarist, and black-humor comic Kinky Friedman is here on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, Cabin Fever, a country band, will perform; Sunday, Aug. 5, will belong to Crown Heights Affair, a Brooklyn disco-funk group; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 6-7, have been reserved for three influential blues players—**Johnny Shines**, **Robert (Junior) Lockwood**, and **Mighty Joe Young**; on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, Robert Gordon will sing some recycled rockabilly; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, the Cobble Mountain Band will take the stage. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **Maxine Sullivan** is singing here through Saturday, Aug. 4; on Monday, Aug. 6, guitarist **Bucky Pizzarelli** and bassist **Slam Stewart**, sort of a musical-comedy team—Pizzarelli plays hot chord solos, and Stewart hams it up with fuzzy, buzzing vocals and bass bowing—will take over. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The groups: the Zantees and Vengeance, Wednesday, Aug. 1; the Heartbreakers, Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 2-4; Suicide, Micki Fuzz Band, and Lounge Lizards, Sunday, Aug. 5; David Van Tiegan & his Toys and Marilyn, Monday, Aug. 6; and Twilites and Legionnaires Disease, Tuesday, Aug. 7. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Jay McShann**, a pianist who led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties, has moved in. Although McShann no longer has a big band, he still has a bead on Kansas City music—i.e., the blues. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place with a solid jazz-and-soul lineup. Electric violinist Noel Pointer, who specializes in disco-funk romanticism, will lead his quintet Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**Al Haig**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End. **George Gerdes**, an exponent of sixties-style folk rock and an off-the-wall monologist, is onstage with his band Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 1-2; on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, comic Chris Rush will be recording a live album; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, singer Robert Hunter's rock band will be present. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. Bob January and his orchestra and vocalist **Barbara Lea** supply it Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Barbara Cook claims the stage Thursdays through Saturdays, at nine and eleven-thirty. Various other performers are on hand the rest of the time, with Monday nights usually being showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz club owned by jazz-rock stars and studio players Mike and Randy Brecker. Various jazz groups are brought in every night but Monday, when the club is closed. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 2-5, pianist **Cedar Walton** will head up a quartet. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—Live music in a deep-red turn-of-the-century-flavored lounge entitled the French Quarter. The **Jonah Jones** quartet plays through Saturday, Aug. 4; on Monday, Aug. 6, Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz quintet, will move in. Music nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Ex-Basie tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Forrest** works with trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.**, bassist **Lisle Atkinson**, and drummer **Charlie Persip** through Saturday, Aug. 4. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11, pianist **Muhal Richard Abrams** will head up a quartet. Sunday and Monday, Aug. 5-6, will be claimed by bassist Sadik Hakim. Music from ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians (and listeners). Saxophonist **David Murray** will lead a quartet Friday through Sunday, Aug. 3-5, and Murray will perform again on Tuesday, Aug. 7, with saxophonist **Oliver Lake** and drummer **Billy Hart**. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, have been set aside for **Ron Bridgewater**, a good saxophone soloist. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The club has been turned into one big long room, and the ambience is a lot looser. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, Eddie Kirkland, a blues singer, guitarist, and athlete—he's been known to do the splits while performing—will lead his band. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11, rhythm-and-blues weirdie **Screamin' Jay Hawkins** will be present with his band. In the fifties, Hawkins, who has a penetrating, bloodcurdling baritone, recorded the R. & B. classic "I Put a Spell on You," which is punctuated with growls, screeches, and moans. For his stage act, he has dressed like a Mau Mau or climbed out of a coffin. Although his performances still shake up his audiences, Hawkins has said that he'd like to sing ballads. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays through Thursdays; at nine, eleven, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine's quintet plays in the big, downstairs room every night but Monday. Sets begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**Irene Reid**, who was a vocalist with Count Basie in the early sixties, now sings with a trio, and she is most impressive on robust, emotional rhythm-and-blues numbers. Through Sunday, Aug. 5. On Tuesday, Aug. 7, tenor saxophonist **Pharoah Sanders** will bring in his quintet. Mondays, the **Mel Lewis** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who can coast like a cocktail pianist, noodle like Keith Jarrett, or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon, who also knows what he's doing, is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Trumpeter Franc Wil-

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liams's Swing Four performs through Friday, Aug. 10. On Saturday, Aug. 11, saxophonist **BENNY WATERS**, who is now seventy-seven and lives in Paris but who, decades back, played with King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson, and Hot Lips Page, will begin a rare, five-night visit. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Peter Frampton—Madison Square Garden. Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 8.

Leroy Jenkins—Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, at 9 and 11.

Ted Nugent and **AC/DC**—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8.

B. J. Thomas—Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

James Collins—Huge color photographs of interiors, set up as murals for other interiors, by an English-born artist who left his easel for a camera. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—This artist's distinctive, incisive line is seen at its best in the thirty drawings and watercolors in this exhibit, and especially in his portrayal of yachts gliding along in the distance under a towering Cubist arrangement of sail. Through Sept. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

Alan Finkel—A structure, twelve feet in diameter, loosely based on the shape of a birdcage. The sound coming from the work is the song of a nightingale, and the whole endeavor is a tribute to Jenny Lind, who performed on the site in 1850. Through Aug. 12. (Castle Clinton, Battery Park. Open daily until 4:30.)

Michael Heizer—A disc of pink Laurentian granite, fourteen feet in diameter and twenty inches thick, and four lesser discs cut into segments—eleven pieces in all, commissioned by the late Thomas Hess for the Metropolitan Museum—are being shown on the plaza in front of the Seagram Building, Park Avenue at Fifty-second Street.

Mary Petty (1899-1976)—Twenty-six watercolors that became *New Yorker* covers and were bequeathed by the artist to Syracuse University. Through Sept. 10. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St.)

Eric Staller—A dazzling (literally) installation of tiny green Christmas-tree lights (eight hundred strings of them) arranged in patterns dictated by the striations of the building's walls. Through Aug. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. Through Aug. 12. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. A larger retrospective is currently at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Old Master Prints—Two hundred etchings, engravings, and woodcuts by more than fifty artists. Of particular note is the Rembrandt landscape "The Three Trees." Through Friday, Aug. 3. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

American Abstract Artists—A two-gallery exhibit that traces the course of this group (whose early members included Albers, Bolotowsky, and Lassaw) from its inception, in 1936, to the present: Works in various mediums executed in the thirties and forties by George L. K. Morris, Charmion von Wiegand, and others at the Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.; and works by the entire current membership, including Judith Rothschild, Will Barnet, and Robert Ryman at the Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Friday, Aug. 3.

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: A scallop shell eight feet tall, made of laminated mahogany, a lifelike marble robe hanging on a rack, and a gigantic mahogany bug, all by Peter Robbie, dominate this show, which also offers large oils that look like abstract needlepoint by Mark Schlesinger, and colorful abstract collages on rice paper by Catharine Warren. Through Aug. 31. . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A summery exhibition of paintings and constructions, including a screen painted with a panorama of Martha's Vineyard by Susan Crile; pastels with American Indian motifs by a New Mexico artist named Jane Quick-to-See Smith; and a colored-pencil drawing incorporating figures taken from Matisse and Picasso by Jane Kaplowitz. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A summer show, revised every two weeks, in which all the works must be on paper and must measure at least thirty by forty inches. Included with gallery standbys are invited artists Theodore Manolides, James Valerio, and James Pernotto. Through Aug. 17. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: Nature studies—pastels of wild flowers by Bill Sullivan, watercolors of plates of cherries by Polly Kraft, and lacquered fibreglass apples by Donn Moulton. Through Friday, Aug. 3. . . . **SEAPORT GALLERY**, 215 Water St.: A show of cityscapes, in prints and photographs, from the twenties and thirties, by Louis Lozowick, Berenice Abbott, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

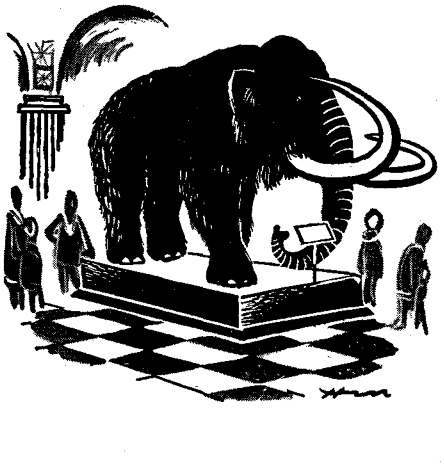
Many galleries are closed for the summer. Some of those that are open show, often on a rotating basis, works by their own artists. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St. (Open Mondays through Thursdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.

Sculpture—Seven sculptors are represented in the summer show here, among them Harold Tovish and Joan Danziger. Through Aug. 17. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

David Plowden / Marion Post Wolcott—American landscapes: row houses in Massachusetts, wheat fields in Montana, a bridge reflected in the Susquehanna River. / Farm Security Administration photographs, together with color prints taken in California in the sixties and seventies. Through Aug. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: More than a hundred photographs from the museum's collection—Abbott, Erwitt, Hine, Genthe, Weston, and others. Through Sept. 3. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: "Six Looks" is the title of an exhibit of photographs of the Paris cultural center, Beaubourg, by Robert Doisneau, Martine Franck, Marc Riboud, and three others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **GREY ART GALLERY**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: Two hundred *Life* photographs made in the thirties and forties by Bourke-White, Halsman, Munkacsi, and sixty-seven others. Through Friday, Aug. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A historical survey (1839 to the present) of Polish photography. Through Sept. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.) . . . **URDANG**, 23 E. 74th St.: Manipulated prints by Pierre Boogaerts, Benno Friedman, Bill Jones, and Gerard Marx. Through Friday, Aug. 3.



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A sampling of major twentieth-century art movements can be seen in a show of eighty-five paintings and sculptures on loan (mostly) from private New York collections. Among the works: Picasso's "Bather," Brancusi's "Kiss," and an untitled painting by Nabil Nahas. Among the collectors are Ethel Redner Scull, Clement Greenberg, and Christophe de Menil. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Eighty European landscape drawings, spanning five centuries, from the Lehman Collection. Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ About fifty Old Master and modern prints from the museum's collection, by Callot, Tiepolo, Redon, and others. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. Either in the galleries or in the garden are examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Through Tuesday, Aug. 7. . . . ¶ The museum's Department of Architecture and Design has recently acquired a pitcher and tureen and ladle by the nineteenth-century English designer Christopher Dresser; a hanging lamp by Louis Tiffany (made for his own dining room); a folding screen composed of black lacquer plaques by Eileen Gray; lamps by Isamu Noguchi; and other objects. Starts Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ European and American drawings, by Balthus, O'Keeffe, Johns, and others, recently acquired through gifts to the museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts Fridays and Saturdays at 8: dance, jazz, new music, and so forth.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Through Aug. 12. A complementary show is at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of the sculptures of George Segal, ranging from early life-size white-plaster figures to the more recent solid-color pieces. Also early pastels. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ "The Decade in Review: Selections from the 1970's," a show of some of the paintings, sculptures, photographs, and works on paper that were added to the collections in the seventies. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A bequest of Reginald Marsh works has provided a show of early paintings not previously ex-

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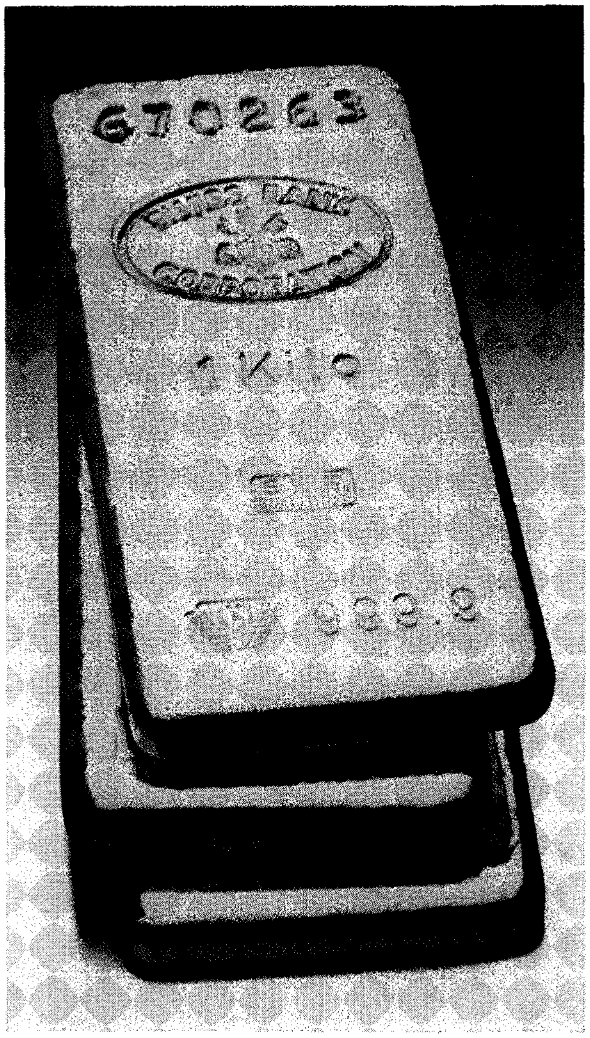

In a village in South America, a peasant steals furtively into the abandoned wing of a mine. With little food or water, he will scratch at the rock for days until he has found gold—or is discovered by the mine authorities. To him gold is money; it is a medium of exchange.

In a restaurant near his University, an economics professor lunches with his colleagues. He is explaining the recent Jamaica Agreement to remove gold as the common denominator of world currencies. To him, gold—and he uses the popular wording—has been "demonetized."

One view is educated, theoretical and modern. The other is instinctive, practical, and historical. But because powerful countries also hold these diverse views, there has been inevitable collision.

Since World War II there has been running debate on the monetary role of gold, with sophisticated arguments to support each side. Finally, in Jamaica in January, 1976, a committee of world finance ministers agreed that gold would no longer be what is termed "a unit of account." This means that nations will no longer calculate the values of their currencies in a relationship to gold—but to a group of selected currencies instead.

Though this is technically called demonetization, it puts no restrictions on gold as a medium of exchange (or as a store of value). And nations have been trading with it since.

It is difficult to make gold into something less than money because it has the necessary requirements of a currency—it is portable, available in various denominations of value, easily recognizable, and generally accepted. And, to the world's monetary system, it even offers some advantages that currencies cannot. It cannot be inflated by printing more of it, it cannot be devalued by government decree, and it has been trusted as money longer than any currency in the world.

No one can guess how much unity on gold policy will ever be achieved. Countries tend to follow their own economic interests and gold is now widely dispersed. The European Common Market holds more than the U.S., and some OPEC countries have bought heavily. Also, some important gold countries, Russia and Switzerland among them, do not belong to the major world monetary association.

Furthermore, nations own only *half* the world's gold. Much has been acquired by organizations such as companies or private banks, and with a deceptive absence of drama, by literally millions of individuals. In many free countries, the latter could cast a vote against an anti-gold policy.

As the debate continues, gold always seems to return to a historically proven premise—it is extremely rare and extremely useful and therefore has value. And when there are two parties, whether government or individual, who agree on this, gold is money that can be exchanged.

This advertisement is part of a series produced in the interest of a wider knowledge of man's most precious metal. For more information, write to The Gold Information Center, Department Y69, P.O. Box 1269, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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At its heart is the Saab turbo engine. Saab engineers took the kind of power that dominates the big race tracks like Indianapolis and LeMans and harnessed it to work at everyday driving speeds. They did this by designing a turbocharging system that puts out more torque at lower engine speeds. So when you have to pass, or merge into fast moving traffic, there's an incredible surge of power at your disposal.

A feel for the road.

In addition to having extraordinary power, the new Saab Turbo is uniquely equipped to control it. A longer wheelbase, new suspension geometry and front wheel drive give the car cat-like agility – even on rain, snow and ice. Bilstein gas shocks and rack and pinion steering help you cling to the road. Power-assisted 4-wheel disc brakes help the Michelin TRX radial tires come to smooth, sure stops.

Sports car excitement/Sedan comfort.

The new Turbo 5-door will carry a family of five in style and comfort. The interior is of soft velour. Front seats are fully reclining and heated. Air conditioning, power steering, and a sliding sunroof made of steel are standard.

Engineered in Sweden, this is truly a car in a class by itself. For convenience, excitement, and sheer driving pleasure, nothing performs like a Saab Turbo 5-door.

SAAB 900

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hibited and of works on paper, including some done in Chinese inks. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of paintings and drawings by seven Israeli artists. Through Sept. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—In the Hall of Late Dinosaurs, an exact polyester-resin-and-fibreglass replica of the museum's triceratops skeleton is being assembled, and the skeleton itself, dismantled for the reproduction, is being reassembled. (Open daily, 10 to 5, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century textiles from the Indonesian archipelago. These multicolored fabrics, many of which carry designs unique to the island where the cloth was made, functioned as ceremonial cloths, wearing apparel, and decoration. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of architectural drawings by Alvar Aalto (1898-1976), along with furniture, glassware, fabrics, and other articles designed by him. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Fantastic Illustration and Design in Britain, 1850-1930," a loan show of book illustrations (Rossetti, Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, Beatrix Potter), interspersed with decorative objects of the period, including a christening set (a silver cup, knife, fork, and spoon), which Kate Greenaway adapted from her illustrations for "Under the Window." Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and sculptures—with motifs based on Jewish mysticism—by David Aronson. Further works, these taken from New Testament subjects, are at the National Academy of Design (see listing below). Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of Hawaiian quilts. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of close to eighty paintings of the American West in the nineteenth century and the twentieth by George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Fritz Scholder. Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Nineteen paintings by David Aronson. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Duke Ellington's career as seen in some of his original scores, manuscripts, sheet music, records, photographs, posters, and personal memorabilia, including notations jotted down on menus and paper towels. Through Aug. 18. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

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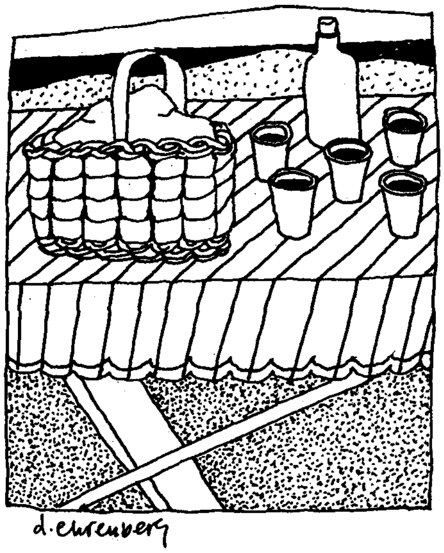
Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 1: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with André-Michel Schub, piano; Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; and Carol Wincenc, piccolo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: Alicia de Larrocha in a Scarlatti-Mozart recital. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4; Karl Richter directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Brenda Boozer, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 6, and Wednesday, Aug. 8: Raymond Leppard directing a performance of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" in concert form, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Kathryn Bouleyn, sopranos; Claudine Carlson and Evelyn Petros, mezzo-sopranos; David Kuebler, tenor; and Mr. Cheek. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Malcolm Frager, piano, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: A chamber-music program with Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Alvin Brehm, double bass; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 10-11: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Aleksander Slobodyanik, piano, and Cho-liang Lin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 25.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony in Mozart's "Divertimento No. 17 in D." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Armando Ghitalla, trumpet, and Sherman Walt, bassoon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa and Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, respectively. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra in a Varèse-Stockhausen program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Peter Serkin, piano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the orchestra and the chorus in a Bartók-Ravel program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Kazuhiro Koizumi conducting the orchestra, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:15: Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 7: Merle Haggard. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 3 and 9: Steve Martin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8:15: Chuck Mangione. . . . ¶ Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 25. Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with Faye Robinson and Doralene Davis, sopranos; John Aler, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; Alan Wagner, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:15: Leonard Slatkin conducting a varied program, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello, and Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:15: Eric Knight conducting a program of Broadway medleys, with Ethel Merman. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)



Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Sunday, Aug. 5, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 5:30: Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and others. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Ze'eva Cohen; Eva Kloborg and Frank Andersen; and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11: Ohio Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 2:05, and Thursday, Aug. 2, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ St. Louis, Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 2:05; and Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, Aug. 10, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4, at 8; Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2; and Monday, Aug. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 7-9, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

Racing—At **SARATOGA**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 1, through Monday, Aug. 27. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 1; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 2; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 4; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 11. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 22. The Kelly Olympic Handicap, Friday, Aug. 3, and the Matchmaker, Friday, Aug. 10. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 4, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 11. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.) . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Aug. 11.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, Aug. 8, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 1-3, at noon and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 4-5, at 1. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 22. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Woodrow Wilson, Wednesday, Aug. 1.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **OTHELLO**, with Raúl Juliá and Richard Dreyfuss. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first in a series of four peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW,** Wednes-

Wool flannel knit herringbone suit separates coordinated by **Bleyle** for **Hooper**. Rosewood, charcoal. 6 to 18 sizes. Shaped blazer, $175. Pants, $90. Not shown, Matching slim skirt, $79. Polyester crepe de chine string tie blouse, $37.

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Michigan and Toledo, Ohio. In Florida: Sarasota, Winter Park, Longwood and North Palm Beach

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day, Aug. 8, at 8:30. . . . VAN CORTLAND PARK, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:30.

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and/or Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8.)

Washington Square Park—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Wind Ensemble in an all-Mozart program. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Wollman Rink—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, Aug. 1: Journey and Thin Lizzy. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: Poco and England Dan & John Ford Coley. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 6: Ramones. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: Talking Heads. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Patti Smith Group. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE MUSIC MAN, with Don Stewart. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers except for work-day rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Aug. 12 (day doubleheader). Houston, Aug. 20-21 (night) and Aug. 22 (day). Cincinnati, Aug. 24 (n) and Aug. 25-26 (d). Atlanta, Aug. 27 (at 7:05 to finish the game suspended on June 17th, plus the regularly scheduled game), Aug. 28 (n), and Aug. 29 (d). Pittsburgh, Sept. 7 (n) and Sept. 8-9 (d). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Aug. 13-15 (night). Minnesota, Aug. 16-18 (n) and Aug. 19 (day). Kansas City, Aug. 30-31 (n) and Sept. 1-2 (d). Boston, Sept. 3 (d) and Sept. 4-5 (n).

College Football—Grambling State vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 8.)

Professional Football—FRIDAY, AUG. 17: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . SATURDAY, AUG. 18: Giants vs. San Diego Chargers, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium. . . . SATURDAY, AUG. 25: Giants vs. Jets, exhibition game, at Giants Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, SEPT. 2: Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia. . . . SUNDAY, SEPT. 9: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 16-19.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Aug. 29-Oct. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Sept. 4-Dec. 31.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Washington. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Aug. 12.)

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 28-Sept. 9.)

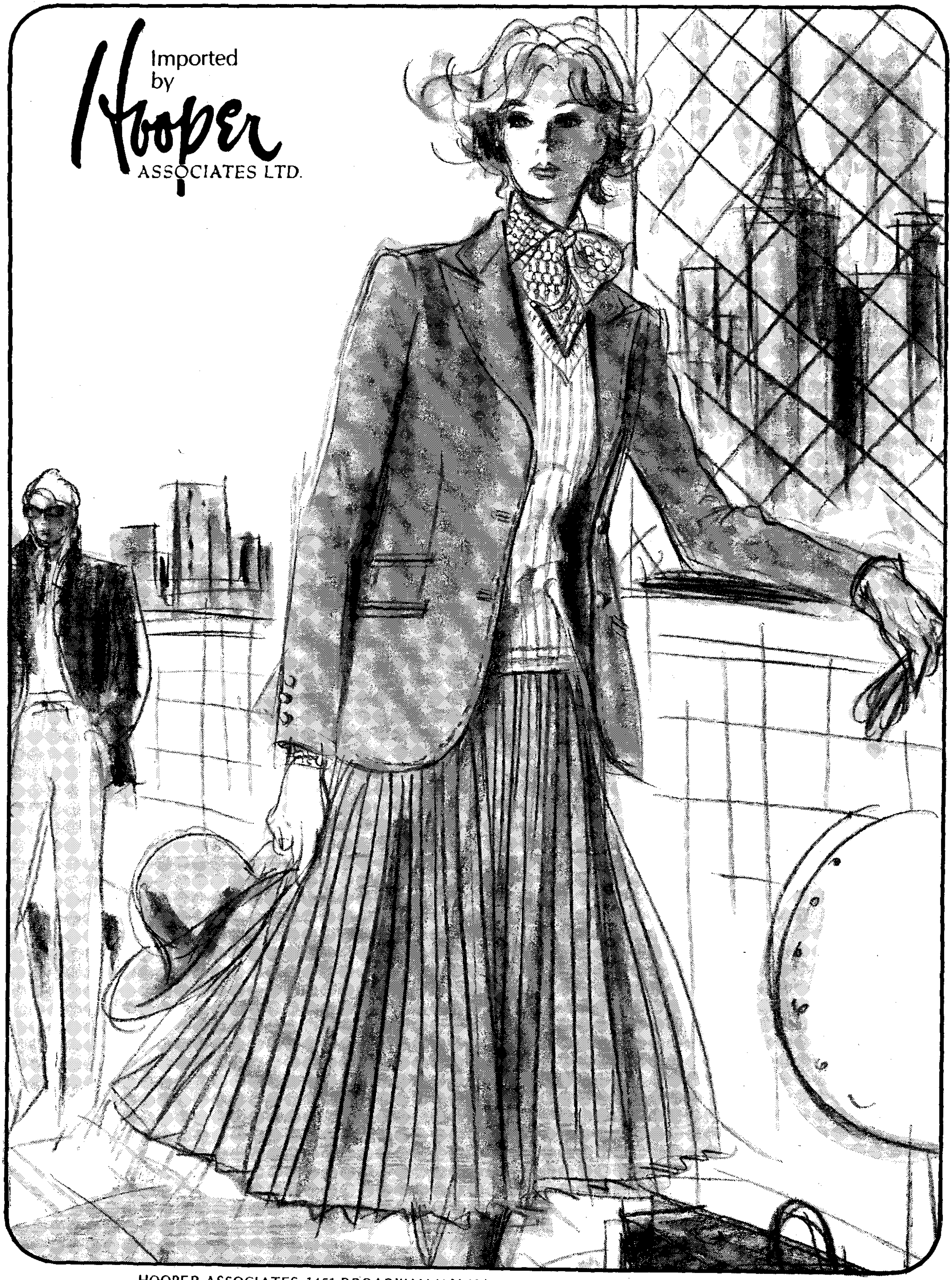
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 23-Oct. 17.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Aug. 22-26.)

Music—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (877-4727), will open on Aug. 30, with Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta," and will run through Nov. 11.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 1-3, 8-9, and 15-16. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 17.

First observations on fall: **bleyle** sees the new shorter blazer elegantly tailored in wool knit flannel, paired with a crisply-pleated "Valora" wool knit skirt. A print shirt and ascot in woven polyester crepe topped by a ribbed fur-blend sweater add that just-right snap of style.



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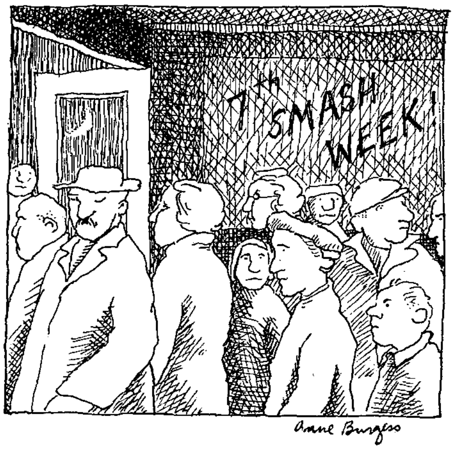
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES


7th SMASH WEEK!

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 5: "The River."
Aug. 6: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 7: "The Witches."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Aug. 2: "Malicious."
Aug. 3-9: "Outrageous!"
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 2: "Saturday Night Fever" and "Grease."
Aug. 3-9: "Jaws" and "The Deep."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 2: "The Wanderers."
From Aug. 3: "Rocky II."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Moonraker."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The In-Laws."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"North Dallas Forty."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 9: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 10: "Americathon."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 2: "One Man."
From Aug. 3: "The In-Laws."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Escape from Alcatraz."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Breaking Away."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 9: "The Dance of Death."
From Aug. 10: "Harold and Maude."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Frisco Kid."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Kids Are Alright."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 9: "The Muppet Movie."
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Moonraker."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Aug. 2: "The In-Laws."
From Aug. 3: "The Concorde–Airport '79."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Rocky II."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Alien."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"*La Cage aux Folles.*"

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 9: "Bloodline."
From Aug. 10: "Hot Stuff."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 2: "Hair."
Aug. 3-9: "Saint Jack."
From Aug. 10: "Meatballs."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Aug. 2: "A Little Romance."
From Aug. 3: "The In-Laws."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 2: "Jaws."
From Aug. 3: "The Muppet Movie."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"North Dallas Forty."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Amityville Horror."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 9: "Moonraker."
From Aug. 10: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "The Wanderers." From Aug. 3: "The Concorde–Airport '79."
Theatre 2: "Alien."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Muppet Movie."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Amityville Horror."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Nighthawks."
Theatre 2: "A Little Romance."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 9: "Down and Dirty." From Aug. 10: "Americathon."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 2: "101 Dalmatians." From Aug. 3: "The In-Laws."

HAROLD CLURMAN, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Wednesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoons.)
Through Aug. 3: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."
Aug. 4-5: "Children of Paradise."
Aug. 6-7: Theatre closed.
Aug. 8-10: "I Want to Live!"
From Aug. 11: "Some Like It Hot."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Aug. 9: "101 Dalmatians."
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Dracula."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Muppet Movie."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Peppermint Soda."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Why Not!"

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 4: "A Little Romance."
From Aug. 5: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The In-Laws."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"El Super."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 2: "Down and Dirty."
From Aug. 3: "Norma Rae."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Amityville Horror."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 9: "The Groove Tube" and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From Aug. 10: "Moonraker."
Theatre 3: "A Little Romance."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 2: "101 Dalmatians." From Aug. 3: "The Wanderers."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Muppet Movie."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 2: "101 Dalmatians."
Aug. 3-9: "Jaws" and "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
From Aug. 10: "Meatballs" and "Foul Play."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Alien." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 9: "The Main Event."
From Aug. 10: "Sunburn." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The In-Laws." (†)
Theatre 3: "The Groove Tube" (†) and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Groove Tube" (†) and "The Kentucky Fried Movie." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Escape from Alcatraz." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wanderers." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"North Dallas Forty." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Aug. 9: "Meatballs." (†)
From Aug. 10: "Hot Stuff." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Aug. 2: "Bloodline." (†)
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 2: "Moonraker." (†)
From Aug. 3: "The Concorde–Airport '79." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Aug. 9: "Rocky II." (†)
From Aug. 10: "Americathon." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Amityville Horror." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Good Guys Wear Black."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 1: "Going Places" (1974), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, Miou-Miou, and Jeanne Moreau; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg.
Aug. 2: "Les Biches" (1968), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jacqueline Sassard, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran; and "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932), in German, directed by Leontine Sagan, with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck.
Aug. 3: "The Last Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "A Married Woman" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Macha Meril.
Aug. 4: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron.
Aug. 5: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Aug. 6: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; "Vampyr" (1932), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974), a Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires.
Aug. 7: "Zatoichi on the Road" (1964), a Japanese film, dubbed in English, directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda; and "Red Peony Returns" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Tal Kato.
Aug. 8: "The Shanghai Gesture" (†) and "Foolish Wives." (†)
Aug. 9: "El" (†) and "The Young One." (†)
Aug. 10: "Femmes Fatales" (†); and "Immoral Tales" (1976), in French, directed by Walerian Borowczyk.
Aug. 11: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 1: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, all three parts: four and a half hours, with two intermissions.
Aug. 2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Monkey Business" (1952), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn, and Marilyn Monroe.
Aug. 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Aug. 4: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Privilege" (1967), directed by Peter Watkins, with Jean Shrimpton and Paul Jones.
Aug. 5: "The Beggar's Opera" (†) and "The Devil's Disciple." (†)
Aug. 6: "Pirosmani" (†); and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; "Wild Horses of Fire"), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov.
Aug. 7: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962), directed by Richard Brooks, with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Period of Adjustment." (†)
Aug. 8: "The Public Enemy" (†); and "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.
Aug. 9: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
Aug. 10: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.
Aug. 11: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "You're a Big Boy Now." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 2: "Agatha" (1979), directed by Michael Apted, with Dustin Hoffman, Vanessa Redgrave, and Timothy Dalton; and "Straight Time" (1978), directed by Ulu Grosbard, with Dustin Hoffman.
Aug. 3-4: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974) and "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (1975), both directed by Paul Morrissey.
Aug. 5-6: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Aug. 7: "Bound for Glory" (1976), directed by Hal Ashby, with David Carradine; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie.
Aug. 8-9: "Some of My Best Friends Are..." (1971), directed by Mervyn Nelson, with Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter; and "The Christine Jorgensen Story" (1970), directed by Irving Rapper, with John Hansen.
Aug. 10-11: "Blazing Saddles" (1974), directed by Mel Brooks, with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 2: "Tommy" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.
From Aug. 3: "Rock 'n Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 1: "Scaramouche" (1952), directed by George Sidney, with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "Ivanhoe" (1952), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, and George Sanders.
Aug. 2-4: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955), directed by Charles Vidor, with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell; and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Daniel Mann, with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, Don Taylor, and Jo Van Fleet.
Aug. 5-6: "Ah Wilderness" (†) and "The Yearling." (†)
Aug. 7-8: "Lolita" (†) and "The Loved One." (†)
Aug. 9-11: "Private Lives" (†) and "Marie Antoinette." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 1: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre; and "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.
Aug. 2: "Smile" (1975), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
Aug. 3-4: "Vietnam: An American Journey" (1979), directed by Robert Richter; and "Winstanley" (1975), directed by Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo.
Aug. 5: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976), directed by L. Q. Jones, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
Aug. 6: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Leave Her to Heaven." (†)
Aug. 7: "Shock Corridor" (1963), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constance Towers, Peter Breck, and James Best; and "The Steel Helmet" (1951), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Robert Hutton and James Edwards.
Aug. 8: "Diary of a Country Priest" (†); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966), in French, directed by Robert Bresson.
Aug. 9: "Lucia." (†)
Aug. 10-11: "The National Health" (1975), directed by Jack Gold, with Lynn Redgrave and Colin Blakely; and "No Sex Please, We're British" (1973), directed by Cliff Owen, with Beryl Reid and Arthur Lowe.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 1: "Cleopatra" (1934), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert, Warren William, Henry Wilcoxon, and Gertrude Michael; and "Four Frightened People" (1933), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Herbert Marshall, Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, and William Gargan.
Aug. 2: "Broadway Melody" (1929), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Anita Page, Bessie Love, and Charles King; and "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy.
Aug. 3: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, and Mickey Shaughnessy; and "Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970), directed by Dennis Sanders, a film of Elvis's appearance at the International in Las Vegas.
Aug. 4-5: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
Aug. 6: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, James Stephenson, and Herbert Marshall.
Aug. 7: "A Slight Case of Murder" (1938), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Edward G. Robinson, Allen Jenkins, Jane Bryan, Bobby Jordan, and Ruth Donnelly; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
Aug. 8-9: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Anastasia" (1956), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.
Aug. 10-11: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly,

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and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 2 at 2:30: "Girls in Prison" (1956), directed by Edward L. Cahn, with Richard Denning, Joan Taylor, Adele Jurgens, Jane Darwell, Mae Marsh, and Raymond Hatton. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Submarine Seahawk" (1958), directed by Spencer G. Bennet, with Joan Bentley and Brett Halsey. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 8:30: "Dementia 13" (1963), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with William Campbell, Luana Anders, and Patrick Magee. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 2:30: "Submarine Seahawk." . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 6: "They Live by Night" (1948), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger, Howard Da Silva, and Cathy O'Donnell. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at noon: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes" (1963), directed by Roger Corman, with Ray Milland, Diana van der Vlis, and Don Rickles. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Born Losers" (1967), directed by T. C. Frank, with Tom Laughton; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 5: "The Wild Angels" (1966), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at noon: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey, David Carradine, Barry Primus, and John Carradine. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Sara Allgood, and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at noon: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Serge Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2:30: "Dementia 13." . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 6: "Invasion of the Saucer-Men" (1957), directed by Edward L. Cahn, with Frank Gorshin, Steve Terrell, Gloria Castillo, and Raymond Hatton; and "I Was a Teenage Werewolf" (1957), directed by Gene Fowler, Jr., with Michael Landon. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon: "Potemkin." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: "Blackmail." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 6: "The Bonnie Parker Story" (1958), directed by William Witney, with Dorothy Provine; and "Machine Gun Kelly" (1958), directed by Roger Corman, with Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot, and Morey Amsterdam. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Invasion of the Saucer-Men" and "I Was a Teenage Werewolf." . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "Chastity" (1969), directed by Alessio de Paola, with Cher; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:30: "Heavy Traffic" (1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated feature with live-action sequences; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 2:30: "Born Losers." . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: A program of films made before 1900. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at noon: "House of Usher" (1960), directed by Roger Corman, with Vincent Price, Mark Damon, and Myrna Fahey. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 2:30: "Cooley High" (1975), directed by Michael Schultz, with Flynn Turman, Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, Cynthia Davis, and Garrett Morris. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 5: "Black Caesar" (1973), directed by Larry Cohen, with Fred Williamson, Philip Raye, and Gloria Hendry; not recommended for children. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Ah Wilderness! (1935)—This piece of ordinary-family-life Americana, centering on the sweet love pangs of adolescence, is so remote from Eugene O'Neill's life and his other work that it's something of a freak. O'Neill said that the play came to him at night, as a dream, but it seems to be a dream based on Booth Tarkington's world. Eric Linden (who always looks as if he's just about to cry) plays the mooning high-school-valedictorian hero in the era of choking starched collars; that cloying old fraud Lionel Barrymore is his father; Wallace Beery is his tippling uncle; and Aline MacMahon and Spring Byington wear neat shirtwaists and make themselves useful about the house. If it sounds Andy Hardyish, it is, and more than a little; in 1948, M-G-M tried to capitalize on the resemblance by starring Mickey Rooney in a musical version of the play, called "Summer Holiday." The musical turned out to be an abomination, but this early version, directed by Clarence Brown, while not a world-shaker, and rather dim as entertainment, has at least a nice sense of period. (Regency; Aug. 5-6.)

Alien—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/79.) (Loews New York 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion.)

Americathon—With Harvey Korman and John Ritter, directed by Neil Israel. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Aug. 10.)

The Amityville Horror—With James Brolin, Margot Kidder, and Rod Steiger; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

The Beggar's Opera (1953)—Pure pleasure: the ballad-opera about the highwayman Captain Macheath and his escapes from the law and the ladies, with Laurence Olivier doing his own singing (he has a pleasant light baritone) as the dashing Macheath. This is one of his most playful, sophisticated, and least-known roles. It was Swift who suggested that a "Newgate pastoral might make an odd pretty sort of thing," and John Gay worked out the idea in a new form—a musical play with the lyrics fitted to existing music. To Londoners weary of the bombast of Italian opera, Gay's corrupt gang of thieves, highwaymen, whores, and informers was the fresh, sweet breath of England. Gay satirized the politics of the day as well as the heroics of Italian opera; many of his targets are now a matter for historians, but the large butt of the joke—the corruption and hypocrisy of mankind—still sits around. And by 1953, when Peter Brook directed this film (his first, and the only comedy he has ever made), a new set of conventions, as tired and inflated as Italian opera, was ready for potshots—the conventions of the movies: the chaste heroines, the intrepid Robin Hood heroes, the phony realism. Christopher Fry adapted the text freely, retaining the mocking, raffish spirit, and Arthur Bliss arranged the score so that we come out humming the pretty airs. And the actors are having such a good time playing scoundrels that their zest for villainy is infectiously satiric. Stanley Holloway is a magnificent Lockit, and shows off his fine, deep voice. Most of the others are dubbed, but they perform in such an offhand manner that the dubbing is inoffensive. It even comes in for a bit of parody when Dorothy Tutin, as dear Polly Peachum, sings while rowing a boat. She obviously isn't singing the way anyone rowing would sing; she smiles like a cat who has swallowed a canary, as indeed she has. Athene Seyler is a great Mrs. Trapes; George Devine is Peachum; Yvonne Furneaux is Jenny Diver; Daphne Anderson is Lucy Lockit; Hugh Griffith is the Beggar; Mary Clare is Mrs. Peachum; Margot Grahame is the Actress. The color cinematography is by Guy Green. Commercially, the film was a disaster, and it has rarely been revived. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Bloodline—Audrey Hepburn marries Ben Gazzara to secure her inherited position as a pharmaceutical magnate, but he may be the one who killed her father and is out to get her as well. The international cast of suspects also includes James Mason and Omar Sharif, as an adulterous Italian husband with bloodshot eyes. Directed by Terence Young, extracted from the novel by Sidney Sheldon. (7/16/79) (National; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Aug. 9.)

Breaking Away—With Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley; directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Olympia; Aug. 3-9.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 4-5.)

The Concorde–Airport '79—With Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel, and George Kennedy; directed by David Lowell Rich. (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Aug. 3.)

The Dance of Death (1968)—This is a 1968 film of a British National Theatre production of August Strindberg's play, written in 1901. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (7/30/79) (D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 9.)

The Deep (1977)—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 3-9.)

The Devil's Disciple (1959)—The Shaw play, not too well directed by Guy Hamilton, but Laurence Olivier is an irresistible General Burgoyne. As an English critic remarked, he administers "such a drubbing to his American co-stars that Burgoyne's military defeats are triumphantly avenged." With Kirk Douglas, Eva Le Gallienne, and Burt Lancaster (who has one great scene). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 8.)

Down and Dirty—A vivid hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 9.)

Dracula—A decorative, romantic variation on the legend, with roots in a 1927 play. Frank Langella offers a dashing characterization of the popular fiend, opposed in his drive to fulfill himself by Laurence Olivier, who politely plays straight as a Dutch doctor, and Donald Pleasence as the proprietor of a madhouse. Directed by John Badham (who did "Saturday Night Fever") as a melodrama of light and darkness with the emphasis on atmosphere. (7/30/79) (Ziegfeld.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1952)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

Escape from Alcatraz—Clint Eastwood leads the unprecedented breakout without wasting a word or a grimace. Similar efficiency in the skillful direction, by Donald Siegel, sets the movie apart from flashier productions. (7/9/79) (Trans-Lux East, and Forum.)

Femmes Fatales (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to

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Photographed at Milwaukee Public Museum

A beautiful 16 x 20 poster of the above thought and illustration is available from Florence Eiseman, 301 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202.

look at women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-faced pimp who is exhausted by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters and fall back on the stored-up debris of mass culture. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (10/16/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 10.)

Foolish Wives (1921)—Erich von Stroheim wrote and directed, but this is the first time he lost control of a film, and the studio cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering in its thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality; it's just about impossible to sort out one's responses. This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Sergei Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco. With Mae Busch, Miss Dupont, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller, and Maude George. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Foul Play (1978)—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Olympia; starting Aug. 10.)

The Frisco Kid—Gene Wilder, as a nubile Polish rabbi, and Robert Aldrich, the director, seem to have been set loose in the Wild West with no more to guide them than a bright idea and Wilder's angelic blue eyes. (7/16/79) (Cinema I.)

Grease (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 9.)

Hair—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (72nd Street East; through Aug. 2.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 10.)

Hot Stuff—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting Aug. 10.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Guild; through Aug. 9.)

The In-Laws—An inspired collaboration between Alan Arkin and Peter Falk as the fathers of a prospective suburban bride and groom. Arkin is a moderately amiable dentist who gets tangled up in the machinations of a supposed C.I.A. agent, played by Falk. Script by Andrew Bergman; directed by Arthur Hiller. (7/2/79) (Murray Hill, Paramount, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Sutton, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 3.)

I Want to Live! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 8-10.)

Jaws (1975)—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Steven Spielberg. (U.A. East; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 3-9.)

The Kentucky Fried Movie (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 9.)

The Kids Are Alright—The Who, in concert and being interviewed. Directed by Jeff Stein. (Cinema II.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's entertaining. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are howling scenes: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer-husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed this adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller; with Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins. (Thalia; Aug. 6.)

A Little Romance—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonious Bernard) enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet. Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Aug. 4.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Regency; Aug. 7-8.)

The Loved One (1965)—From the look of this version of Evelyn Waugh's satirical novel centering on Forest Lawn, the director, Tony Richardson, shot every plausible idea that came along, and then, because the material was of megalomaniac length, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to plug the holes with overlapping sound. But it's funny anyway. The botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton play a married couple, Rod Steiger is an embalmer, Ayllene Gibbons is his bedridden fat mother (who gets orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials), Jonathan Winters is a charlatan, and Liberace is a casket salesman. The cast also includes James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Robert Morse, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Christopher Isherwood worked on the script; then Terry Southern was brought in. (Regency; Aug. 7-8.)

Lucia (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 9.)

Malicious (1973; "Malizia")—A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. Directed by Salvatore Samperi. In Italian. (Art; through Aug. 2.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Regency; Aug. 9-11.)

MEATBALLS—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Loews State 2; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Aug. 10.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Based on Gurdjieff's autobiographical work, with Terence Stamp and Warren Mitchell. Directed by Peter Brook. (Cinema 3; starting Aug. 5.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. (Harold Clurman; through Aug. 3.)

MOONRAKER—James Bond XI or XII, with Roger Moore vs. the metal-toothed giant Jaws (again) and a quasi-Nixonian mastermind called Drax. The glamour of the usual sex, violence, and amazing technical effects is a matter of taste. (7/9/79) (Bay Cinema, and Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 10.)

THE MUPPET MOVIE—Kermit, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, et al. travel across the country toward Hollywood, pursued by a fried-frogs'-legs entrepreneur. After some scuffles and a few songs, they make it into showbiz and become stars. (7/2/79) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting Aug. 3.)

NIGHTHAWKS—With Ken Robertson, directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam. (Quad Cinema.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 3.)

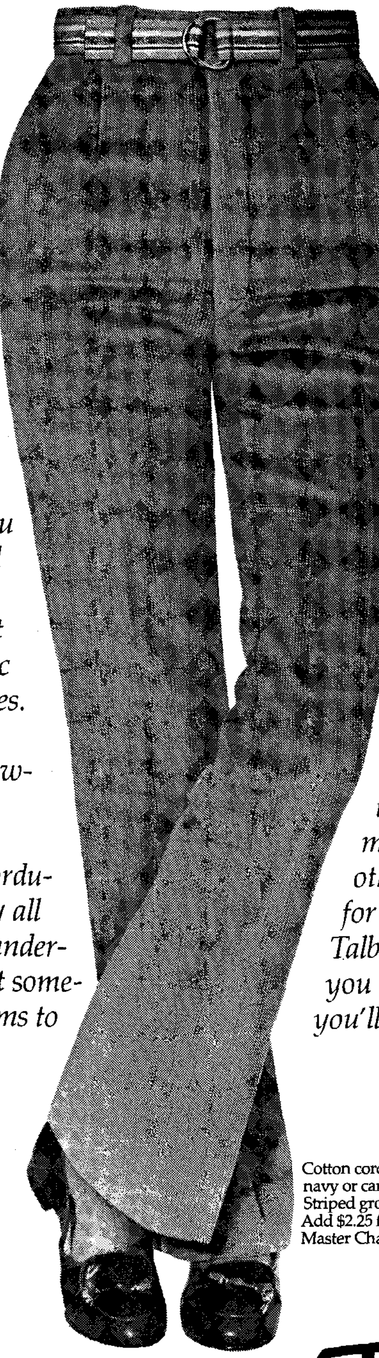
NORTH DALLAS FORTY—With Nick Nolte, Mac Davis, and Charles Durning; directed by Ted Kotcheff. (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1.)

ONE MAN—With Len Cariou, directed by Robin Spry. (Sutton; through Aug. 2.)

OUTRAGEOUS! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art; Aug. 3-9.)

PEPPERMINT SODA—Adolescence from a woman's point of view. The film is an account of the minor adventures of two French girls, thirteen and fifteen, acted just right by Eleonore Klarwein and Odile Michel. Written and directed with confidence and precision by Diane Kurys. In French. (7/30/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT (1962)—A slapstick comedy about a pair of young married couples



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and how hard they find the married state. Based on the less comic play by Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. Directed by George Roy Hill. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Pirosmani (1973)—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Russian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who understands an unusual amount of the creative process, and who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded on their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. This is one of the most truly Slav and tranquil pictures to have come out of Russia for many a year. In Russian. (6/5/78) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Private Lives (1931)—Early talkie attempt at glittering theatrical sophistication, and, somehow, M-G-M brought it off this time. This version of the Noël Coward play was made soon after the play came out, and perhaps the play's style and excitement carries the cast along. Norma Shearer isn't so bad, and Robert Montgomery is very, very good. It was a dazzling success. Sidney Franklin directed; with Reginald Denny. (Regency; Aug. 9-11.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

The River (1950)—Jean Renoir's first color film was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India and photographed along the banks of the Ganges by his great cinematographer nephew Claude Renoir. There are static patches of dialogue, and some of the casting is questionable, but the theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With Radha, Nora Swinburne, Adrienne Corri, Esmond Knight, Arthur Shields, and Thomas E. Breen. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Aug. 5.)

Rocky II—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. "Rocky III" is in the works. (7/2/79) (Loews New York 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 3.)

Saint Jack—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (72nd Street East; Aug. 3-9.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Hollywood attempted to clean up John Colton's old melodrama about nightlife depravities in Shanghai; Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds of coolies, diplomats, roulette players, and "birdcage" girls, and in the foreground is one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. Walter Huston stalks through as Mother Gin Sling's former lover, and the cast includes Maria Ouspenskaya, Phyllis Brooks, Ivan Lebedeff, Mike Mazurki, Albert Basserman, Eric Blore, Marcel Dalio, Mikhail Rasumni, and John Abbott. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Harold Clurman; starting Aug. 11.)

Sunburn—With Farrah Fawcett, Charles Grodin, and Art Carney; directed by Richard C. Sarafian. (Gemini 1, Guild, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 10.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

The Wanderers—The Bronx, 1963: dead-end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to the music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A good adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of the lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed by Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenplay with Rose Kaufman. (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through Aug. 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Aug. 3.)

Why Not!—With Sami Frey, Mario Gonzalez, and Christine Murillo; directed by Coline Serreau. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

The Witches (1969)—With Silvana Mangano, directed by Luchino Visconti, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Mauro Bolognini, Franco Rossi, and Vittorio De Sica. A five-episode film. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Aug. 7.)

The Yearling (1947)—A capital adaptation of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' novel, in spite of a couple of oversweet boy-meet-fawn sequences. With Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr., directed by Clarence Brown. (Regency; Aug. 5-6.)

The Young One (1960)—Luis Buñuel on race relations in the Deep South, in the always dangerous form of parable. A black musician (Bernie Hamilton), fleeing from a false charge of rape, takes refuge in a small island hunting preserve. The only other inhabitants are a cloddish white gamekeeper, played by Zachary Scott, and a thirteen-year-old girl (Key Meersman). When the blustery white master seduces the child, the ironies are ready for milking. The dialogue is full of literary touches, with many a clinker. Adapted from a story by Peter Matthiessen. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9.)

You're a Big Boy Now (1967)—A not altogether black comedy about coming of age in New York. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

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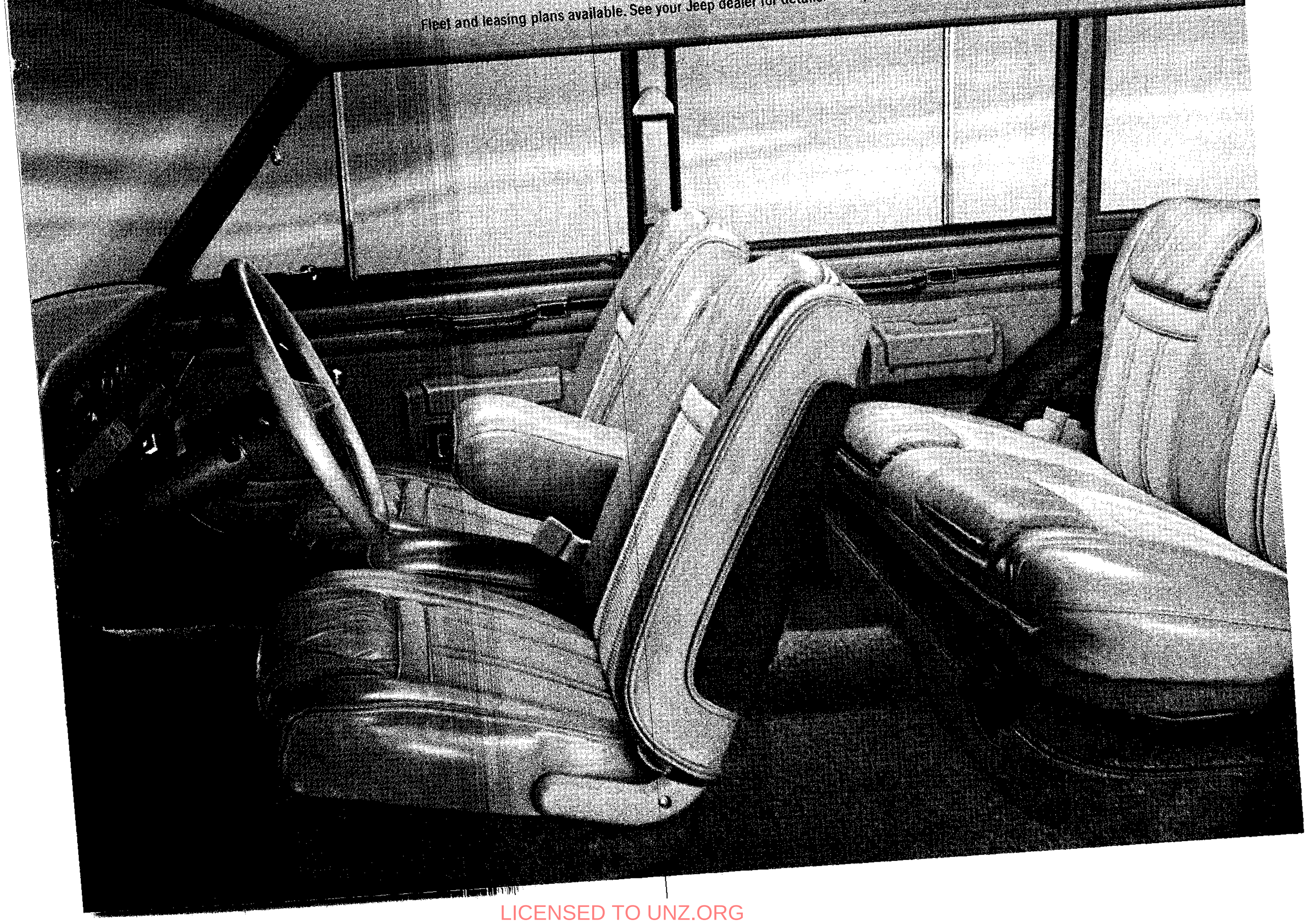

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

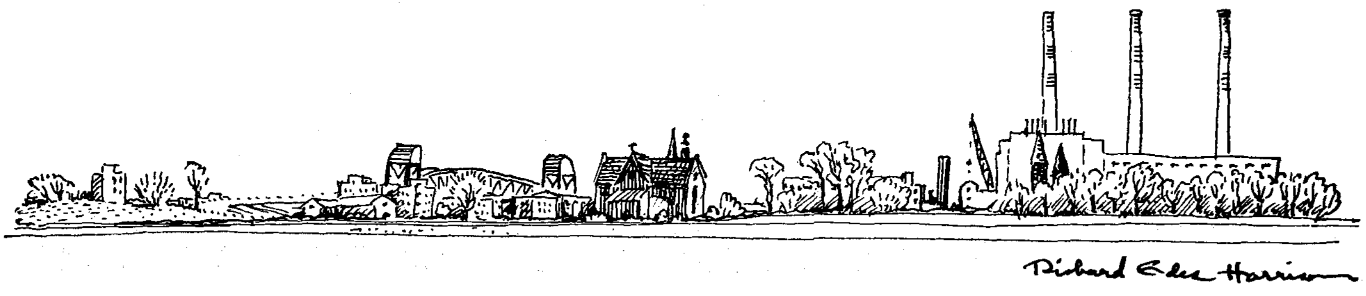
I was shelling peas from my garden the other afternoon, and the ancient figure (attributed to Rabelais) dropped into my mind: "As like as two peas in a pod." I let it drop on through. I would be disappointed if I found only two peas in a pod, and I would be surprised if they looked exactly alike. Some peas are square, some are hexagonal, some are cone-shaped, some are disclike, some are even round, and in almost every pod there is one pea, squeezed into the middle or off at one end, that is one-tenth the size of the others. Nature—in my experience with apples and green beans and tomatoes and squash and carrots and red roses and robins and oak trees—is given to variety more than to duplication. One has only to observe, to open the mind as well as the eye, to pierce the generalization. Peas look alike only as Chinese look alike to Westerners, and Westerners to Chinese.

• •

Out There

THEY are saying "Aloha" on the corner of Fifty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. It's early evening, and pretty muggy, and about a hundred and fifty people are standing on the sidewalk outside the ABC Building saying it. They say it with warmth, with feeling, and with a particular stress on the second syllable. Jimmy Kaina taught them how to say it correctly. Jimmy has varied talents: he runs the Eastern regional office of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau; he sings; he looks great in a Hawaiian shirt. Giving "Aloha" lessons is one of his special skills. He leans on the "lo"—makes it two beats longer than the other syllables. It comes out "A-LO-ha," which is how they say it in Hawaii, the fiftieth state. Tonight, in New York, Jimmy stands in front of a microphone—with Steve Ortiz and the Diamond Head Boys (ukulele, Hawaiian steel guitar, rhythm guitar, drums, and bass), who regularly perform in the lounge of the Hawaii-Kai Restaurant, on Broadway, where they play show tunes with a hula rhythm, backing him up—and he says, with a smile, "A-LO-ha." The people in the crowd, a lot of whom have been up the block sipping Mai Tais and getting relaxed, say it right back. This makes Jimmy feel great. He especially enjoys looking out there and seeing so many friendly, smiling faces and knowing that in a little while he's going to sing "I Am Hawaii," the theme from the movie "Hawaii," which he happened to watch when it was on television the other night, and then he's going to do "The Hawaiian Wedding Song," which is a must. Jimmy has such exquisite control of the crowd it isn't even funny.

Up the block, a few doors east on Fifty-third, at the Museum of American Folk Art, the Hawaiian-quilt exhibit has just opened. Twenty-three quilts from Hawaii are on display—antiques, with names like "Na Kihapai Nani Lua 'Ole O Edena a Me Elenale," which means "The Beautiful, Unequalled Gardens of Eden and Elenale"—and it would be possible to see and admire all of them except for the crush of people in the museum, which is small. "Na Kihapai Nani, etc.," seems to be popular. So do the spareribs and the eggrolls being served to the crowd. Malia Solomon, the Hawaiiana specialist and consultant to Hyatt Hotels Hawaii, and Mama Loke, one of the foremost quilters in Hawaii, and Sheron Le'i Huanani Bissen, Miss Hawaii 1979, made the trip to the mainland expressly for this occasion. Just about everything here in the museum is very Hawaiian. A man over there is saying, "Queen Liliuokalani? Did I know her? Are you kidding?" And there's a big group lining up for Mai Tai refills—and, hey, there's Mitch Miller. Mitch isn't very Hawaiian, but they're sure crazy about him in the islands, so he might as well be an honorary Hawaiian, or something like that. Mitch came to this party with his friend Elissa Josephson, who used to do public-relations work for the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra and got to know Mitch that way. Elissa found the Honolulu Symphony unusual, in that she had previously been with three other symphonies and this was the first one she had ever dealt with that featured hula dancers. But the strings really lend themselves to hula dancers, and it's all beautiful, as is Mitch Miller. Mitch is a P.R. person's dream, because you never have to introduce him—not even out there in



Hawaii. A taxi pulls up and the driver leans out the window and says something like “Are you Mitch Miller?” and he always says yes. Then the taxidriver always says “Hi, Mitch” and waves. It’s never “Hi, Mr. Miller.” Even out there, it’s “Hi, Mitch.”

Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds per Square Inch

MOST parrots are smart. They can learn a lot of tricks. Many of them are gorgeous. Whether they know what they are saying is a moot point. We went up to the Bronx Zoo the other afternoon to see its Wildlife Theatre Bird Show. Seven parrots were seated on perches on an outdoor stage awaiting the moment when they would be put through their paces, for the twenty-third time that week; they do five shows a day, seven days a week. About two hundred and fifty children sat on wooden benches eating ice cream and watching the parrots. The parrots turned around and around on their perches, sometimes horizontally (about-face) and sometimes vertically (delicate balance). As we stood at one side of the stage, we spoke with Valerie Johnson, a young woman with below-shoulder-length blond hair, who is the parrots’ trainer, and she told us that the parrots were of four types—there were four macaws, an African gray parrot, a yellow-shouldered Amazon parrot, and a cockatoo—and also that their names were Lucifer, Robert, Dudley, Juliet, Oh Bird, Romeo, and Cookie. The parrots didn’t say much while they were waiting to perform.

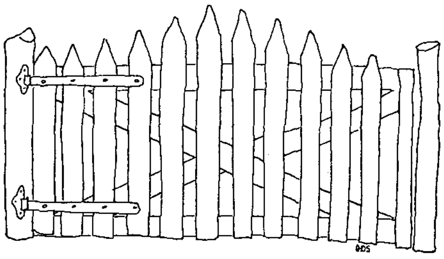
Before long, Miss Johnson put a stout leather glove on her left hand—as protection against the parrots’ bills and sharp talons—and stepped onto the stage. “All these birds were donated to the zoo by owners who couldn’t take care of them anymore,” she told the children. “When we get them, some of them are beyond help, because they’ve become so vicious. It’s important to remember that parrots are wild creatures. *Please* don’t climb onto the stage—it distracts the birds. Sometimes people take parrots home, and for a while they’re nice to the parrots. Then they start neglecting the parrots, and the parrots grow lonely. Or else the people tease the parrots and teach them to bite their fingers. You could lose a finger that way—a parrot’s bill can close with a force of three hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. In the jungle, a parrot’s cries carry for miles. *Please* stay off the stage. You may think of parrots as nice pets. Well, they *could* be pets if you didn’t care about your furniture, or if you didn’t have *any* neighbors. It’s a shame that parrots are brought into this country at all, because out of every six parrots taken from the jungle only one survives. See this?” She held up some scarred scraps of wood. “Robert and Dudley ripped this chair apart with their bills.”

Miss Johnson put the parrots through their routines. Lucifer said, “Hello.” Oh Bird whistled. Dudley cracked nuts and put their shells in a trash basket. Romeo climbed a rope in order to reach Juliet. Lucifer said that he would rather have a cracker than a sunflower seed. (He got a sunflower seed.) Robert distinguished among a circle, a square, and a star. Lucifer distinguished among red, yellow, and green. Robert put coins in a piggy bank intended for the Wildlife Fund. Cookie waved goodbye.

The children got up and left. Miss Johnson removed her glove and joined us for a ride on a monorail that took us through a portion of the zoo called Wild Asia, travelling above open areas in which sika deer, elephants, tigers, and other animals native to the world’s largest continent were roaming, standing, or sleeping. The day was balmy. The sky was blue. Miss Johnson told us that she had grown up in California, and that she had always known what she wanted to do. “After three years at a state college, I transferred to Moorpark College, near Los Angeles. I enrolled there in a course in exotic-animal training and management. It’s the only one of its kind in the world. I learned how to work with just about every kind of wild animal—lions, deer, elephants, hyenas, kangaroos, eagles, chimpanzees, snakes. I came here to the zoo last September, and it took me a couple of months to create the bird show. I also trained two women to assist me. When those parrots came to the zoo, they didn’t have any skills at all.”

We asked Miss Johnson to tell us something really curious about an animal.

“There’s something really curious about rhinoceroses,” she said. “People think of them as being so dangerous—charging at you across the veldt, and so forth. But if you tickle one rhino I know in just the right place, behind its foreleg—with just the right amount of tickle—it will go into a blissful hypnotic state and keel over.”

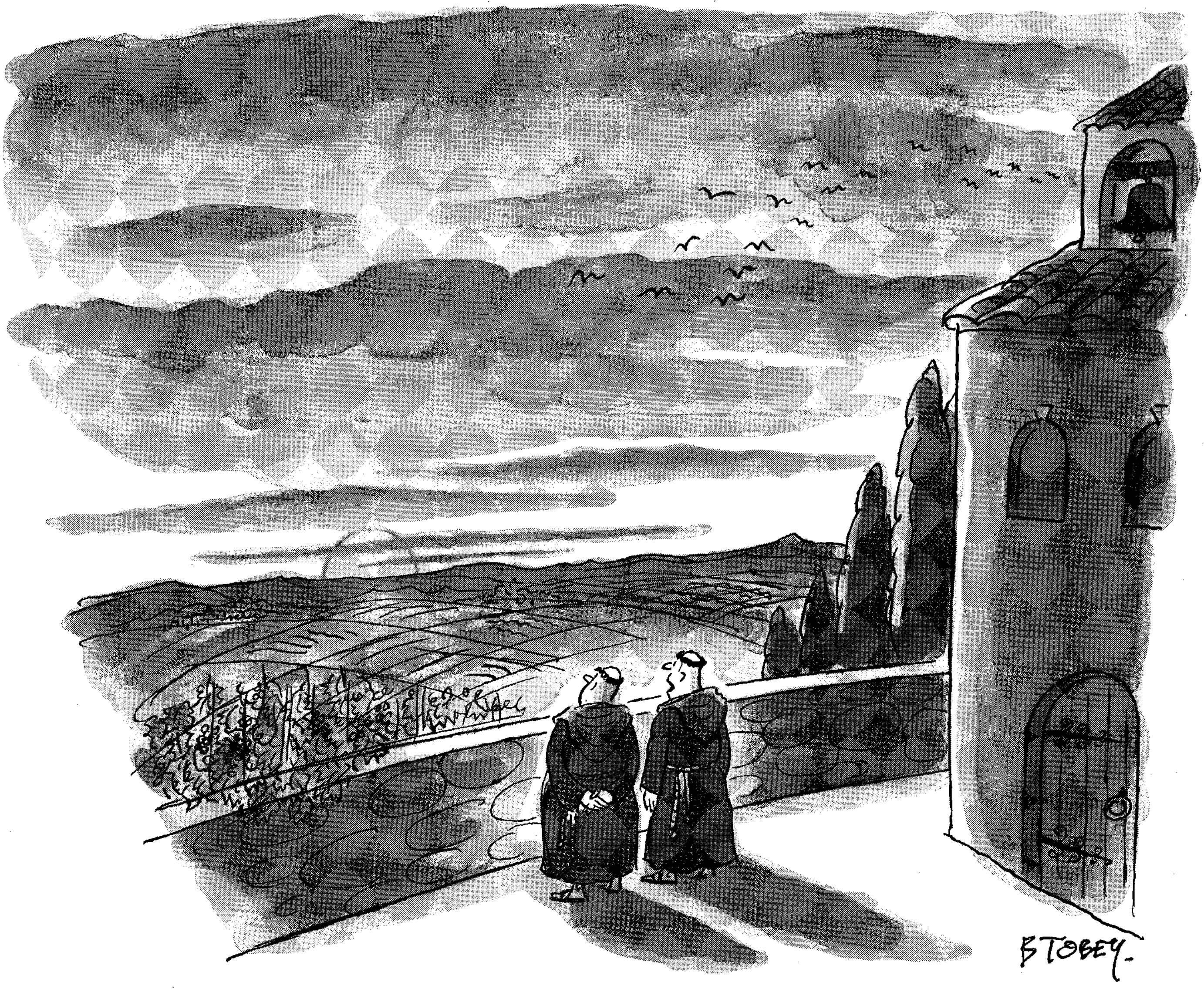


Grand Central

SUDDENLY, the Municipal Art Society’s free weekly hour-long lunchtime walking tours of Grand Central Terminal (meet in front of the new Chemical Bank branch—the one where the tellers’ cages look like the windows of a streamlined Pullman car—at the east end of the main concourse, under the giant Kodak sign, on Wednesdays at 12:30 P.M.) have become such a huge success that John Tauranac has been hoarse for two weeks. Tauranac, one of several learned volunteer docents who conduct the tours—he is the author of “Essential New York,” a new guidebook to New York structures and to the minds that created them, and is also the principal architect of the city’s new subway map, which actually shows where the trains go—had been accustomed to taking groups of about seven, and sometimes, when no one else turned up, only himself, around the terminal ever since the tours began, quietly, in early 1975. But on the last two Wednesdays a total of two hundred and thirty people have shown up to be taken to the famous whispering gallery in front of the Oyster Bar (stand in front of one of the four corners under the terra-cotta dome and face the wall, and have a friend face the wall in the corner diagonally opposite; the two of you can then carry on a conversation in a low voice, despite the bombilation of chatter and coming and going in the space between you), and to saunter along a catwalk running right through the middle of the three arched double windows, almost sixty feet high, that pour light into the concourse from Vanderbilt Avenue. On one of those Wednesdays, some of the new tour-takers talked along the way about the things that had prompted their interest in learning more about the terminal.

A white-haired woman with blue eyes and a purple shirt said, “I’ve worked near Grand Central and seen it every day for years. It occurred to me that I have always looked at it blindly, not shown it any attention or thought, not looked at it with my eyes.”

A middle-aged man wearing black wire glasses and a dark-blue suit said, “Ever since the recent gas shortage, I’ve been wondering how a New Yorker should use his energy in the



"Strange. Twenty-four years later, and I still think of this as the cocktail hour."

• •

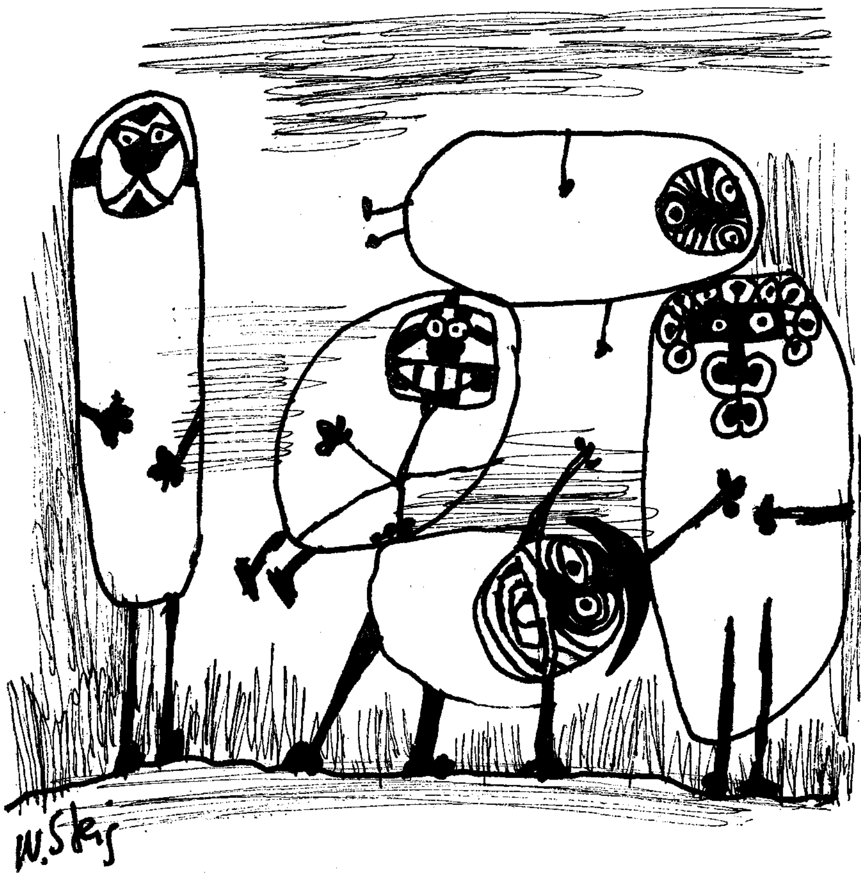
energy crisis. Then, last night, I thought of that old crack about the city—how it'll be a nice place if they ever get it finished. Then I thought, What if New Yorkers decided that New York is now finished? Not over, not gone, but completed. Done. Maybe overdone and underdone in spots, but done. Topped off. Then we wouldn't have to think about what is needed to complete a pattern—only about what is needed to keep it going. Why rebuild this little bitty island yet again when maybe all it needs is some cleaning, some maintenance, some fixing up? Can we channel our restlessness in those directions? I don't know, but this morning I thought I'd come over and see how things are going at Grand Central."

These lines of thought interested us, and we decided to look for some answers to a question of our own: What was preserved when Grand Central was saved? Here are some background notes for future takers of the tour of Grand Central Terminal.

The Almost Invisible Immensity of the Design. When you are riding in a cab from Forty-third Street and Vanderbilt to Fifty-ninth and Park, you are right on top of Grand Central Terminal all the time. The station occupies forty-eight acres of midtown, almost all of it underground. From just east of Madison to Lexington, between Forty-second and Fiftieth, the streets are not built on rock but are steel bridges over thirty-four miles of railroad tracks—tracks that can hold as many as eleven hundred railroad cars at any one time. Two narrow necks of the station extend under both sides of Park to Fifty-ninth. Why does a modern skyscraper like 270 Park Avenue have its lobby on the second floor? Why does the Waldorf store some of its glass and china in New York Central Boxcar No. 9620? Because both these buildings are built on top of Grand Central. (The boxcar, which is on a siding that extends under Fiftieth Street east of Park Avenue, once got loose some years ago and rolled for a couple of hundred feet; railroad men discovered it and pushed it back. Franklin Roosevelt once boarded a special train for Hyde Park by simply taking a seldom used elevator down to the basement of the hotel.) Grand Central was designed to handle a hundred million passengers a year—a design so grand that it has never really been tested. In 1946, the terminal's peak year for passengers, sixty-five million arrived and departed. Half a million people walked through the station every day in the late thirties, and the same number do so today. The building handles with ease even the daily traffic sluiced into it by the Pan Am Building, whose total floor space approaches that of the Pentagon. According to "Grand Central . . . the World's Greatest Railway Terminal," by William D. Middleton, two million cubic yards of Manhattan bedrock and a million cubic yards of Manhattan dirt were excavated to build the terminal, and between 1903 and 1913 four hundred railroad cars full of dirt and rock were hauled away from the site every day. Yet the entire construction process barely disrupted the movement of hundreds of trains that daily went in and out of the predecessor Grand Central then at ground level on the site. (The proper name of the whole complex is Grand Central Terminal, and not Grand Central Station, because trains reach their destination there and don't continue through. A Grand Central information clerk said last year to a woman who wanted to know if the Lake Shore Limited from Chicago stopped at Grand Central, "I hope to God it does." There *is* a Grand Central Station, too; that's the name of the I.R.T. Lexington Avenue subway stop just east of the terminal.)

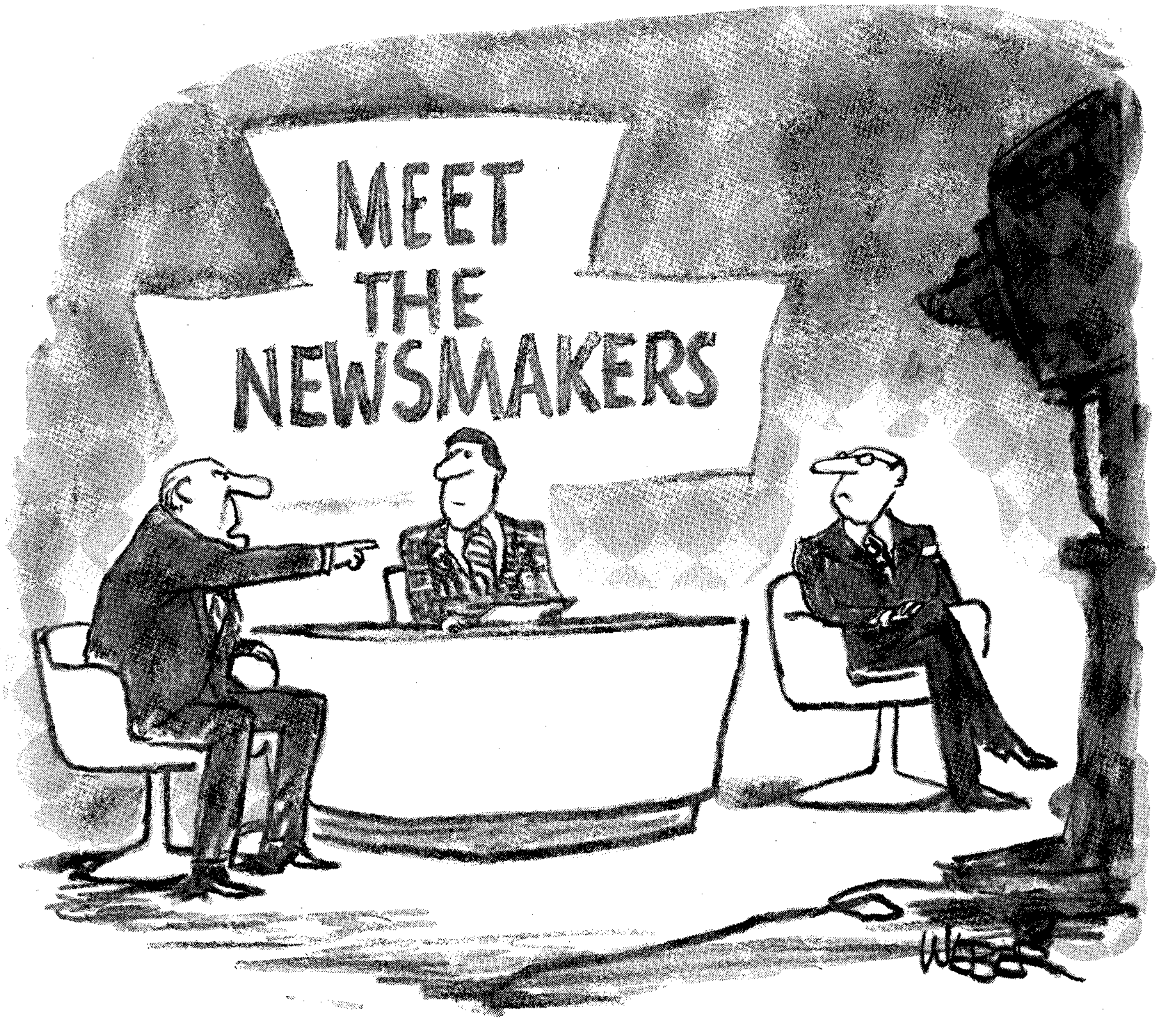
The Strange Consequences of an Old Man's Passion. Trains roll down Park Avenue into Grand Central only because Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Commodore, born on Staten Island in 1794, decided at the age of seventy to leave the steamboat business and enter the railroad business. Ten years later, he had bought up a railroad empire that reached from New York to Chicago. In New York, the Commodore decided to route all his passenger trains down the East Side of Manhattan and all his freight trains down the West Side. On the West Side, the immediate consequence was the destruction of St. John's Park, on lower Varick Street, which had been the most beautiful residential neighborhood in the city (prettier than either Washington Square or Gramercy Park); a yet-to-be-achieved consequence in midtown is the Convention Center, which will be built over the old New York Central freight yards in the West Thirties. On the East Side, the ultimate consequence was Park Avenue. The statue of the Commodore in front of Grand Central is one that he proudly erected on a warehouse he built in St. John's Park; it was moved uptown in 1929.

The Doodlings of Genius. The original Grand Central, the Commodore's Grand Central, consisted of a network of street-level tracks. The Forties and lower Fifties between Madison and Lexington at the turn of this century were an industrial district containing breweries and a Steinway piano factory, and were full of steam, soot, and noise. Pedestrians had to use footbridges to cross the tracks. The East Side centered on Third Avenue. The West Side began at Fifth Avenue. There was nothing much that anyone wanted to look at in between. In 1899, a thirty-three-year-old man from Buffalo, William J. Wilgus, who had become chief civil engineer of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad (as it was then) even though his academic training never went beyond a correspondence course in drafting he had taken from Cornell when he was twenty, started playing around with the idea of redesigning the whole Grand Central area. Four years later, his plans were adopted. They were based on electrifying the passenger tracks in Manhattan, despite the fact that up to that time electrification had been employed almost exclusively on city street lines rather than on principal railways. He also planned to stack the tracks on two levels, thus doubling the area of trackage in the terminal. And he designed semicircular loop tracks between Forty-third and Forty-ninth Streets, so that trains wouldn't have to back out of the terminal. Then he thought of sinking all the tracks below ground level and invented the idea of air rights—of building a "City Within the City" on top of the terminal. The City Within the City, extending from the Grand Central Waiting Room to beyond the Waldorf, was such a success that it later inspired the Rockefellers to build Rockefeller Center. Electrification also created, north of the terminal, a hundred-and-forty-foot-wide, soot-free boulevard, Park Avenue, and a new way of living for the well-off: apartment houses with doormen. A second genius, an architect from St. Paul, Minnesota, named Charles A. Reed, who worked on the designs for the passenger-station part of the terminal, came up with the idea of moving pedestrians swiftly by gravity, and devised Grand Central's elaborate system of ramps—the first time ramps had ever been made an integral part of a building. The imposing main concourse was also Reed's conception. A third genius—Whitney Warren, a New York architect brought into the project by his cousin William K. Vanderbilt to give the passenger station a touch of class—refined Reed's plan for the huge main concourse, and got a French artist to paint a mural of the zodiac on the ceiling, a hundred and twenty-five feet above the floor. As the concourse is presented by Warren, you never realize it's the world's largest basement: the floor level is twenty feet below Vanderbilt Avenue.



Rehearsal

People in Grand Central. Captain Dorothy Schulz, thirty-three, dark-haired, who wears a thin silver necklace with her uniform, commands a force of twenty-seven railroad policemen, who have full police powers, patrol Grand Central twenty-four hours a day, and are responsible for law and order within its boundaries. She's the first woman captain of the force, and she has been on the job since the beginning of July. "In the middle of the night," she says, "when there is no one here but policemen and cleaners—people who are scurrying around because they are all concerned about this building—you can hear the silence of the concourse and have a chance to contemplate the ceiling, and you are almost overwhelmed. I find myself saying, 'This is Grand Central, and here I am, responsible for the safety of this amazing place.' People, you know, expect to feel safe in a railroad station." Captain Schulz works out of an office with a huge fireplace, wainscotted walls, and a hole in the wall which was once a wine cellar. The office is Grand Central police headquarters, on the terminal's west balcony, and the headquarters were originally the private apartment of a suburban couple, the John W. Campbells, who liked to take a train into town and entertain friends there. . . . Captain Schulz's boss, Superintendent Michael Murphy, knows how to get with great speed from police headquarters to a dark room carved out of Manhattan bedrock seven levels below the terminal's lower-level concourse, where unseen water continually drips, because he still remembers a Navy training film he saw at the end of the Second World War which said that the safest place in the city in the event of atomic attack was underneath Grand Central. The superintendent refers to the cavern as Murphy's Little Abode. . . . It takes seven men on overtime, including one called Tick-Tock, who is Paul Kuegler, the man in charge of Grand Central's clocks, to make a swift changeover of all the terminal's clocks every time the country goes on or off daylight-saving time. . . . General Stationmaster Edward V. Quinn, Jr., still has no idea where a year-old, foot-long monitor lizard that two of his trackmen found in the terminal a dozen years ago came from. Monitor lizards, whose habitat is Africa, Asia, and Australia, can reach a length of ten feet when they are full-grown. . . . The Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which is now the landlord of Grand Central and is very proud of it, has spent a million dollars on cleaning the building, and has an architect, Rory Y. Liu, A.I.A., go over the plans submitted by any new Grand Central tenant to make sure they harmonize with the existing structure. There are nearly ninety shops in and around the concourse, and offices are hidden away upstairs; like Carnegie Hall, the terminal has always also been an office building, though you'd never know it to look at it. One new idea that the M.T.A. likes the sound of is a proposal by Michael O'Keeffe, the proprietor of the River Café, under the Brooklyn Bridge, for a quick-service gourmet restaurant on the west balcony of the concourse. Another possible additional use for the station which is under consideration is making it the East Side terminus of the Long Island Rail Road.



"That's him right there, Tom. That's the man who's responsible for the energy crisis."

• •

A Writer's Impressions. When you come up out of the subway and along a low passageway and then into the huge main concourse with the painting of the night sky in cerulean blue high above it, your breath stops for an instant. It's like having been preoccupied with your own affairs and suddenly remembering the vast and populous and beautiful world around you. Thomas Wolfe, in "You Can't Go Home Again," described the sound in the Grand Central concourse. "Few buildings," he said, "are vast enough to hold the sound of time." In the concourse, "as nowhere else on earth, men were brought together for a moment at the beginning or end of their innumerable journeys," he said, and "Here one saw their greetings and farewells, here, in a single instant, one got the entire picture of the human destiny. Men came and went, they passed and vanished, and all were moving through the moments of their lives to death, and all made small tickings in the sound of time—but the voice of time remained aloof and unperturbed, a drowsy and eternal murmur below the immense and distant roof."

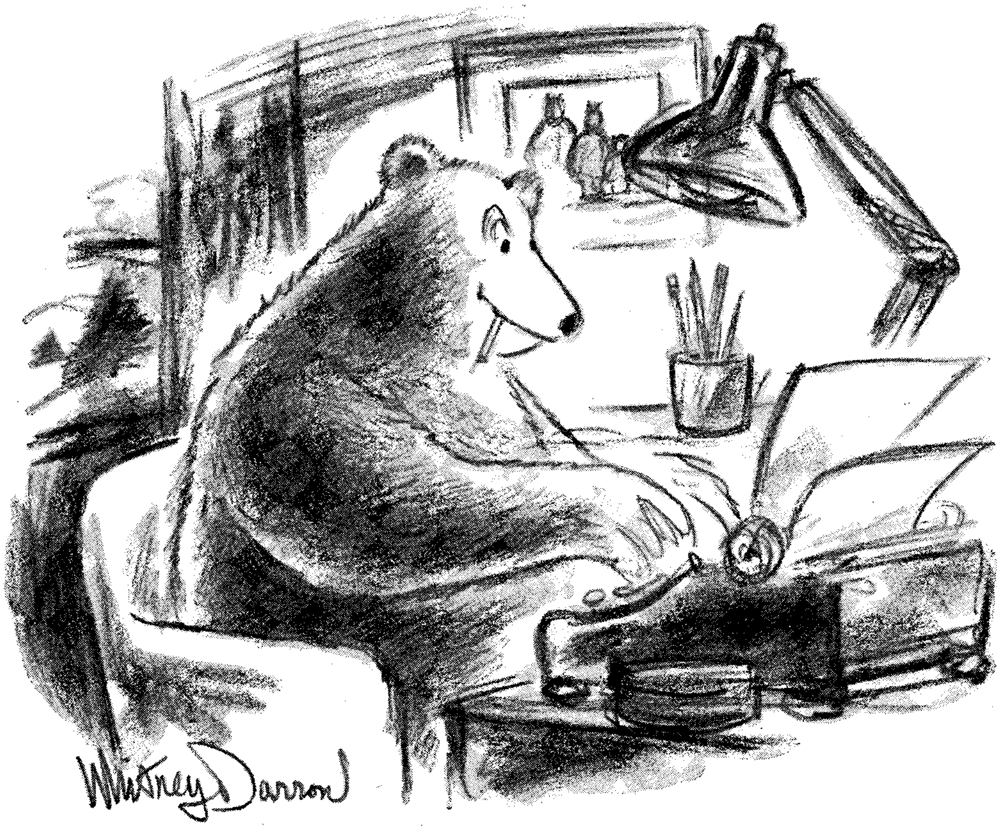
BE CAREFUL

THE anxious weeks and days before the fall of Skylab focussed new attention on the age-old problem of safety, as millions scanned the skies, dreading the descent of the enormous deadly object. Many scattered tons of metal chunks, some with sharp edges, hurtling earthward, God knows where! Most of us must have been reminded that danger remains America's No. 1 safety problem, and perhaps a few were moved to check their own homes for hazards, for although some dangers can't be completely eliminated—such as a ton of lead heated red-hot by atmospheric friction dropping out of a clear blue sky and crushing your house to smithereens and leaving only a blackened hole in the ground for "Eyewitness News" to show where, moments before, you and your family had been pursuing leisure-time activities—there are dangers we *can* eliminate. These are things we have been warned against time and time again, and you would think people would learn, but do they? No.

For example, the number of persons who put their hands on hot objects annually would stagger you. "Don't touch it, it's hot," the waitress cautions as she places the steaming casserole on the table, and what do people do? They grab hold. Dumb? You bet, and yet you see people doing dumb things every day, and not just kids either but men and women with college degrees earning twenty-five to forty thousand dollars per year.

Item: A famous physicist whose research is so advanced that only two other persons in the world know the first thing about it walks straight out into traffic, thinking it is "smart" to thread his way among speeding cars and buses. They jam on their brakes, just in time, or heedlessly continue to race by, only inches away from his body!

Item: A famous surgeon, one of the very few who knows the human brain like the back of his hand and can go in there and cure unheard-of maladies and think nothing of it, places a skilled hand on the head of a strange dog—a tiny terrier, but even small dogs can leap high in the air if their instincts are aroused, and even a friendly pat can arouse them. "Why, he's never done *that* before," the owner says, trying to pull off the pet, whose jaws are clamped on Dr. Thompson's annular ligament.



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I remember well my sensation as we first entered
the house. I knew instantly that something was
very wrong. I realized that my father's chair had
been sat in, as well as my mother's and my own.
The porridge we had left on the table to cool had
been partially eaten. None of this, however, pre-
pared me for what we were about to discover up-
stairs. . . .
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Item: The editors of a famous newspaper, whose pages are read religiously by world decision-makers daily, lean across a conference table debating an important editorial that might have far-reaching effects—*and waving sharp copy pencils to emphasize their ideas, as if they were toys!* They aren't. A pencil could poke somebody's eye out, like any other sharp stick.

Yes, many people don't have the sense that God gave geese. They just don't have both oars in the water. Millions of man-hours are spent worrying about the one chance in six hundred billion that immense man-made objects will fall and cream you; meanwhile, thousands of people wander off every year and get lost in deserted areas.

Stay with the group! You may think that if you get lost a major search will be mounted immediately by the National Guard, using the latest devices, including radar and infrared sensing scanners, but don't count on it. For one thing, you may not be missed: your absence may not be noticed for days or weeks, and even then your friends will figure, "Oh, he'll turn up. He can take care of himself"—even as you wander, helpless and exposed, perhaps only a few yards from a road or a house. And even when the National Guard does come, it doesn't bring sensing devices. These are needed for national defense. If the Guard used its full arsenal of devices every time somebody got lost in this country, the Russians could walk right up Fifth Avenue without a shot being fired. No, the National Guard in this situation is just a bunch of guys beating the bushes probably miles away from where you've wandered. So *don't wander! Stay put!* Of course, if you had stayed put, you wouldn't have gotten lost in the first place. So (assuming you will walk) don't walk straight, because you will wind up walking in circles. Bear to the right.

Don't eat wild plants, roots, berries, etc. People have been told a thousand times not to put strange things in their mouths, and yet as a result of the environmental movement many assume that anything natural is good and won't hurt them. The best rule is: Don't eat it. If you do, spit it out.

EATING itself, especially fish, is a danger area most people overlook completely, thinking, I won't choke, it can't happen to *me*. And yet every week we read about men and women just like ourselves dining in fancy restaurants and choking, which should be a lesson to the rest of us. Indeed, after a big choke scare you will sometimes see restaurant patrons cutting their food into smaller pieces, but they soon forget, and sometimes they go right on eating big forkfuls even as fruitless resuscitation efforts proceed a few feet away.

What is choking like? Those who have experienced it describe it as "the most humiliating thing that ever happened to me." There they are, paying good money for this food and having a wonderful time, talking and joking with close associates, when suddenly, still laughing, they feel the last bite go down the wrong way. Immediately, they sense the foolishness of the situation—to strangle on your own humor!—and they laugh harder and turn red and begin to die, surrounded by people who politely look away. Their obituary flashes before their eyes:

GUY CHOKES ON BEEF, DIES ON FLOOR
Bystander Attempts Back-Pounding
Procedure, But to No Avail; "He
Was a Good Eater," Say Victim's
Friends, "and a Great Kidder"

The only hope is that Dr. Henry J. Heimlich, the discoverer of the famous lifesaving anti-choking embrace, will be dining at the same restaurant and will come running over and perform the maneuver on the spot. To be hugged from behind by a complete stranger while you lie gagging on the floor! Is it worth it? How much better to be smart and not choke at all!

Remember, then: *Eat slowly, take small bites, and don't talk with food in your mouth.* How slowly? Very slowly, say experts. You don't have to dawdle or pick at your food, but do chew thoroughly. Don't "wash it down" with water. Chew it. Twenty times is a good rule for vegetables; for meat, thirty or forty is more like it. Fishbones are the real killers. You should shred the fish, remove all bones, and then follow each bite (small) with a bite of potato or bread, just in case. Better yet, avoid fish.

If, inadvertently, you should choke, don't panic. Stay where you are and ask for assistance. Don't jump up and run. This puts additional strain on the throat, which already has all it can handle.

Running itself is a danger area often pooh-poohed in the cause of "exercise" and "fitness," and yet the increase in running is leading to more and more cases of (1) tripping over things, (2) bumping into things, and (3) falling down.

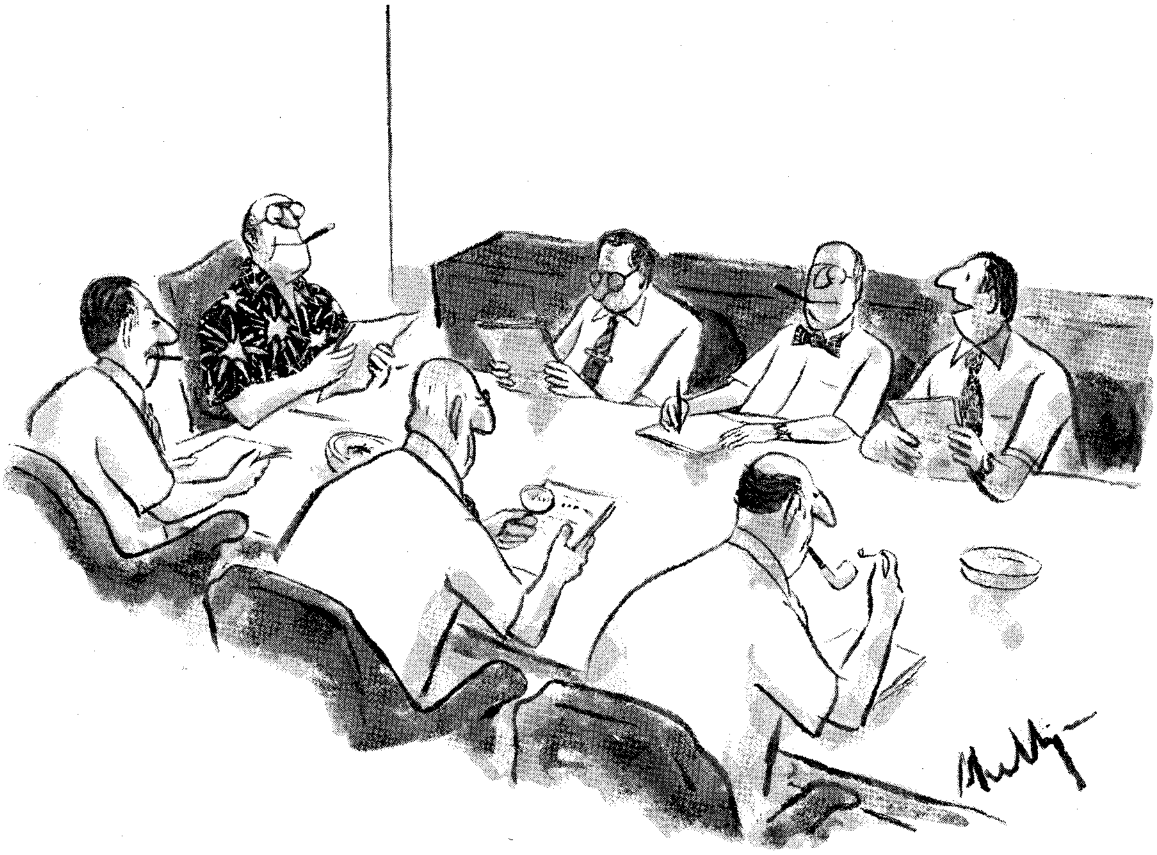
Don't run. Walk. Facts show that walking for exercise is just as good as running and is much safer, particularly in the dark, on uneven ground, near busy streets, or in the house. Never run in the house, especially if you're tall. It's just plain dumb. And yet every year thousands of tall persons dash headlong into low doorways, decorative overhangs, and light fixtures.

Watch where you're going. Many feel it's a sign of shame to watch their feet while walking, and so keep their eyes straight ahead and "walk tall." They're looking for trouble.

Some falls can't be prevented. The victim is standing perfectly still and then suddenly—*ker blam!*—he's flat on his keister. Researchers say this may be due to a disturbance of the inner ear or to a simple lack of attention, but they don't really know for sure. Injury can be minimized, however, by keeping the feet well apart, the weight well balanced, and the arms slightly extended from the body. A few falls are caused by being cross-eyed, and nothing can be done about those, either. These people were warned about crossing their eyes for fun while in school, but they went ahead and did it anyway. Now they will just have to live with it.

A little common sense is our major weapon against danger. They say that if people would just *stop* and *think* the chance of accidents would be slashed dramatically. Perhaps the spectre of Skylab hanging over our heads might have knocked some sense into people, even though it fell harmlessly into the Atlantic and Indian Oceans and parts of Australia, but probably not.

Chances are you read this magazine article in very poor light. You knew it was wrong but you went right ahead and did it anyway. What can I tell you that hasn't been said a thousand times before? —GARRISON KEILLOR



"Love your shirt, Mr. Fenway."

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Moscow (AP)—Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and Ambassador Malcolm Toon explained the Senagutificativrocess to President Leonid I. Brezhnev and the Soviet public in an attempt to ease fears that the Senate will kill the new SALT treaty.

—*Grand Rapids* (*Mich.*) *Press.*

Too bad Brezhnev can't understand English.

FOUR POEMS

WINTER GARDEN

The pump, on and off through evening,
Works to raise a winter garden, now that
Tomato leaves hang sour and lifeless

On the chain-link fence and the three-branched
Squash plant decorates the mulch pile.
Through summer, though almost in another country,

Barn swallows gleaned young mosquitoes rising
Off a lake, never falling through its calm mirror;
Yet today a California jay dove against

The picture window, breaking its intemperate body.
What drove it toward that attacking reflection
To die incongruous under the withered ornamental roses?

If on the other side of all water lies death,
Nothing keeps us from reaching toward it,
Toward that full, alternate world lying beyond

A sequence of trains stumbling along the river,
Where nothing is reflected but trees precarious
On the flood plain, or the careful herons

Patrolling their banks. In another world,
Fish view a watery sky, unaware of the beak
That may pluck them into the air. Subdued

By the waters we lie in, we cannot see what sweeps
Frost from the valley, or casts down the mastering snow.
We cannot mistake the yellow light refusing

The afternoon orchard, or know when,
So illumined, a bird glides toward a cold window
And flies out blazing in an alien air.

WINE

He greets us as his kind
Has always greeted barbarians,
With the lingering condescension
That hides, warily, its knife.
The yellow night outside
Is unforgiving. We have injured it,
And the pointed stars refuse
To shine, the night has closed
Over them. In the chopped fields
The suburbs rise and rise where
The crops were gathered in,
Where bulls and cows once were mated,
But we do not miss them. In the
Grapes' musky skin lies the entrance
To the city, to the poured concrete
And the dump trucks, to the men
Building a town house up, brick
By brick, warming their hands over
A barrel fire. The cool snow is falling
Like strokes of light
From the darkness, as here it falls
From the darkness onto the river ice,
Or into the deeper darkness of the sea.
Somewhere, waiting, are chance fermentations
In the wooden barrels, rows
Of green bottles, the labels of fine paper,
Corks rising in cost,
Shipping manifests, the forklifts,
The ships and the harbor
Where the ships rock, a faint squeaking
Like rats or the warning glide
Of hard wind through glass, the waiting years
In which the field of insects and flowers,
The bones of mice disgorged by the owl,
The dung of horses steaming become
Not a glass but an imprisoned bouquet.
And here is the wet cellar, waiting,
From which the sommelier
Climbs the circular steps toward us
With his corkscrew in his hand.

THE MANTIS

Now prisoners of summer's air,
We admire the polluted sunsets
Rising from Dulles. Two mantises
Mate in the back yard's holly,

Thorned and wild. All one evening
I return to watch their passion.
By morning the male has vanished—
Eaten by his mate—

And the female disappears as I watch
Sacs of spiders hatch in a neighbor's fir.
Days later, the mantis returns
To attack the screen door,

Battering her head against the aluminum.
Like the children shouting all day
In the next house, I am fevered
By isolation. The closed back yards

Circumnavigate a court where
Spiders maneuver across the walls.
Monstrous crickets rub along
The living room's mustard carpet:

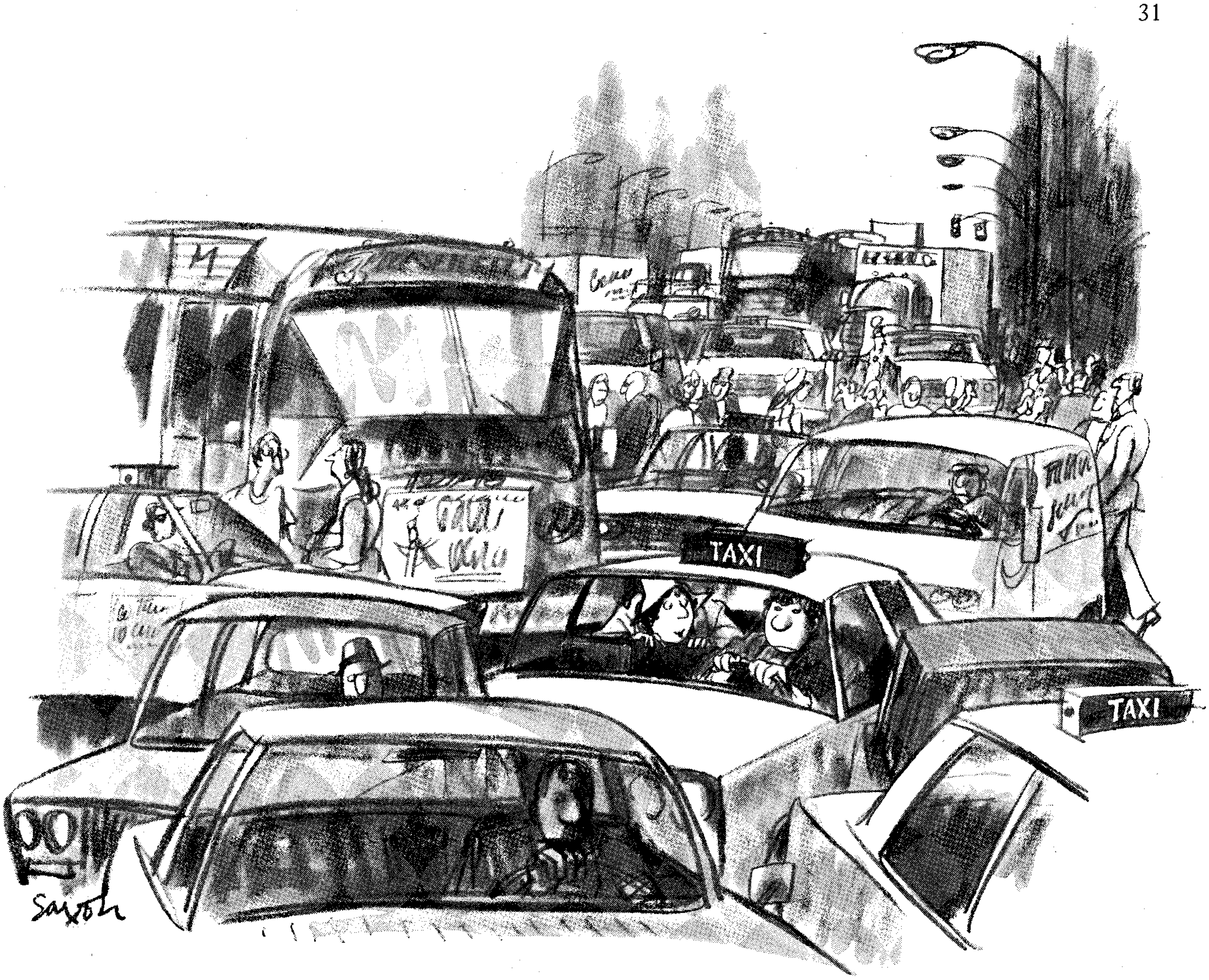
There seems no way in. I let them go
Outdoors by the rows of black
Mailboxes. I find them again
Chewing grass seed in the metal shed,

Thumping inside the plastic bags.
Tonight the airport lights
Shake behind the cumulus. Inmates
Of the basement are laying eggs for spring.

MAELSTROM

(A WOMAN ALONE IN AN OLD HOUSE)

Vain, stupid, brutal to myself,
Attracted to a younger man
No brighter—but no hunger can
Drive the young lover from my dreams.
Eyes shut, I wash my hair in steam
From the ancient tub, its claw feet
Clutching balls that drive its weight
Into the marble floor and zone
A rectangular space of stone,



"Will you be terribly upset if I change my mind and get out here?"

• •

Where my mirror reflects its bottom.
The dirty windows load with flies
That mingle under a darkened sky
Where the weakened day suffers a breeze
To sweep us into night. I ease
Myself over the tub and pour
Warm water through my lathered hair
Until the drain sucks with froth.

I turn the ivory handles off
When the flies lurch against the screens
And windows slam through three rooms—rain:
Not a shower but the maelstrom;
The world, alive with water, comes
Down with the sightless force of dream.
The word is Dutch for grinding stream.
Everywhere it flails; wheels of water
Turn over us, through downtown
Deserted streets, from underground
Cafés to the skeletal sky.
I lock the windows against the air.
The room calms. In a darkened chair,
A towel around my head, I sit down
To watch the guilty poplars drown.

The man I sleep with wants no child.
Though my sisters foster mild
Fears for me, they prepare for years
Of bearing. Why do I despair
The ignorance of love? Our parents
Want children to ornament
Their deaths. Our own deaths rise, clearer
Than that perishable mirror
History, and I find myself drawn
To pregnant, nervous girls. While
They thicken, I watch their juvenile
Breasts. Invisible children feed,
Wanting the chance of flesh.
Must
We choose as well what chooses us?
I don't know. You have been away.
We should end this contest and live
Alone, if distance can forgive
Our love, our love its loss, and words
Their failure. What we have endured
Becomes no child. Heirs to each other,
Forbidden, like sister and brother,
The tree will not blossom, the fly
Cannot breed. Despite the aging sky
And shreds of storm that scour the air
I must leave to meet your plane. Here
The ground lights up with stars of rain,
An image too pretty to last.

—WILLIAM LOGAN

LOST LUGGAGE

I CAN only explain my genuine lack of concern, when I first realized that my suitcase was missing, not coming up with the others off the plane, by saying that at that moment I was in a mood of more than usual self-approval; you could call it pride, or maybe hubris, even: I had just managed to enjoy a vacation alone—to come out unscathed, anyway—at a Mexican resort where I had often gone with my recently dead husband, a trip warned against by my children and well-meaning friends, of course. But it had been all right; I was glad that I had gone there. My other source of pride was sillier but forgivable, I think; it was simply that I was looking very well. I was tan, and the warm, gentle green Mexican water had been kind to my hair. I was brown and silver, like a weathering country house, and I did not mind the thought of myself as aging wood.

In any case, I watched the procession of luggage as it erupted from the maw of the baggage area in the San Francisco terminal, up from the Toltec Airlines plane that I had just got off; I watched each piece as it was claimed and lifted off the treadmill and taken away. With no sinking of my heart (that came much later), I waited until all the other bags were gone, as the empty treadmill moved in its creaking circle, and I realized that that was it: no more bags. An official-looking person confirmed that view: my suitcase was somewhere else, or lost, or irreparably smashed. And I was not at all upset.

I had not been so foolish as to take anything valuable (had I indeed owned anything of that sort of value) to a somewhat ratty resort, on a Mexican beach, and I even thought, Oh good, now I won't have to wash out that robe with the suntan-lotion stains.

A pretty black girl in the uniform of the airline gave me a form to fill out, describing the suitcase, and giving my name, Janet Stone Halloran, my address and phone. She gave me a claim number, and she said, "You'll be given twenty-five dollars for makeup and drugs, you know, for tonight."

Good, is what I thought again. Very good. I can take a cab home and buy some toothpaste, a brush, astringent, cream. For various reasons, mostly having to do with pride and with my new role as a single woman, I had spent too much money in Mexico, paid for too many rounds of margaritas, so I was quite conscious of even small sums of money. I assumed then that a check for twenty-five would come to me automatically, probably tomorrow.

The truth is that I was quite broke; I needed to get a job as soon as possible, Walter not having believed in insurance, but I wasn't dealing with that problem yet. I had dealt as best I could with Walter's death, I had successfully gone to Mexico. I would think about money and jobs tomorrow; I would go out looking while I still was tan.

Actually, and this did not make his death any easier, Walter and I had not liked each other much lately. We had married young, for love (well, sex, really); in our day that is what you did when strongly attracted. And as the physical intensity calmed down, diminished, all our other energies seemed to go in opposite directions. A familiar story, I guess, but that made it no easier to bear.

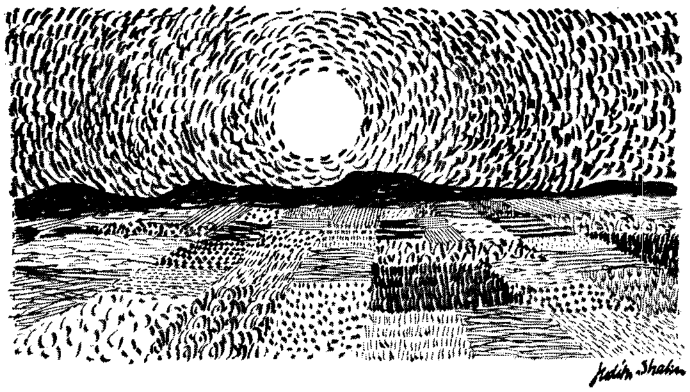
Like many lonely women, I became bookish, an obsessive reader, my favorites being long Victorian novels. (Once, reading "The Egoist"—Meredith's best, I thought—I started to recommend it to Walter, such a wonderfully funny book. But then I recognized that Walter would not think it was funny at all.)

Walter's major passion, his obsession, turned out to be cars: even after professionally he went from selling Fords to selling life insurance, he was constantly buying, selling, trading, trading in cars. We must have averaged four or five cars a year, and last year, the year he died, we went through seven. And always terrifically fancy ones; I now have a 1935 Franklin, in mint condition, up for sale. I hated to be unsympathetic, but I found all this car business scary, something we couldn't afford, and I sometimes said as much. But Walter, a fast-talking red-haired Irishman, a looker, a flirt, was not much of a listener, or not to me. He would frown distractedly, and go on with his dreams of cars.

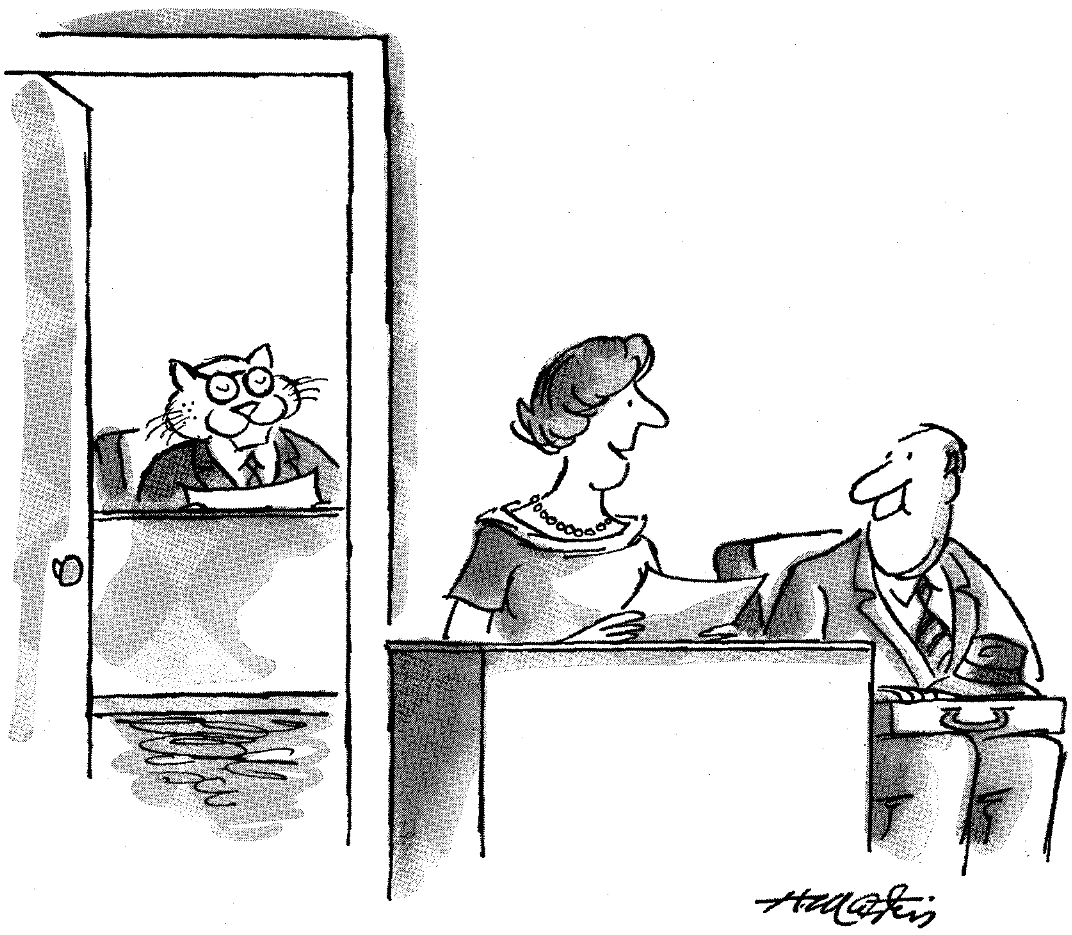
None of which helped when he died. Along with natural grief and shock, I felt guilty as hell: why couldn't I have been nicer about a relatively harmless habit? He could have been "sleeping around," as we used to say; well, maybe he was doing that, too. In any case, his death was a dreadful—an appalling—event.

None of our friends knew how little money Walter and I had (no doubt misled by all those fancy cars), any more than they knew how little we liked each other. Neither fact had been something that I could ever speak of, or maybe I had long ago got used to not saying those things—a New England habit of reserve. And there was a connection between those conditions: if we had had money, especially if I had had a little of my own—that enviable condition—we could have split up; but no, we had children very early on (red-haired, all of them, of course), four children who seemed to stay young forever, as we aged. Now they were all away at school, except our oldest daughter, who was married, and when I say that I had no money I mean that I had barely enough to keep them there, and not enough to live on much longer by myself. Probably we would all have to go to work. I didn't think it would hurt us much; more New England puritanism, I guess.

And my choice of the Mexican beach had been connected with both of those unmentionable facts, lack of money and not getting along with Walter. It was extremely cheap, and it was where Walter and I had got along least well. I always loved it; he hated it there, and went along as a concession to my poor taste, if grudgingly. For one thing, there were no tennis courts within miles, and Walt was an impassioned tennis buff. (He died on the courts, in fact, after what I was told was a magnificent overhead smash. A good death, in that way, I guess you could call it.)



To a degree, naturally enough, my friends and children were right; it was lonely being there without even an unloved, quarrelsome Walter. And, as widows will, or anyone will just after a serious love affair, for a while I found it hard to remember anything but the good times between us, the early years when



"Oh, you'll like Mr. Kennely. Mr. Kennely is a pussycat."

we both had jobs with conflicting schedules, his selling Fords, mine doing research for some lawyers; and so whenever we were even briefly at home together we would make love, as instantly and happily as mating birds.

Also, as I sat alone on my terrace, watching one of those incredible tropical sunsets, the whole sky covered with bright rags of clouds, I would feel really frightened, and not unreasonably so. There was not exactly a superabundance of jobs around, and suppose I couldn't find one, or not for years? I was well trained, I'd had occasional research jobs along the way, helping out with family money, and I knew a lot of people; still, I was quite a few years over twenty-five, or even thirty. What would I do? (I know, nowhere near the poverty level; but still a cause for concern, I thought.)

At other times, however, down there in the balmy breezes, I would experience an exhilarating sense of adventure. I knew myself to be a strong woman: surely I could turn my life around? I was not really dependent on a middle-class support system, on certain styles of dress and entertaining, on "safe" neighborhoods. I could even, I imagined, find a big house to share with some other working women, about my age—not exactly a commune but a coöperative venture. Such prospects excited and to a degree sustained me.

And there was always the extreme beauty of the place itself, the big horseshoe cove of lovely water, with its white, white beach and rocky promontories at either edge. The green tropical growth that rose from the outer edge of sand into hills. And the clear enormous sky, its brilliant blue, then gaudy sunsets, and, later, billions of stars. Not to mention the flowers spilling over everywhere—the profusion of bougainvillea, of every shade of pink and orange. I could feel it all seeping into me, with the stillness, the peace.

FORTUNATELY, in a way, the last time Walt and I were in Mexico was by far our worst. Nothing dramatic or specific—just a miasma of incommunicable depression that settled on us both. What exactly was on Walt's mind I have no idea, just boredom and restlessness, perhaps—or he could have been having a "relationship" in San Francisco (I always at least half suspected that he was), with someone whom he missed. I myself was depressed at the changes that I saw in us, and in our bodies. Our slowing middle-aged flesh seemed to parody its former eager, quick incarnation, and I looked at the other couples, many considerably older than we were, who had come down to the tropics to warm their hardening bones—timorous people looking outward rather than toward each other, their flesh no longer joined. And I thought, Is that where we are going, Walt and I? Is the rest of our life together, if we stay together, to be such a process of attrition?

And so, in that sense, being there without Walt was better; I could remember the good days quite as easily as the bad—in fact, more easily; I was no longer daily, hourly reminded by his presence that we no longer loved or even much liked each other. In a dignified way I could be sad about him, even. He had enjoyed his life, his tennis and skiing, parties, drinking, and, for the most part, he had enjoyed and liked our children. It was grossly unfair that he should be cut off from all that, so relatively young.

AT the beach, then, I thought my own thoughts, and swam a lot, and read, and I let the gentle beauty of the place drift through my mind. And I observed, rather than actively participating in, what social life there was.

I saw a woman who, like myself, seemed to be travelling alone; some years older than I was, she could easily have been a widow also, or maybe divorced. And she was talking too much. I would see her with groups on the beach, or at the bar, talking and talking. I had earlier noticed such an impulse in myself; as though to compensate for Walter's lack, to say enough for us both, I had developed a new tendency to garrulousness. And now, in a distant, sympathetic way, I wanted to say to this woman, Please don't, you don't have to make up for being alone, in that way.

I further observed a young man, also alone, but seemingly having attached himself to a group of older people. He himself was not really as young as he felt that he was. He would be very good with old ladies, except for a certain kind of old lady (the kind I plan to be), who will suddenly wonder why she is paying for all his drinks, and will decide that he is not quite worth it. I watched as, each time someone in the group was due to sign for drinks, that aging boy would be engaged in animated conversation, somewhere else—as, still unobserved by him, the smiles around him congealed and froze.

Which is one reason that whenever I fell in with a group at the bar I made a point of buying more than my share of drinks.

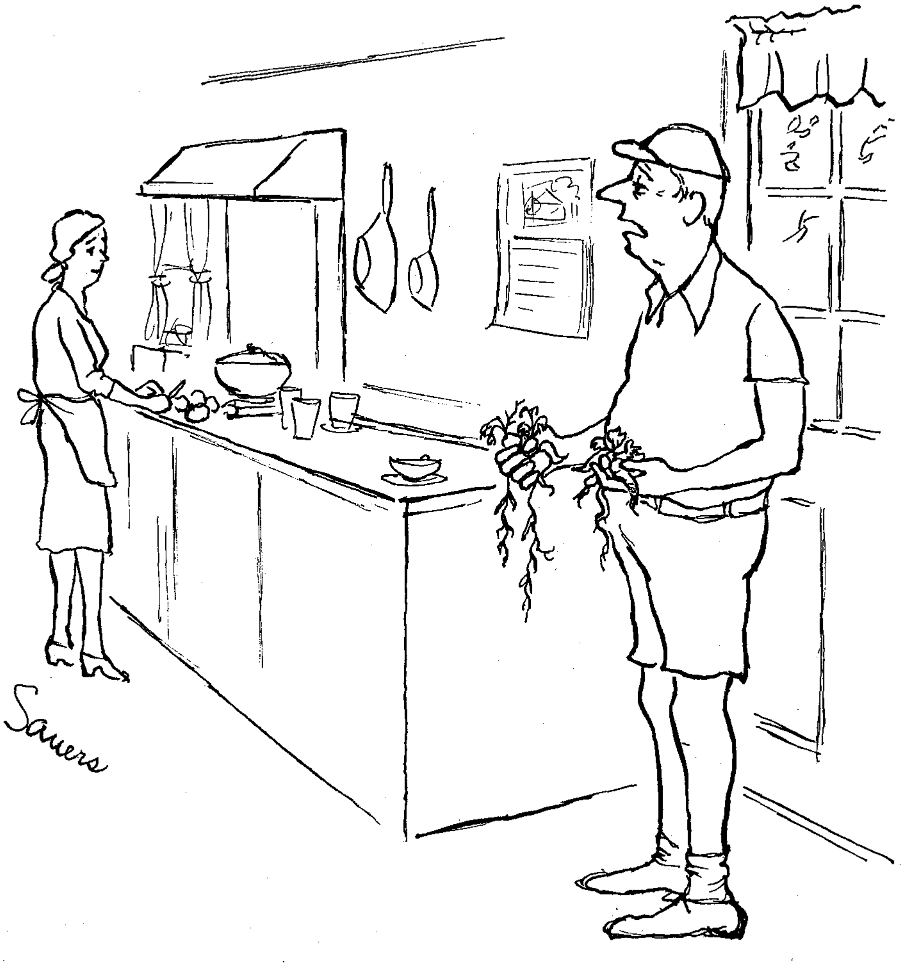
I looked, and thought, and observed, and I wrote down a great deal in a daybook that I had begun to keep, begun just after Walter died. Two friends had suggested this, women who did not know each other. A coincidence, possibly, but enough to make me listen—although I later concluded that they were both influenced by the fact that I write letters much more often than I telephone.

Also, like so many women of my generation (and I would hope some men and younger women, too), I had been powerfully moved by Doris Lessing's "The Golden Notebook." Not that I saw much connection between myself and her heroine, Anna (or with Lessing herself); still, for weeks and then months after Walter died, I made myself write everything down, like Anna in the Blue Notebook section, trying to understand.

And it did help, quite a lot. I could see a certain progress from the rage and despair of the first entries, the nightmare scene at the funeral parlor. I had not wanted to "view" Walter; I was talked into it—shamed into it, really—by my oldest daughter, the married one, and by, of course, the funeral-parlor person. How wonderful he looks, they both murmured, though in a questioning way; he looks asleep. Having spent many hours looking at Walter asleep—he always slept well, whereas I had occasional insomnia—I thought he did not look asleep, he looked dead, very dead, dead for good. I hated myself for breaking down and crying noisily in that place.

Well, all that was vividly in my notebook, and then there were some better days recorded, and a few more bad ones. Kind friends, insensitive friends, intuitive strangers.

It was encouraging on those bad days to look back to worse ones, earlier on, and when I actually felt well, restored to my old self, competent and strong—with what pride I recorded that sense.


"*Well, the crops are in.*"

IT was not until I was in the taxi, heading home from the airport, and thinking with foolish pleasure about my check for twenty-five dollars, that I realized that my notebook was in the missing suitcase, along with the stained robe and the other things I didn't much care about. And in that moment of understanding that my notebook could be gone forever, I did not see how I could go on with my life. Everything within me sank. It was as though my respirator, whatever essential machine had kept me breathing, was cruelly removed. This is worse than Walter's death, I crazily thought, and then amended (I revised, as I had learned to do with crazy thoughts) so that in my mind it now read, I can deal with this less well than I did with Walter's death.

Arrived at my door, I paid for the taxi with several of my last vacation dollars, and I let myself into my small (though now too large) "safe" flat.

There was a pile of letters on the floor which, since I had no bag to unpack, I immediately sat down to read. And there, among the bills and circulars, the demands, were three letters which, had I been in a more normal mood, might have made me happy: two of them from two of my scattered children, both simply nice, kind, and friendly—sounding like the sort of people I would have wanted them to turn out to be—and the third from a lawyer for whom I had once worked, offering sensible job-getting advice and strong encouragement. As I say, had it not been for my missing bag and my lost notebook, it would have been a good homecoming.

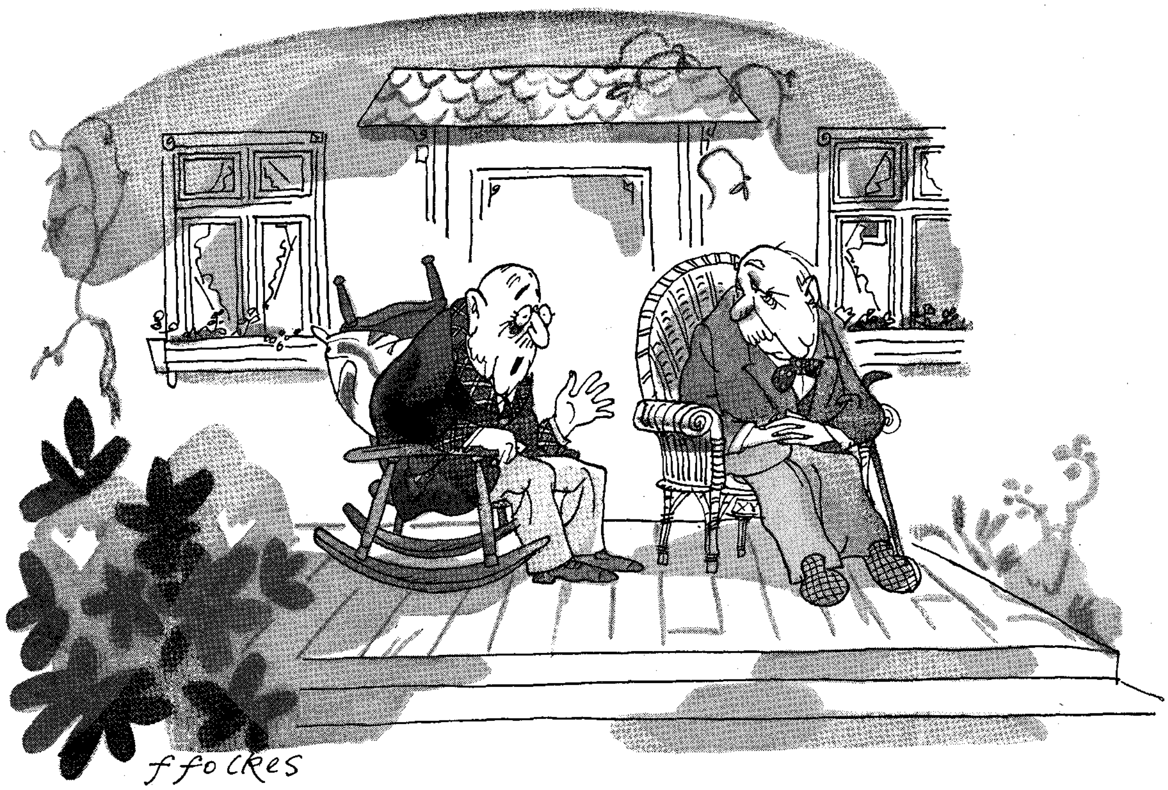
I lay awake planning phone calls.

TOLTEC AIRLINES, as it turned out the following morning, did not have its own Lost and Found (a bad sign right there, I thought); its losses and finds were reported to another airline, Griffith International. I described my bag to a cheerfully inattentive girl: a cheap make, I said, black vinyl, with a safety pin in the zipper. Yes, it was clearly marked with my name and address.

Had I reported its loss?

Yes, of course. Last night.

Well, most bags eventually turn up, she said, and I must believe that they



"Yessir, women sure caused me a bunch of trouble in my day. Take that snippy Martha Blodgett, who hid my schoolbooks under a bush. And Mable Johnson, who was forever drawing on my blotting paper. Not to mention Janie Bradshaw and the time she put a frog in my boot. Yessir, women sure caused me a heap of trouble in my day."

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were just as eager to return my bag to me as I was to get it.

I could not possibly believe that, I told her severely; it was simply untrue. And then, as though it were an afterthought, I asked about the twenty-five-dollar compensation check.

Oh, that's only for people just stopping over, she said.

Oh.

She suggested that I might want to call the night person at Toltec Airlines; he comes on every night at six, she said, and she gave me a number.

The man's name was Dick Parker—a too simple, forgettable name, but I managed to keep it in my mind all day; in fact I thought of nothing else.

He turned out to be both less interested and less optimistic than the morning girl. Well, sometimes bags did get stolen, he said. Nothing the airlines could do, thefts happen.

Even old shabby bags like mine?

Older, shabbier ones got ripped off. For all the thieves knew, there were diamonds inside, he picturesquely said.

After a long pause, during which I tried to digest his gloomy and irrefutable logic, I asked about compensation.

The airline pays three hundred dollars after two weeks, he said.

Oh.

THE young woman who answered the Lost and Found number the next morning sounded Mexican, I thought, which I found irrationally cheering, as though national pride would encourage more strenuous efforts on her part. I again described my bag, and again she went off to look. Only later did it occur to me that she might—she *should* have had that description already filed.

No, she announced on her return; my bag was not there, I should immediately call Mr. Playa, Pablo Playa, who was in charge of Toltec Airlines, and she gave me a number.

This was encouraging—someone in charge—and I was charmed by the name Pablo Playa. The numbers that I dialled, however, felt familiar; just as Mr. Playa answered, I realized that it was the number of Dick Parker: Pablo Playa was the daytime Dick Parker.

But he had a mellifluous Latin voice, Pablo Playa did, and his tone was the most, if not the only, sympathetic official voice that I had heard. Of *course* I was upset, he said, and *everything* would be done to find my bag. I must believe him, the bag would be returned to me within days. And also, at the very worst, the airline paid five hundred dollars for lost bags, within fifteen days.

For a few minutes I felt vastly cheered—my automatic response to warmth and charm, to promises—and then, with a characteristic reversal, certain grim and obvious truths appeared, to rebuke my foolish optimism. First, none of those people knew what the others were doing; there was no one in charge. Second, there was no fixed policy about compensation. Third, there was no concentrated or even directed effort to retrieve my bag.

That night I again called Dick Parker, who instantly confirmed all those suspicions. How long had it been since I lost my bag, he wanted to know.

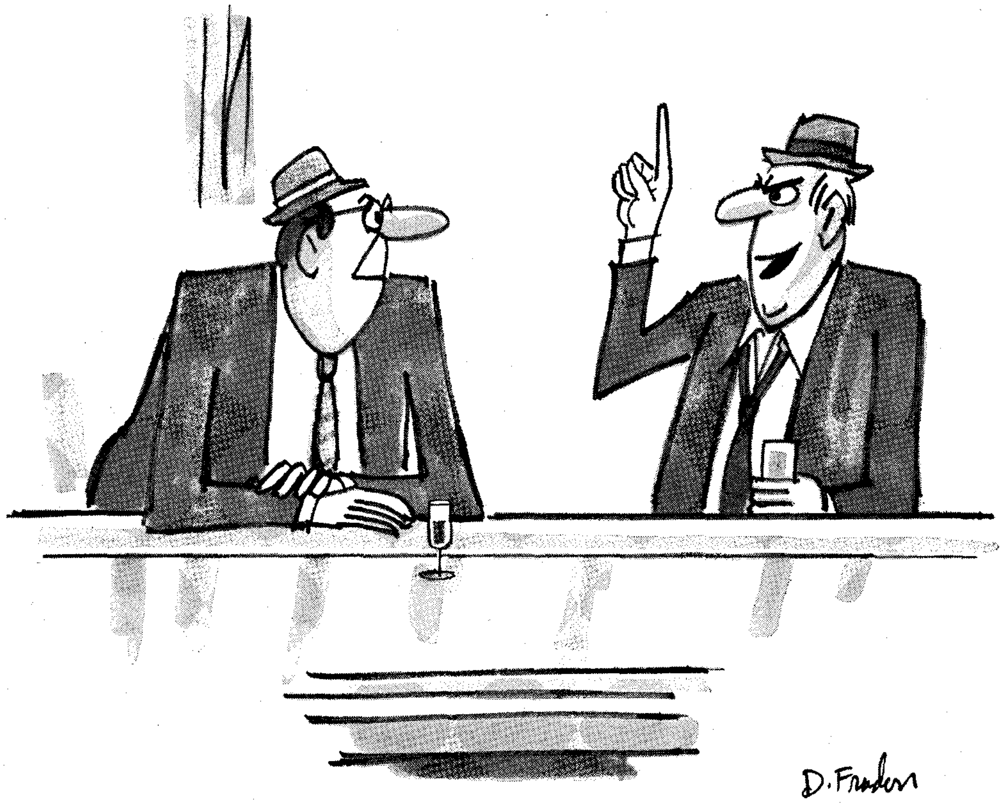
It was not I who had lost the bag, I reminded him; it was *them*. And maybe they should coördinate their files, as well as their efforts?

Thank you for telling me how to do my job, he said, in a furious way.

I think we both hung up at the same moment.

OVER the long haul of my life, I have noticed that even the most upsetting things get better with the simple passage of time; even deaths become less painful. But it was not so with my missing bag; it was, in many ways, like the aftermath of a robbery. Once, Walter and I had been burglarized, and for weeks I kept discovering more things that were not there: a set of silver grapefruit spoons, some pretty cocktail napkins, all the Beethoven quartets (a tasteful ripper-offer, that one was). And now, having thought everything but my notebook valueless, I began to remember a nice old pink cotton shirt, inexplicably becoming; some big white beads (cheap, from Cost Plus, but where would I find them again).

Far worse was my deranged sense of being crippled without my notebook, my notes; and my awareness that it



"We may be eleventh in the world in this, and seventeenth or eighteenth or even fiftieth in that, but over all we're still Number One."

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made no sense was not much help. I considered, and discarded, the obvious theory that this was a substitute mourning for Walter, that it was actually Walter whom I could not live without; that explanation simply did not grip me in the way that a true insight invariably does. I also asked myself if the lost notebook was an excuse for postponing other tasks at hand, like scrubbing the open kitchen shelves. Looking for a job.

The next day, as though to refute that thought, I did scrub the shelves. I've read somewhere that all women have a least favorite household task, and that is mine: the irritation of putting those little spice jars and bottles somewhere else, displacing the adorable little keepsakes, spilling the cleaning stuff on the floor. Et cetera.

And then, like a reward, it came to me, something that probably anyone else would have thought of days before: I would go out and buy another notebook, I would write down all that I could remember from the former entries, and then I would start in again. Obviously, I had become addicted to writing things down; that was the core of my problem.

A wonderful idea, a solution—but in the stationery store I hesitated. The lost notebook, whose duplicate was right there on the shelf before me, had been rather expensive, seven dollars, now up to eight-fifty (I could measure the time since Walter's death by the rate of inflation, I thought). Maybe I would get the old notebook back? In that mood, I compromised on a much smaller, though matching, book; its spine was also stamped RECORD, and it cost two-fifty.

I took it home, and eagerly, right away, I began to record the newest chapter in my life, which I headed, of course, Lost Luggage.

BY rights my suitcase should then have been returned—my reward for maturity and strength—and I superstitiously believed that it actually would be. It had been missing now for five full days. And, still expecting that it would reappear, I concentrated on writing. I stopped calling the Toltec people and, instead, I called my travel agent and told her of those troubles; she would take care of everything, she said.

I had imagined that I might try, as a sort of exercise, to record some of what I had felt and had written in my original book about the days and months just after Walter's death, but I did not. I wrote about the colors of Mexico, still lively and brilliant in my mind, and from there I moved farther back, much farther, to some childhood colors: the calm blue-black depths of a New Hampshire lake in summer; gray winter slush on Tremont Street, in Boston. I had no purpose, really; I only knew that the hour or so I spent writing every day was a happy time for me. I finished that notebook and I bought another small one, and probably I will keep on buying them. And, without really noticing it as something remarkable, I began to feel a great deal better.

FATE, as I should have recognized by now, tends to reward happiness rather than virtue: having to a large extent cheered up, in the same week I acquired both a paying guest and a good part-time job. The guest was a younger friend, Daisy, with whom I had worked on a couple of political campaigns; she had split with her most recent lover, and she wondered if maybe—now that—I would like to rent her a room. Well, knowing Daisy, it would not be for long, but she was entertaining, and kind, and reliable, in her way. And if this was not the cooperative venture I'd earlier dreamed of, it could be a step in that direction.

The job was with the lawyer for whom I'd worked before—a little less work than I needed, but, like the room arrangement, it seemed a strong step forward.

And, a month or so after that, I received, through my travel agent, a check for $343.79, from Toltec Airlines—a figure that I will never understand, but it paid a couple of bills.

I don't think much anymore about my lost notebook, or of those sad early days that it recorded, although I do occasionally wonder if Dick Parker, the night man at Toltec, could possibly have been right—if some misguided thief could have believed that I carried diamonds or cocaine in that shabby old bag, and found, instead, some well-worn summer clothes and the unhappy jottings of a very confused, a searching, woman.

I don't plan to go back to that particular Mexican resort; I believe that it has served its purpose in my life. But it has occurred to me that the next time I go on any trip, one of these new notebooks will fit easily into a carryon bag, and that, even if the book were to be lost, the loss would be minimal.

—ALICE ADAMS

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OAK BOWERY—The restoration and preservation of his mother and father has rubbed off on Dr. Michael Shinnick.
—*Columbus (Ga.) Ledger-Enquirer.*

How does he look?

REFLECTIONS

DISTURBING THE UNIVERSE—I

Oh England! Oh my lovely casual country!...
Serenity of meadowland in April—
Carelessly littered with fritillaries,
Ladysmock, kingcups, cowslips, and wild apple!
—*Frank Thompson, 1943.*

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair...
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
—*T. S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," 1915.*

And there's a dreadful law here—it was made by mistake, but there it is—that if any one asks for machinery they have to have it and keep on using it.
—*Edith Nesbit, 1910.*

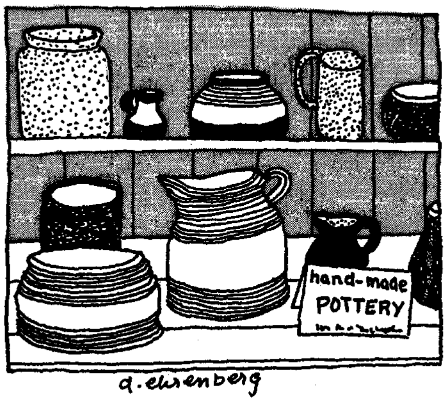
A SMALL boy with a book, high up in a tree. When I was eight years old, somebody gave me "The Magic City," by Edith Nesbit. Nesbit wrote a number of children's books that are more famous and better written, but this is the one that I loved and have never forgotten. Though I did not at the age of eight read deep meanings into it, I knew that it was somehow special. The story has a coherent plan, covered with a frosting of crazy logic. "The Wizard of Oz" was the other book that I used to read over and over again. It has the same qualities. An eight-year-old already has a feeling for such things, even if he spends most of his waking hours climbing trees. "The Magic City" is not just a story about some crazy kids. It is a story about a crazy universe. What I see now, and did not see as an eight-year-old, is that Nesbit's crazy universe bears a strong resemblance to the one we live in.

Edith Nesbit was from every point of view a remarkable woman. Born in 1858, she was intimate with the family of Karl Marx and became a revolutionary socialist long before this was fashionable. She supported herself by writing and brought up a large family of children of mixed parentage. She soon discovered that her survival depended upon her ability to write splendidly bourgeois stories for the children of the rich. Her books sold well, and she survived. She made some compromises with Victorian respectability, but she did not lose her inner fire. She wrote "The Magic City" in 1910, when she was fifty-two. By that time, her personal struggles were over and she could view the world with a certain philosophic calm.

There are three themes in "The Magic City." The first is the main theme. The hero is an orphan called Philip, who is left alone in a big house and builds a toy city out of the ambient Victorian bric-a-brac. One night, he suddenly finds his city grown to full size and inhabited by full-sized mythical people and animals, and finds himself obliged to live in it. After escaping from the city, he wanders through the surrounding country, where every toy house or castle that he has ever built is faithfully enlarged and preserved. The book records his adventures as he stumbles through this world of blown-up products of his own imaginings.

The second theme is concerned explicitly with technology. It is a law of life in the magic city that if you wish for anything you can have it. But with this law goes a special rule about machines. If anyone wishes for a piece of machinery, he is compelled to keep it and go on using it for the rest of his life. Philip fortunately escapes from the operation of this rule when he has the choice of wishing for a horse or wishing for a bicycle and he chooses the horse.

The third theme of the book is the existence of certain ancient prophecies concerning the appearance of a Deliverer and a Destroyer. Various evil forces are at large in the land, and it is the destiny of the Deliverer to overcome them. But it is also foreordained that a Destroyer will come, to oppose the Deliverer and give aid to the forces of darkness. At the beginning, Philip is suspected of being the Destroyer. He is able to vindicate himself only by a succession of increasingly noble deeds, which ultimately result in his being acclaimed as the Deliverer. Meanwhile, the Destroyer is unmasked and turns out to be the children's nursemaid—a woman of the lower classes, whom Philip has always hated. Only once, at the end of the book, does Nesbit step out of character and show where her real sympathies lie. "I'll speak my mind if I die for it," says the Destroyer as she stands awaiting sentence. "You don't understand. You've never been a servant, to see other people get all the fat and you all the bones. What you think it's like to know if you'd just been born in a gentleman's mansion instead of in a model workman's dwelling you'd have been brought up as a young lady and had the openwork silk stockings." Even an eight-year-old understands at this point that Philip's heroic virtue is phony and the nursemaid's heroic defiance is real. In an unjust world, the roles of Deliverer and Destroyer become ambiguous. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth," said Jesus. "I came not to send peace, but a sword."



I do not know how far Nesbit consciously intended "The Magic City" to be an allegory of the human condition. It was only after I descended from the trees, and tasted the joys and sorrows of becoming a scientist—a physicist—that I began to meditate upon the magic city and to see in it a mirror image of the big world that I was entering. I was plunged into the big world abruptly, as Philip was into the small one. The big world, wherever I looked, was full of human tragedy. I came upon the scene and found myself playing roles that were half serious and half preposterous. And that is the way it has continued.

I am trying in what follows to describe to people who are not scientists the way the human situation looks to somebody who is a scientist. Partly, I shall be describing how science looks from the inside. Partly, I shall be discussing the future of technology. Partly, I shall be struggling with the ethical problems of war and peace, freedom and responsibility, hope and despair, as they are affected by science. These are

"Well, we had a conversation of sorts, but it was punctuated by long silences."

all parts of a picture that must be seen as a whole in order to be understood. It makes no sense to me to separate science from technology, technology from ethics, or ethics from religion. I am talking here to unscientific people, who ultimately have the responsibility for guiding the growth of science and technology in creative rather than destructive directions. If you, unscientific people, are to succeed in this task, you must understand the nature of the beast you are trying to control. What follows is intended to help you to understand. If you find it merely amusing or bewildering, it has failed in its purpose. But if you find none of it amusing or bewildering, it has failed even more flatly. One characteristic of all deep human problems is that they are not to be approached without some humor and some bewilderment. Science is no exception.

My colleagues in the social sciences talk a great deal about methodology. I prefer to call it style. The style, or methodology, here is literary rather than analytical. For insight into human affairs, I turn to stories and poems rather than to sociology. This is a result of my upbringing and background. I am not able to make use of the wisdom of the sociologists, because I do not speak their language. When I see scientists becoming involved in public affairs and trying to use their technical knowledge politically for the betterment of mankind, I remember the words of John Milton: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary." These words, written three hundred years ago, still stand as a monument to human hope and tragedy. They reverberate with echoes of Milton's poetry, and of his fight for the freedom of the press, his long years of service to the cause of rebellion against monarchy, his blindness, his political downfall, and his final redemption in the writing of "Paradise Lost." What more can one say which by comparison with these words of his is not cheap and shallow? We are scientists second and human beings first. We become politically involved because knowledge implies responsibility. We fight as best we can for what we believe to be right. Often, like Milton, we fail. What more can one say?

A substantial part of what I will write will be autobiographical. I make no apology for that. It is not that I consider my own life particularly significant or interesting to anybody besides me. I write about my own experiences because I do not know so much about anyone else's. Almost any scientist of my generation could tell a story similar to mine. The important thing, to my mind, is that the great human problems are problems of the individual, and not of the mass. To understand the nature of science and of its interaction with society, one must examine the individual scientist and how he confronts the world around him. The best way to approach the ethical problems associated with science is to study real dilemmas faced by real scientists. Since firsthand evidence is the most reliable, I begin by writing about things that happened to me. This is another effect of the individualistic bias that leads me to listen to poets more than to economists.

But I still have to finish what I was saying about "The Magic City" and its three themes. That we live in a world of overgrown toys is too obvious to need explaining. Nikolaus Otto plays for a few years with a toy gasoline engine and—bingo!—we all find ourselves driving cars. Wallace Carothers gets interested in condensation polymers and—zing!—every working-class girl is wearing nylon stockings as fancy as the openwork silk that was for Nesbit in 1910 the hated symbol of upper-class privilege. Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann amuse themselves with analytical radiochemistry and—boom!—eighty thousand people in Hiroshima are dead. The same examples illustrate Nesbit's rule about the consequences of wishing for machinery. Once you have wished for cars, nylons, or nuclear weapons, you are stuck with them permanently. But there is one great difference between Philip's world and ours. In his world, every toy castle that he had ever built reappeared enlarged. In our world, thousands of scientists play with millions of toys, but only a few of these toys grow big. The majority of all technological ventures remain toys, of interest only to specialists and historians. A small number succeed spectacularly and become part of the fabric of our lives. Even with the advantage of hindsight, it is difficult to understand why one technology is overwhelmingly successful and another is stillborn. Subtle differences of quality have decisive effects. Sometimes an accident that nobody could have predicted makes a particular toy grow monstrous. When Otto Hahn stumbled upon the discovery of nuclear fission in Berlin in 1938, he had no inkling of nuclear weapons, no premonition that he was treading on dangerous ground. When the news of Hiroshima came to him seven years later, he was overcome with such grief that his friends were afraid he would kill himself. Science and technology, like all original creations of the human spirit, are unpredictable. If we had a reliable way to label our toys good and bad, it would be easy to regulate technology wisely. But we can rarely see far enough ahead to know which road leads to damnation. Whoever concerns himself with big technology, either to push it forward or to stop it, is gambling in human lives.

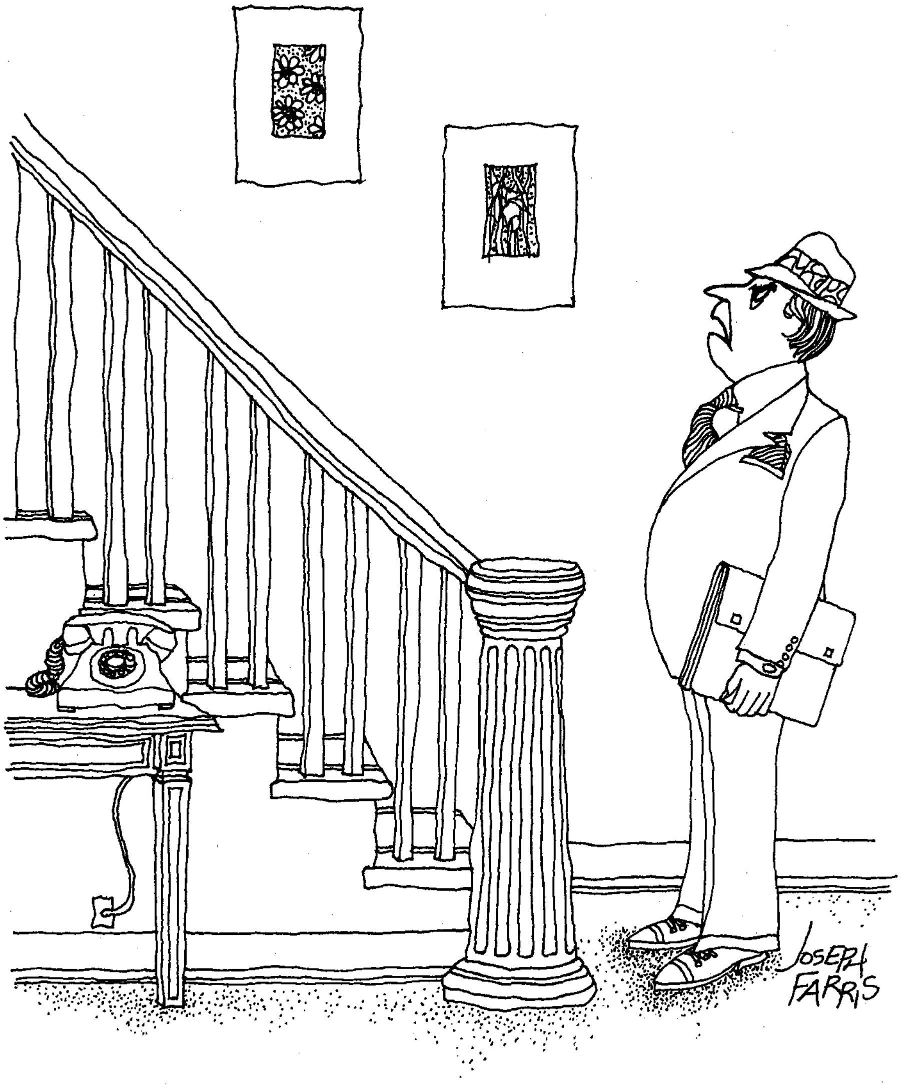
Scientists are not the only people who play with intellectual toys that suddenly explode and cause the crash of empires. Philosophers, prophets, and poets do it, too. In the long run, the technological means that scientists place in our hands may be less important than the ideological ends to which these means are harnessed. Technology is powerful, but it does not rule the world. Nesbit lived long enough to see nearly one-tenth of mankind ruled by ideas that the man known in the family as Old Nick had worked out in his long, quiet days at the British Museum. Old Nick, alias Karl Marx, was the father-in-law of her friend Edward Aveling.

Marx was in his own lifetime a larger-than-life figure, and after his death he became Deliverer to half the world and Destroyer to the other half. There is a deep-rooted tendency in the human soul to build myths of Deliverers and Destroyers. These myths, like other myths, have a foundation in truth. The world of science and technology may appear on the surface to be rational, but it is not immune to such myths. The great figures of science have a quality, an intensity of will and character, that sets them apart from ordinary scientists, as Marx stands apart from ordinary economists. We shall not understand the dynamics of science and technology—just as we shall not understand the dynamics of political ideology—if we ignore the dominant influence of myths and symbols.

I was lucky to hear the economist John Maynard Keynes, a few years before his death, give a lecture about the physicist Isaac Newton. It was 1942, and Keynes was at that time himself a legendary figure, gravely ill and carrying a heavy responsibility as economic adviser to Winston Churchill. He had snatched a few hours from his official duties to pursue his hobby of studying Newton's unpublished manuscripts. Newton had kept his early writings hidden away until the end of his life in a big box, where they remained until quite recently. Keynes was speaking in the same old building—in Trinity College, Cambridge—where Newton had lived and worked two hundred and seventy years earlier. In an ancient, dark, cold room, draped with wartime blackout curtains, a small audience crowded around the patch of light under which the exhausted figure of Keynes was huddled. He spoke with passionate intensity, made even more impressive by the pallor of his face and the gloom of the surroundings. Here are some extracts from his talk:

> As one broods over these queer collections, it seems easier to understand—with an understanding which is not, I hope, distorted in the other direction—this strange spirit, who was tempted by the Devil to believe, at the time when within these walls he was solving so much, that he could reach *all* the secrets of God and Nature by the pure power of mind—Copernicus and Faustus in one.
>
> A large section, judging by the handwriting amongst the earliest, relates to alchemy—transmutation, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life.
>
> All his unpublished works on esoteric and theological matters are marked by careful learning, accurate method, and extreme sobriety of statement. They are just as *sane* as the "Principia," if their whole matter and purpose were not magical.
>
> Why do I call him a magician? Because he looked on the whole universe and all that is in it *as a riddle*, as a secret which could be read by applying pure thought to certain evidence, certain mystic clues which God had laid about the world to allow a sort of philosopher's treasure hunt to the esoteric brotherhood. . . . He *did* read the riddle of the heavens. And he believed that by the same powers of his introspective imagination he would read the riddle of the Godhead, the riddle of past and future events divinely fore-ordained, the riddle of the elements and their constitution from an original undifferentiated first matter, the riddle of health and of immortality.

Newton was admittedly an extreme case. When I quote these words of



"It's me, Paul Newman, speeding by in my racing car."

Keynes, I do not mean to imply that every great scientist should devote half his time to magical mumbo-jumbo. I am suggesting that anyone who is transcendentally great as a scientist is likely also to have personal qualities that ordinary people would consider in some sense superhuman. If he were not gifted with extraordinary strength of character, he could not do what he does in science. Thus, it is not surprising that traditional mythology links the figure of the scientist with that of the Magus. The Magi were the priests of the ancient Zoroastrian religion of Persia, and the word "magic" is derived from their name. The myth of the scientist-Magus appears in its most explicit form in the legend of Faust, the learned man who sells his soul to the Devil in return for occult knowledge and magical power. The remarkable thing about the Faust legend is that everybody to some extent still believes in it. When you say that some piece of technology is a Faustian bargain, everybody knows what you mean. Somewhere below the level of rational argument, the myth is alive.

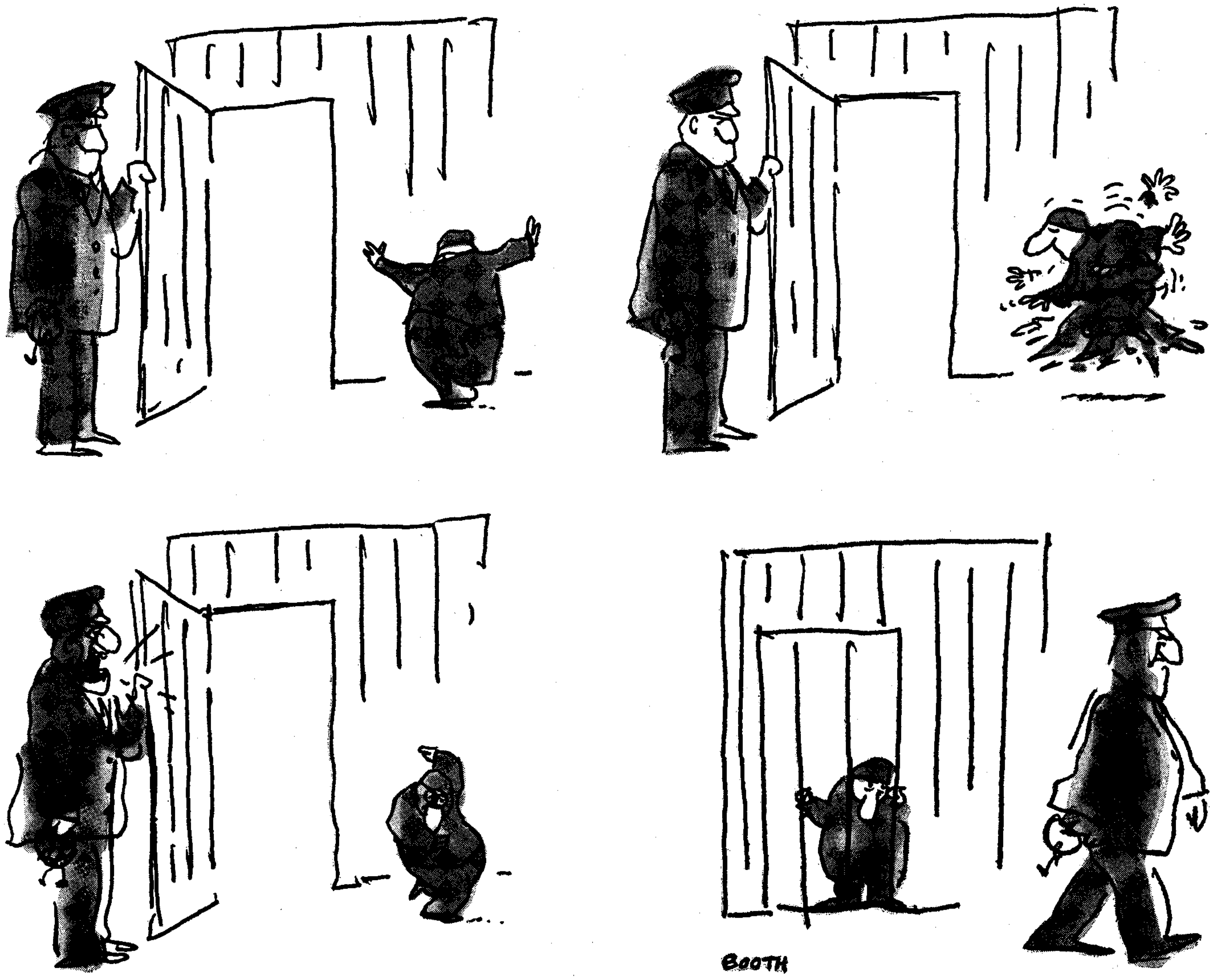
I shall talk later about various scientists who have acquired public reputations as Deliverers or Destroyers. Such reputations are often transient, or even fraudulent, but they are not meaningless. They indicate a recognition by the public that somebody has done something that matters. The public also recognizes a special personal quality in these people. The greatest and most genuine Deliverer in my lifetime was Albert Einstein. His special quality was universally recognized, although it is not easy to describe in words. I shall not talk about Einstein, since I did not know him personally and I have nothing to add to what has been said by others.

In the magic city, there are not only Deliverers and Destroyers but also a great multitude of honest craftsmen, artisans, and scribes. Much of the joy of science is the joy of solid work done by skilled workmen. Many of us are happy to spend our lives in collaborative efforts, where to be reliable is more important than to be original. There is a great satisfaction in building good tools for other people to use. We do not all have the talent or the ambition to become prima donnas. The essential factor that keeps the scientific enterprise healthy is a shared respect for quality. Everybody can take pride in the quality of his own work, and we expect rough treatment from our colleagues whenever we produce something shoddy. The knowledge that quality counts makes even routine tasks rewarding.

Recently, a new Magus has appeared upon the scene: a writer, Robert Pirsig, with a book, "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance." His book explores the dual nature of science: on the one hand, science as dedicated craftsmanship; on the other hand, science as intellectual obsession. He dances with wonderful agility between these two levels of experience. On the practical level, he describes for unscientific readers the virtue of a technology based upon respect for quality. The motorcycle serves as a concrete example, to illustrate the principles that should govern the practical use of science. On the intellectual level, Pirsig weaves into the discussion of technology a narrative of his own quest for philosophical understanding, ending with a mental collapse and reintegration. Phaedrus, the alter ego of Pirsig, is a spirit so dominated by intellectual struggle that he has become insane. In order to survive as a human being, Pirsig has driven Phaedrus out of his consciousness, but Phaedrus comes back to haunt him. The small boy Chris, who rides on the back of the motorcycle, succeeds in the end in bringing Phaedrus and Pirsig together. In a strange fashion, this personal drama adds insight to Pirsig's vision of technology. Pirsig is by profession a writer, and not a scientist. But he has struggled to order rationally the whole of human experience as Newton struggled three hundred years ago. He has pored over the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers in his study in Montana as Newton pored over the ancient alchemical texts in his laboratory in Cambridge. The struggle brought both of them to the edge of madness. Each of them in the end abandoned the greater part of his design and settled for a more limited area of understanding. But Pirsig's message to our generation, as we try to come to terms with technology, is deepened and strengthened because he is who he is and has seen what he has seen. He is kin to the wise man in Shelley's poem:

Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden,
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.

A YEAR before the beginning of the Second World War, I got hold of a copy of H. T. H. Piaggio's "Differential Equations." This did not come from my teachers. At that time, I was fourteen years old and I had never been near a university or a technical library. My door to knowledge was a little handwritten letter that I sent, in 1938, to various book publishers: "Dear Sirs, Please would you send to the above address a catalogue of your scientific publications. Yours faithfully." Sure enough, within a few days the catalogue would arrive. The most exciting catalogues came from the Cambridge University Press. They had long lists of books resulting from the Challenger expedition of 1872-76. The voyage of H.M.S. Challenger was the first



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worldwide scientific exploration of the oceans, and that one little ship brought back such a wealth of material that they were still selling books about it in 1938. I wondered vaguely whether there might not one day be another such voyage, and whether I might not have a chance to sail on it. But the Challenger volumes were far too expensive for me to buy, so my career as an oceanographer ended before it began.

Mathematics was cheaper. I had read some of the popular literature about Einstein and relativity, and had found it very unsatisfying. Always, when I thought I was getting close to the heart of the matter, the author would say, "But if you really want to understand Einstein you have to understand differential equations," or words to that effect. I did not have a clear idea of what a differential equation was, but I knew that it was Einstein's language, and I had to learn it. So it was a day of great joy when a skimpy catalogue arrived from G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., containing the item "Differential Equations," by H. T. H. Piaggio, twelve shillings and sixpence. I had never heard of Piaggio, but twelve and six was within my range, and I went at once to the bookshop to put in my order. In due course, the book arrived, rather small and modestly bound in light-blue cloth. I was too busy during the school term to give my attention to it, so I saved it for the Christmas vacation.

My school vacations were mostly spent at a cottage on the shore which my father, George Dyson, had bought as a holiday home. He was a musician. He worked for many years as music teacher in the school that I attended as a boy in Winchester. He enjoyed the life of a schoolteacher, with three months' vacation a year and with plenty of time left free for conducting and composing even during the school terms. His best-known work is "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a setting of the Prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. It was first performed at Winchester when I was seven years old. It is dedicated "to M.L.D., who prepared the words." That is my mother, Mildred, who shared with him an intense affection for Chaucer and for the characters that Chaucer immortalized. We often encountered modern reincarnations of one or another of Chaucer's pilgrims. Then my parents would exchange glances, my mother would whisper a line of Chaucer, or my father would quietly hum the appropriate tune. The well-fed clergy of Winchester would remind them of Chaucer's Monk:

He was a lord full fat and in great point;
His eyes were bright and rolling in his head,
That gleamed like a fire beneath a pot.

A doctor driving a Rolls-Royce along our street would suggest Chaucer's Doctor of Physic:

He kept all that he won in pestilence.
For gold in physic is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in special.

The sights and sounds of the English countryside would call to mind Chaucer's descriptions of it:

And small birds make melody
That sleep all night with open eye,
So worketh nature in their hearts.

In vacation time, when we were at the cottage, my father regularly composed for three hours every morning. In the afternoon, he loved to potter around and improve his forty acres of waterlogged land. The land could do with a great deal of improving, since it lay below sea level on the south coast of England and had been repeatedly flooded with salt water. We were supposed to maintain our section of the dike, which kept the sea out. The land was drained by a system of ditches that flowed into bunnies. A bunny was a pipe that passed under the dike; it had a wooden clapper that opened to let water out from land to sea at low tide and closed to keep the sea from coming in at high tide. The bunnies were my father's pride and joy. He was never happier than when he was standing waist-deep in cold black mud to excavate a clogged bunny. When the bunnies were working smoothly, he would excavate the ditches. Only one thing was missing. To make his happiness complete, he would have liked to have his growing son out there with him in the mud to give him help and companionship.

My idea of a joyful Christmas vacation was different. I arrived at the cottage on the coast with my precious Piaggio and did not intend to be parted from him. I soon discovered that Piaggio's book was ideally suited to a solitary student. It was a serious book, and went rapidly ahead into advanced territory. But, unlike most advanced texts, it was liberally sprinkled with "examples for solution." There were more than seven hundred of these problems. The difference between a text without problems and a text with problems is like the difference between learning to read a language and learning to speak it. I intended to speak the language of Einstein, and so I worked my way through the problems. I started at six in the morning and stopped at ten in the evening, with short breaks for meals. I averaged fourteen hours a day. Never have I enjoyed a vacation more.

After a while, my parents became worried. My mother looked sadly at me and quoted Chaucer on the Clerk of Oxenford:

> Of study took he most care and most heed,
> Not a word spake he more than was need.

She warned me that I would ruin my health and burn out my brains if I went on like this. My father begged me to stop calculating, just for a few hours, and help him with his ditches. But their entreaties only made me more stubborn. I was in love with mathematics, and nothing else mattered. I was also acutely aware of the approaching war. We did not then know that it was our last peacetime Christmas, but we could all see the war coming. I knew what had happened to the English boys who were fifteen at the start of the First World War and arrived in the trenches in 1917 and 1918. In all probability, I had not many years to live, and every hour spent not doing mathematics was a tragic waste. How could my father be so blind as to wish to ruin my few remaining days on earth with his dull ditches? I looked on his blindness more in sorrow than in anger.

OYSTER COVE

The macadam is flaking, and the lilac,
Too big to bloom,
Fingers a cobweb of smoky light from the chewed brick
Terrace, grazes the cedar shakes. And no surprise.

Gone the lady, to Athens or Anjou. Her sunroom
Oozes silence. A paisley drapes the back
Of a wicker rocker. The pedals of her grand hover
Above the calm sea of the tiled floor

Like gilt clouds, each brazen ball
Without a claw. In Roseville jardinieres
Iron geraniums stiffen and chip;
A noose of rose and the scum of cupric

Oxide throttle the sundial's Horatian tip
For those noddy panamas and white ducks of class.
In the pergola woodflies on the pedestal
Walk all over it. What are years?

Or, at the stoned gazing-globe's crashed glass,
They peer at themselves, magnified—what's more,
Behold no Chloë nor her golfing lover
In the mullioned saucers of their eyes.

—Stephen Sandy

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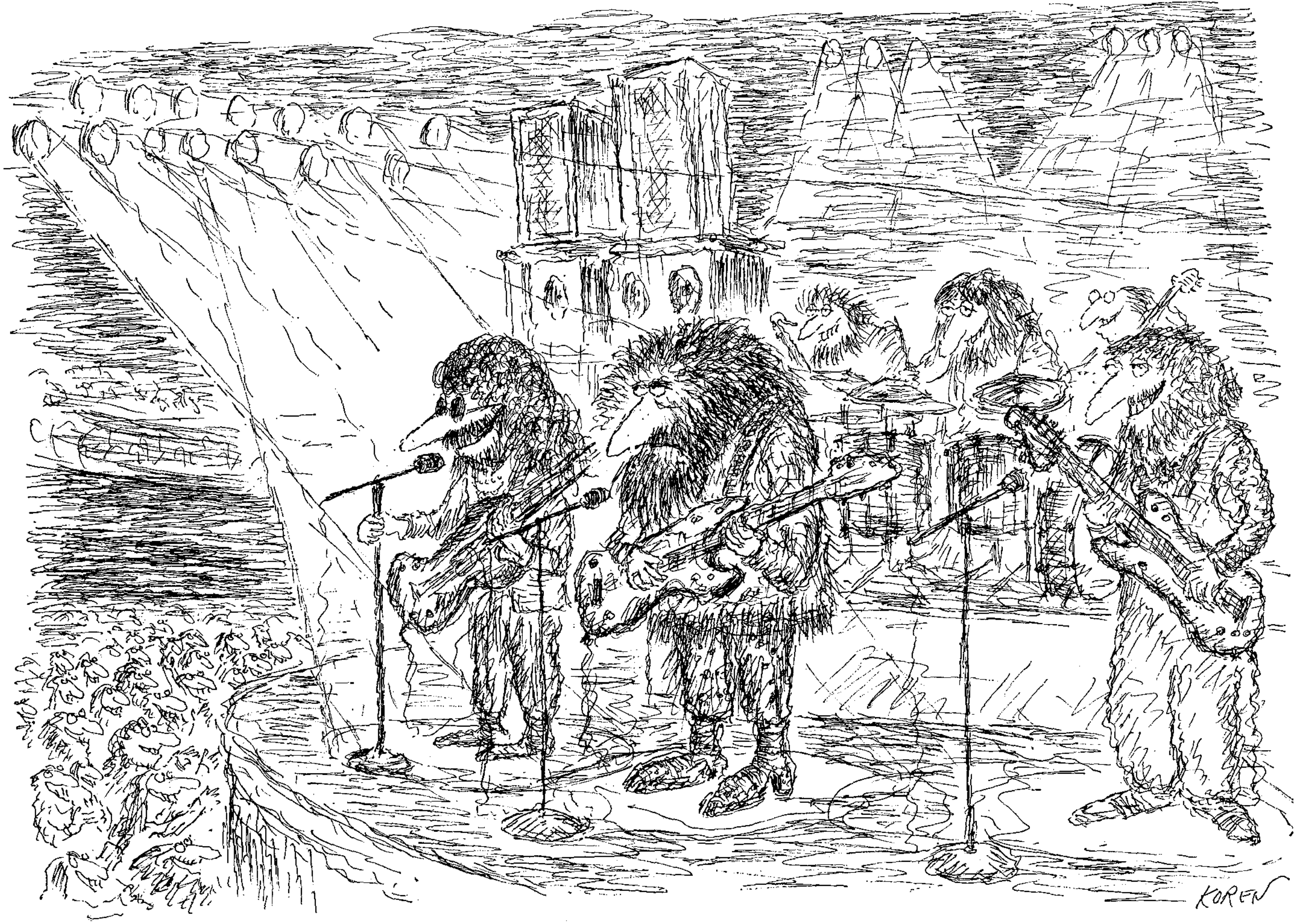
In those days, my head was full of the romantic prose of E. T. Bell's "Men of Mathematics," a collection of biographies of the great mathematicians. This is a splendid book for a young boy to read (unfortunately, there is not much in it to inspire a girl, with Sonya Kovalevski allotted only half a chapter), and it awakened many people of my generation to the beauties of mathematics. The most memorable chapter is called "Genius and Stupidity," and describes the life and death of the French mathematician Évariste Galois, who was killed in a duel in 1832, at the age of twenty. In spite of all the sentimental mush that has been written about him, he was a genuine genius and his death was a genuine tragedy. Galois groups and Galois fields are still, after a hundred and fifty years, a living part of mathematics. E. T. Bell describes the last night before the fatal duel: "All night . . . he had spent fleeting hours feverishly dashing off his scientific last will and testament, writing against time to glean a few of the great things in his teeming mind before the death which he foresaw could overtake him. Time after time he broke off to scribble in the margin 'I have not time; I have not time,' and passed on to the next frantically scrawled outline. What he wrote in those desperate last hours before the dawn will keep generations of mathematicians busy for hundreds of years. He had found, once and for all, the true solution of a riddle which had tormented mathematicians for centuries: under what conditions can an equation be solved?" These words added a touch of noble pathos to the long hours that I was spending with Piaggio. If I was destined to die at the age of nineteen, like so many of the junior officers of the First World War, then I would have one year less than Galois.

Our Christmas vacation lasted a full month. Before it was over, I was coming near the end of Piaggio's seven hundred examples. I began to skip a few of them. I was even willing to set aside an hour or two to take a walk with my mother. My mother had been waiting a long time for a chance to



"Nat is here with us through the gracious courtesy of Ahsas Records."

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talk to me. She was well prepared. So a few days before the end of vacation we went out together.

My mother was a lawyer by profession and was intensely interested in people. She loved the Latin and Greek poets. She began her lecture to me with a quotation from the play "The Self-Tormentor," by the African slave Publius Terentius Afer, who became the greatest Latin playwright: "*Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto*" ("I am human and I let nothing human be alien to me"). This was the creed by which she lived a long and full life, to the age of ninety-four. She told me, as we walked along the dike between the mud and the open water, that this should also be my creed. She understood my impatience, and my passion for the abstract beauties of Piaggio. But she begged me not to lose my humanity in my haste to become a mathematician. You will regret it deeply, she said, when one day you are a great scientist and you wake up to find that you have never had time to make friends. What good will it do you to prove the Riemann hypothesis if you have no wife and no children to share your triumph? You will find that even mathematics itself will grow stale and bitter if that is the only thing you are interested in.

I listened to all this carelessly, knowing that I had no use for it then but could come back to it later. After my mother had finished with Terence the African, she began again, with Goethe's "Faust." She told me the story of Faust from Goethe's Part One. How Faust works day and night at his books, consumed by the ambition to know everything and command the forces of nature. How he becomes more and more self-centered and more and more dissatisfied. How he goes altogether to the bad and makes a wager with the Devil in exchange for knowledge and power. How his attempt to find happiness with Gretchen leads to misery and tragedy, since he is incapable of unselfish love and can only compel her to love him on his own terms. Some years later, when the film "Citizen Kane" was brought over from America and I went to see it, I found myself in tears, and realized that it was because Orson Welles' artistry made my mother's image of Faust come alive again. Kane and Faust, Faust and Kane and I, each of us damned to eternal friendlessness by our selfish ambitions.

But my mother did not leave me wholly without comfort. She went on to talk at length about Part Two of "Faust," the work of Goethe's old age, in which Faust is finally redeemed. It is agreed between the heavenly and the infernal powers that Faust will be redeemed if he can ever find a moment of true happiness, in which his soul is at peace with itself. Through many tedious pages of verse he searches in vain for the blissful moment. He meets with Helen of Troy and various other mythological personages, tries his hand as a general in command of an army, but finds no satisfaction in these things. In the end, when he is old and blind, he comes to a Dutch village where the whole population is engaged in a desperate struggle to defend its land against the sea. The people of the village are out at the dike, digging and pumping, working together with all their might against the common danger. Faust joins them, and throws himself into the work without a thought for his frail condition. Suddenly, he recognizes that this is the blissful moment he has been seeking all his life: the joy of working with his fellow-men in a common endeavor, the joy of being immersed in a cause larger than he is. So he dies redeemed and is carried off to Heaven by an angelic choir. Afterward, when I happened once to read the closing pages of Part Two of "Faust," I was surprised to find that this vividly remembered scene of the Dutch villagers at the dike owes more to my mother's imagination than to Goethe. What Goethe wrote is only a pale shadow of it. It is a pity that Goethe never heard her version of the story.

So my road to redemption was clear. Down to the ditches with my father. Grudgingly, I joined him in the mud for one afternoon. No angels came to waft me to Heaven.

After the vacation was over, I went back to school, quickly finished Piaggio, and was ready to begin on Einstein. Unfortunately, none of my book catalogues offered anything written by Einstein, and for a while I was stuck. I ordered from the Cambridge University Press the astronomer Arthur Eddington's "Mathematical Theory of Relativity" and made do with that. After Piaggio, it went quite easily. Meanwhile, my mother's words of wisdom were slowly sinking into the subconscious levels of my mind and preparing surprises for me. I agreed with her in theory when she said that human solidarity and companionship were the essential ingredients of a satisfactory life. But in practice, for the time being, I saw little that I could do about it.

Like everybody else in that period, I worried a great deal about the approaching war. I was not concerned about winning it or losing it. It seemed then that whether we won the war or lost it there was equally small chance that anything worth preserving would survive it. The war was for me an unconditional evil. I was concerned only to do whatever I could to stop it from beginning. And the only way to stop it was to change in heart and mind the warmakers on both sides. It was clear that only a radical change in their way of thinking could do the job. I tried hard to understand the deeper causes of the hatreds that were driving us to war. I concluded that the basic cause of war was injustice. If all men had a fair share of the world's goods, if all of us were given an equal chance in the game of life, then there would be no hatred and no war. So I asked myself the age-old questions—"Why does God permit war?" and "Why does God permit injustice?"—and I found no answers. The problem of injustice seemed to me even more intractable than the problem of war. I was gifted with brains, good health, books, education, a loving family, not to mention food, clothing, and shelter. How could I imagine a world in which the Welsh coal miner's son and the Indian peasant would be as lucky as I was?

Enlightenment came to me unexpectedly one afternoon in March, just after I had walked up to the school notice board to see whether my name was on the list for the next day's football game. It was not on the list. And in a blinding flash of inner light I saw the answer to both my problems—the problem of war and the problem of injustice. The answer was amazingly simple. I called it Cosmic Unity. Cosmic Unity said: There is only one of us. We are all the same person. I am you and I am Winston Churchill and Hitler and Gandhi and everybody else. There is no problem of injustice, because your sufferings are also mine. There will be no problem of war as soon as you understand that in killing me you are only killing yourself.

For some days, I quietly worked out in my own mind the metaphysics of Cosmic Unity. The more I thought about it, the more deeply convinced I became that it was the living truth. It was logically incontrovertible. It provided, for the first time, a firm foundation for ethics. It offered mankind the radical change of heart and mind which was our sole hope of peace at a time of desperate danger. Only one small problem remained. I must find a way to convert the world to my way of thinking.

The work of conversion began slowly. I am not a good preacher. After I had expounded the new faith two or three times to my friends at school, I found it difficult to hold their attention. They were not eager to hear more about it. They had a tendency to run away when they saw me coming. They were good-natured boys, generally tolerant of eccentricity, but they were repelled by my tone of moral earnestness. When I preached at them, I sounded too much like the headmaster. So in the end I made only two converts—one wholehearted and one halfhearted. Not even the wholehearted convert shared in the work of preaching. He liked to keep his beliefs to himself. I began to suspect that I, too, lacked some of the essential qualities of a religious leader. Relativity was more in my line. After a few months, I gave up trying to make converts. When some friend would come up to me and say cheerfully "How's cosmajoonity

"My face hurts from too much laughing."

doing today?" I would just answer "Fine, thank you," and let it go at that.

In the summer vacation, I made one last attempt at a conversion. I asked my mother to come out for another walk along the dike, and I laid before her my message of hope and glory. She was obviously very happy to see that I had discovered there are more things in heaven and earth than differential equations. She smiled at me and said very little. After I had finished talking, I asked her what she thought about it all. She answered slowly, "Yes. I have believed something rather like that for a long time."

Fico's
Restaurant
Bernard Schoenbaum

"Just when I was feeling secure, they changed the menu."

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WING COMMANDER MACGOWAN was chief medical officer of the Pathfinder Force of the Royal Air Force Bomber Command. He was on Lancaster 83Q when it took off for Berlin from Wyton Air Force Base at a desperate time in January, 1944. Wyton was the home of 83 Squadron, one of the original Pathfinder Squadrons—those which had been leading the night attacks on German cities since the Pathfinders began. I stood by the runway, facing into a cold, wet wind, and watched the twenty Lancasters of 83 Squadron head into blackness. They were heavily overloaded and took a long time to get airborne. Lancasters had a phenomenal capacity for carrying bombs. The permissible overload had been raised several times since Lancasters began operations, in 1942. After the bombers took off, I went inside for a cup of tea.

Wyton was as ugly as a wartime military base can be. Puddles, barracks, warehouses full of bombs, rusting wreckage of damaged equipment not worth repairing. For two months, 83 Squadron had been going out night after night—whenever the weather was not completely impossible—to bomb Berlin. On the average, it was losing an aircraft each time it went out. Each Lancaster carried a crew of seven. Bomber Command was putting its maximum effort into the repeated attacks on Berlin that winter, because that was the last chance to do decisive damage to the German war economy before the Western armies were to begin the invasion of Europe. The boys who flew in the Lancasters were told that this Battle of Berlin was one of the decisive battles of the war and that they were winning it. I did not know how many of them believed what they were told. I knew only that what they were told was untrue. By January, 1944, the battle was lost. I had seen the bomb patterns, which showed bombs scattered over a disproportionately enormous area. The bomber losses were rising sharply. There was no chance that our continuing the offensive in this style could have any decisive effect on the war. It was true that Berlin contained a great variety of important war industries and administrative centers, but Bomber Command was not attempting to find and attack these objectives individually. The squadrons merely showered incendiary bombs over the city in as concentrated a fashion as possible, with a small fraction of high-explosive bombs to discourage the firefighters. Against this sort of attack, the defense could afford to be selective. Important factories were protected by firefighting teams who could deal quickly with incendiaries falling in vital areas. Civilian housing and shops could be left to burn. So it often happened that Bomber Command "destroyed" a city, and photographic reconnaissance a few weeks later showed factories producing as usual amid the rubble of burned homes.

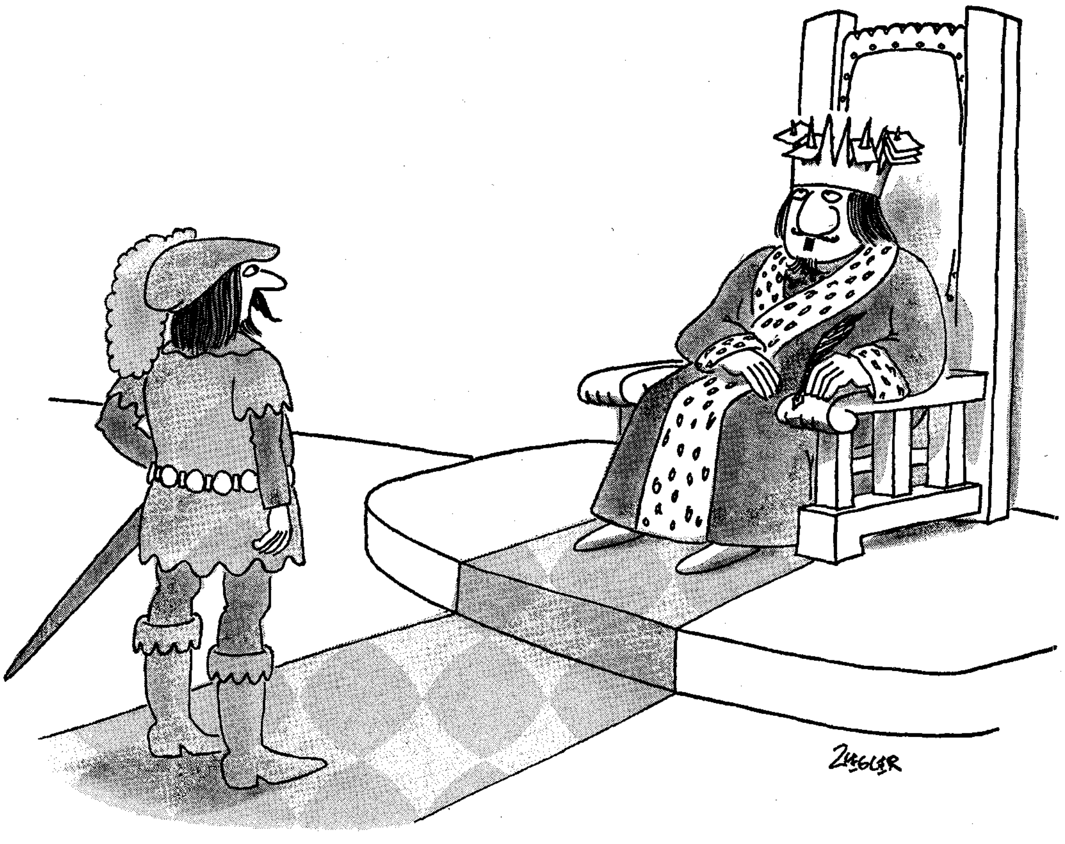
On just two occasions during the war, a Bomber Command incendiary attack was outstandingly successful. This happened first in Hamburg, in July, 1943. We started so many fires in a heavily built-up area that a fire storm developed—a hurricane of flame which killed forty thousand people and destroyed everything in its path. None of our other attacks produced effects that were a tenth as destructive as the effects of a fire storm. The only way we could have won a militarily meaningful victory in the Battle of Berlin would have been to raise a fire storm there. Conceivably, a giant fire storm raging through Berlin could have fulfilled the dreams of the men who created Bomber Command. "Victory through Air-Power" was their slogan. But I knew in January, 1944, that no such fire storm was going to happen. A fire storm could happen only when the bombers were able to bomb exceptionally accurately and without serious interference from the defenses. Under our repeated battering, the defenses of Berlin were getting stronger, and the scatter of the bombing was getting worse. Only once more—a year after my visit to Wyton, when Germany was invaded and about to be overrun—did we succeed in raising a fire storm. That was in February, 1945, in Dresden.

In January, 1944, I was a civilian scientist working at Bomber Command headquarters. I had come a long way since the innocent days of Cosmic Unity. I belonged to a group called the Operational Research Section, which gave scientific advice to the commander-in-chief. I was engaged in a statistical study to find out whether there was any correlation between the amount of a crew's experience and the chances of the crew's being shot down. The belief of Bomber Command, incessantly drummed into the crews during their training, and impressed on the public by the official propaganda machine, was that a crew's chance of surviving a mission increased with experience. Once you get through the first five or ten missions, the crews were told, you will know the ropes and you will learn to spot the German night fighters sooner and you will stand a much better chance of coming home alive. To believe this was undoubtedly good for the boys' morale. Squadron commanders, all of them survivors of many missions, sincerely believed that they owed their survival to their personal qualities of skill and determination rather than to pure chance. They were probably right. It had been true in the early years of the war that experienced crews survived better. Before I arrived at Bomber Command, the Operational Research Section had made a study that confirmed the official doctrine of survival through experience. The results of that study had been warmly accepted by everybody. Unfortunately, when I repeated the study with better statistics and more recent data I found that things had changed. My analysis was based on complete records, and it carefully excluded any spurious correlations caused by the fact that inexperienced crews were often given easier missions. My conclusion was unambiguous: the decrease of loss-rate with experience which existed in 1942 had ceased to exist in 1944. There were still many individual cases of experienced crews by heroic efforts bringing home bombers so badly damaged that novice crews in the same situation would almost certainly have been lost. Such cases did not alter the fact that the total effect of the skill and dedication of the experienced crews was statistically undetectable. Experienced and inexperienced crews were mown down as impartially as the boys who walked into the German machine-gun nests in the Battle of the Somme, in 1916.

The disappearance of the correlation between experience and loss-rate ought to have been recognized by our commander-in-chief as a warning signal, telling him that he was up against something new. In the Operational Research Section, we had a theory to explain why experience no longer saved bombers. We now know that our theory was correct. The theory was called "upward-firing guns." Each bomber had four crew members constantly searching the sky for fighters: the pilot and the bomb-aimer in front and the two gunners in the tail and mid-upper gun turrets. Straight underneath the bomber was a blind spot. Conventionally armed fighters would not have been able to approach the bomber from underneath and shoot it down without being seen, but increasing numbers of the German fighters were not conventionally armed: they had cannon pointing vertically upward, with a simple periscope gunsight arranged so that the pilot could take careful aim as he flew quietly below the bomber. The main problem for the fighter pilot was to avoid being hit by any large pieces as the bomber disintegrated. As an old Pathfinder Squadron, 83 Squadron had more than its share of experienced crews. The normal tour of duty for a crew in a regular squadron was thirty missions. The loss-rate during the middle years of the war averaged about four per cent. This meant that a crewman had three chances in ten of completing a normal tour. The Pathfinder crews signed on for a double tour of sixty missions. They had about one chance in eleven of completing the double tour. During the winter of 1943-44, with the repeated attacks on Berlin, the losses were higher than average and the chances of survival smaller.

I had come to Wyton from Command Headquarters, in a forest thirty miles outside London, to see how various radar countermeasures against fighters were working. The radars worked all right, but they were not much use, because they could not distinguish fighters from bombers. I also hoped to pick up information at Wyton that would be helpful for my study of the effects of experience on loss-rates. I thought I might talk with some of the experienced crews, gather firsthand impressions, and get a feeling for what was really happening in the nightly battles over Berlin. But it soon became clear that serious conversations between crews and civilian outsiders were impossible. Above all, the subject of survival rates was taboo. The whole weight of Air Force tradition and authority was designed to discourage the individual airman from figuring the odds. Airmen who thought too much about the odds were likely to crack up mentally. Airmen who talked about such matters to their crewmates were a danger to the discipline of the squadron. Stringent precautions were taken to insure that none of our Command Headquarters documents that discussed survival rates reached the squadrons. In the squadrons, the old rule "Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die" was still in force.

The crewmen were not forbidden to talk to me. They could talk as much as they liked. But what could they say



"Those? Oh, things to do, random thoughts, and some ideas for my novel."

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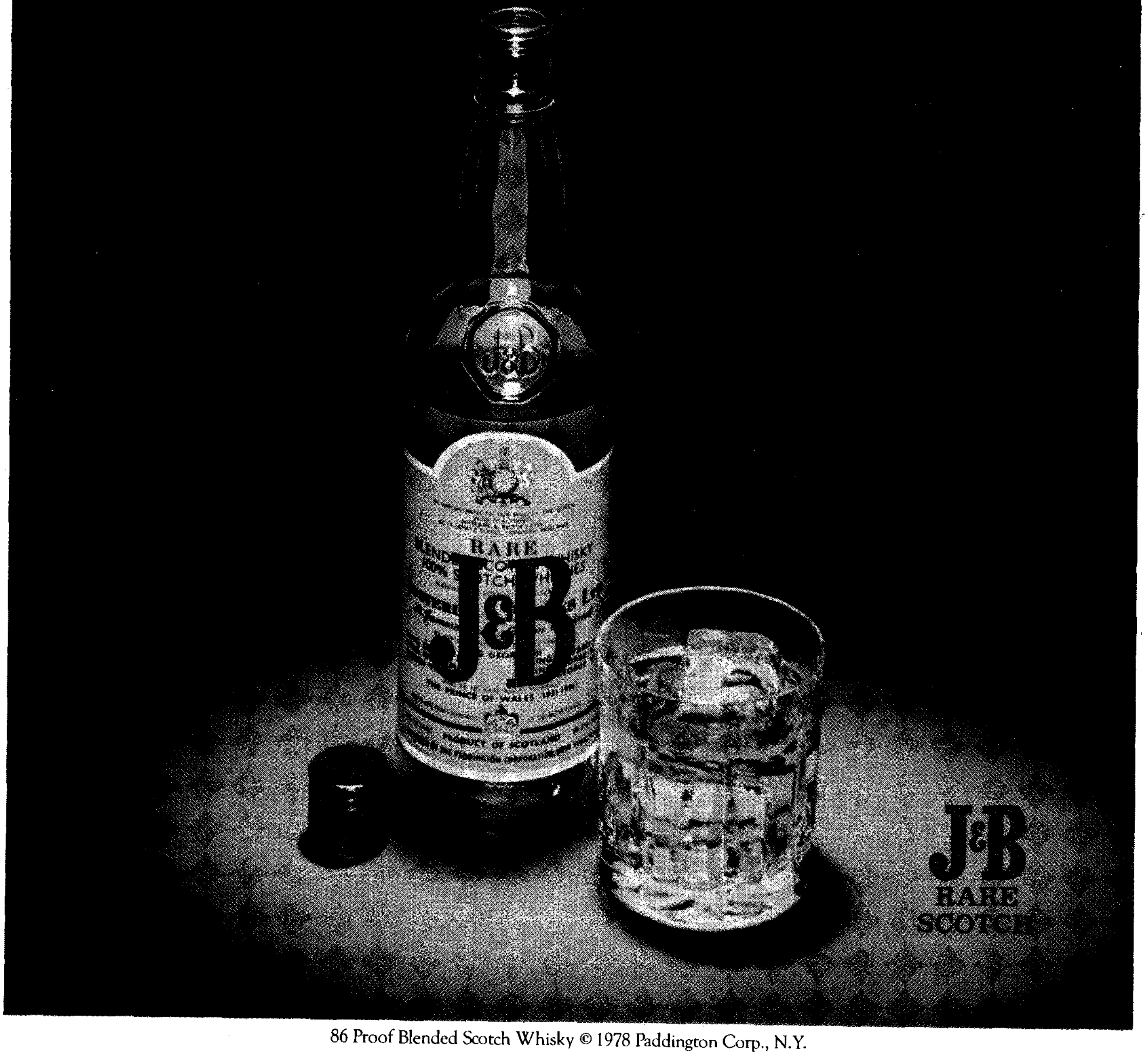

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No. 2 in a Series
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2

Subject:
Vehicle Suspension
and Selection of
Handling Characteristics

A vehicle's suspension should be as fast as its engine. Because its role is more than keeping the tires firmly in contact with the road. It's also to provide the driver with accurate information as to what the car is doing. So he can make changes to meet the changing road conditions. In fact, at Porsche we view handling as a combination driver/vehicle/road concept. And so we design our suspension based on the theory of the Closed-loop Feedback System. Input is the driver. Output is the movement of the car on the road. And feedback is—besides what the driver sees—what he feels from the steering wheel, from the springs and shock absorbers, from the gas and brake pedals, and from—quite literally—the seat of his pants.

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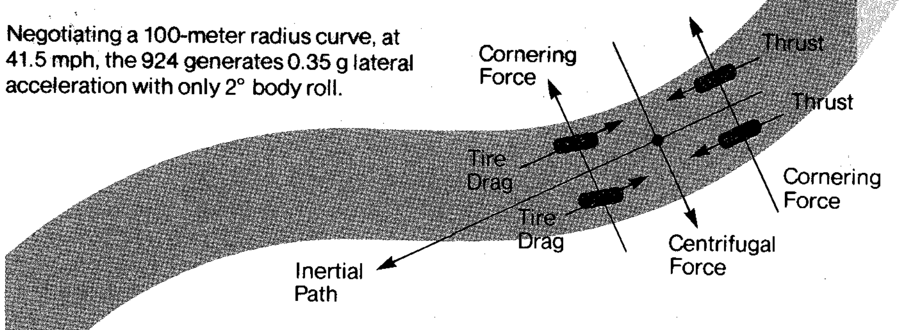
Negotiating a 100-meter radius curve, at 41.5 mph, the 924 generates 0.35 g lateral acceleration with only 2° body roll.


Cornering Force
Thrust
Thrust
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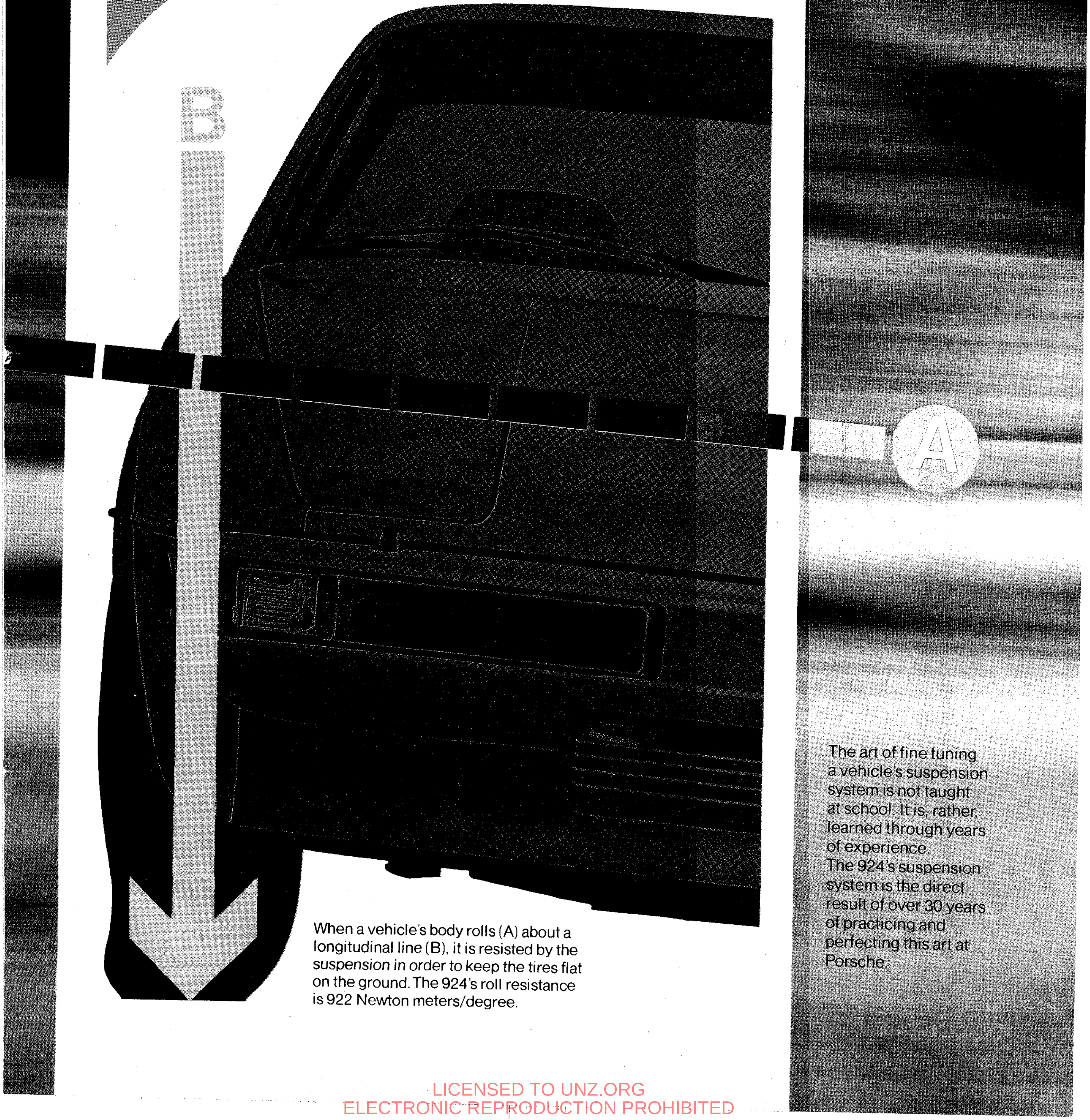
Tire Drag
Cornering Force
Centrifugal Force
Inertial Path



When a vehicle's body rolls (A) about a longitudinal line (B), it is resisted by the suspension in order to keep the tires flat on the ground. The 924's roll resistance is 922 Newton meters/degree.

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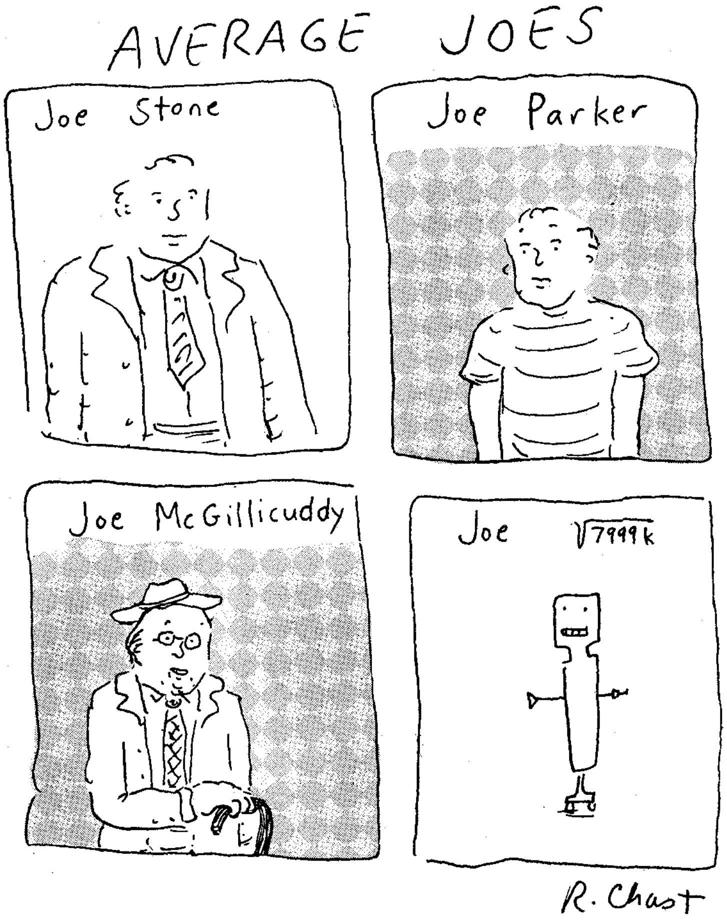

to me, or what could I say to them, across the gulf that separated us? They were mostly twenty-year-old boys—the same age as I. They had faced flaming death perhaps thirty times and would face it perhaps thirty times more if they were lucky. I had not and would not. They knew, and I knew that they knew, that I was one of those college-educated kids who found themselves cushy civilian jobs and kept out of harm's way. How could two twenty-year-olds separated by such a barrier talk to each other about anything important? The one person at Wyton to whom I could talk freely was Wing Commander MacGowan. He was responsible for the mental as well as the physical health of the crews of the eight Pathfinder Squadrons. A tall, white-haired officer, he seemed to me very old, although he cannot have been much over forty. He was the ultimate authority who decided, when one of the boys began to show signs of mental crackup, whether the boy should be kept on operations or transferred out of the squadron. There was no easy way out for boys who cracked. The rules of Bomber Command were designed to insure that crewmen should consider transfer a fate worse than death. When a boy was transferred for mental reasons, the cause of transfer was officially recorded as "Lack of Moral Fibre." He was, in effect, officially declared to be a coward. In spite of the public disgrace and dishonor that they had to endure, however, the number of crewmen who cracked was not small. At Command Headquarters, we knew that the number transferred out of squadrons before the end of their tour was roughly equal to the number completing the full tour. We were not allowed to know how many of those transferred were mental cases. But Wing Commander MacGowan knew.

I was astonished when MacGowan told me, at our first meeting, that he was flying to Berlin that night. He said the crews loved to have him go along with them. It was well known in the squadron that the plane with the Doc on board always came home safely. He had already been to Berlin and back six times in the last two months. At first, I thought he must be crazy. Why should an elderly doctor with a full-time staff job risk his life repeatedly on these desperately dangerous missions? Afterward, I understood. It was the only way he could show those boys for whose bodies and souls he was responsible that he really cared about them. It was the only way he could face the boys who cracked and declare them "lacking in moral fibre" without losing his self-respect.

While MacGowan and twenty times seven crewmen were on their way to Berlin, there was a beer party for the spare crews, who for one reason or another were not needed on this operation. The boys drank a great deal of beer and sang their squadron songs.

> We take our bombs to Germany,
> We don't bring them back,

they sang, and, at the end of each verse, the refrain

> 83 Squadron—
> 83 men.

It was the saddest beer party I have ever attended. Early in the morning, we heard the Lancasters coming home. Only one was missing. It was not MacGowan's.

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After my visit to Wyton, I decided that the only honorable thing to do was to quit my job at Command Headquarters and enlist as a crewman. Because of my mathematical training, I expected they would accept me as a navigator. But before taking any such drastic action I discussed the whole situation with my mother. My mother understood at once what was at stake. She saw that it would be useless to appeal directly to my cowardice. Instead, she appealed to my incompetence. "You would be absolutely hopeless as a navigator," she said. "You would get lost every time. Of course, I won't argue against your going and getting yourself killed if you think that that is the right thing to do. But it would be a terrible waste of an airplane." Her words had their intended effect. I gave up the idea of heroic self-sacrifice and went quietly back to work at Bomber Command.

During that winter, while we were attacking Berlin, the Germans would from time to time send a few bombers over London, where my family then lived. The German attacks were on a minuscule scale compared to ours, and they cannot have had any other purpose than to boost the morale of the Berliners. We had carried out similar token raids on Berlin in 1940, when London was under serious attack. So when the German planes came droning overhead one night in February, 1944, I stayed in bed, and did not bother to go down to the cellar of our house. I thought of the German boys up there, risking their lives to provide morning copy for the writers in the Propaganda Ministry. I meditated upon the overwhelming irrelevance of this game of tit-for-tat bombing to the serious war that we were supposed to be engaged in. Then came a shattering explosion, and my bedroom windows lay in splinters on the floor. The Institut Français, two houses away, on the corner of Queen's Gate and Prince Consort Road, had taken a direct hit. The Institut had been the cultural center for the French community in London before the war. It was said that the prewar French had not been happy when de Gaulle came over from France in 1940 and, without any legal authorization, claimed for himself the leadership of the Free French forces. There had been sporadic feuding between the Institut people and de Gaulle all through the war. My mother and I went out into the street to watch the Institut burn. It made a glorious blaze in the winter night. Perhaps, after all, those boys up there were not German but French, sent by de Gaulle to pay off an old grudge. Whichever way you looked at it, it made no sense.

In the Operational Research Section, those of us who studied the causes of bomber losses thought we had a promising idea for reducing the losses. We wanted to rip two gun turrets, with all the associated machinery and ammunition, out of the bombers and reduce the crew from seven to five. The evidence that loss-rate did not decrease with experience confirmed our belief that gunners were of little use for defending bombers at night. The basic trouble with the bombers was that they were too slow and too heavily loaded. The gun turrets were heavy and aerodynamically awkward. We estimated that a bomber with the turrets ripped out and the holes covered by smooth fairings would fly fifty miles an hour faster and be much more maneuverable. Bomber losses varied dramatically from night to night. We knew that the main cause of the variation was the success or failure of the German fighter controllers in directing the fighters into the bomber stream before it reached the target. An extra fifty miles an hour might make an enormous difference. At the very least, we urged, Bomber Command could try the experiment of ripping the turrets out of a few squadrons. They would then soon see whether the gunless Lancasters were shot down more or less than the others. Privately, I had another reason for wanting to rip out the turrets: even if the change did not result in saving a single bomber, it would at least save the lives of the gunners.

All our advice to the commander-in-chief was channelled through the chief of our section, who was a career civil servant. His guiding principle was to tell the commander-in-chief only things that the commander-in-chief liked to hear. His devotion to this principle earned him the expected promotion at the end of the war and led later to the inevitable knighthood. I still remember the shock I felt the first time I saw our chief in action. I happened to be in his office when a W.A.A.F. sergeant came in with a bomb plot of a recent attack on Frankfurt. As usual, the impact points deduced from flash photographs were plotted on a map of the city with a three-mile circle drawn around the aiming point. The plot was supposed to go to the commander-in-chief together with our analysis of the raid. Our chief looked glumly at it for a few seconds and then gave it back to the sergeant. "Awfully few bombs inside the circle," he said. "You'd better change that to a five-mile circle before it goes in." After this experience, I was not surprised to learn that our chief took a dim view of our suggestion that bombers might survive better without gun turrets. This was not the kind of suggestion that the commander-in-chief liked to hear, and therefore our chief did not like it, either. To push the idea of ripping out gun turrets, against the official mythology of the gallant gunner defending his crewmates, and against the massive bureaucratic inertia of Bomber Command, would have involved our chief in a major political battle. Perhaps it was a battle he could not have hoped to win. In any case, the instinct of a career civil servant told him to avoid such battles. The gun turrets remained in the bombers, and the gunners continued to die uselessly, until the end of the war.

I shared an office at Command Headquarters with a half-Irish boy of my own age called Mike O'Loughlin. He had been a soldier in the Army, had developed epilepsy, and had been given a medical discharge. He knew less mathematics than I did, but he knew more about the real world. When we looked around us at the brutalities and stupidities of Bomber Command, I got depressed and Mike got angry. Anger is creative; depression is useless. One of the things that Mike was angry about was escape hatches. Every bomber had a trapdoor in the floor through which the crewmen were supposed to jump when the captain gave the order to bail out. The official propaganda gave the crewmen the impression that they had an excellent chance of escaping by parachute if their plane should be so unlucky as to be shot down. They were generally more worried about being lynched by infuriated German civilians than about being trapped in a burning aircraft. In reality, lynching by civilians never happened, and only a small number of airmen were shot by the Gestapo after being captured. A far larger number died because they were inadequately prepared for the job of squeezing through a small hole while wearing a

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That's Manfred Matysik's advantage ...Teleplan.

Bell System

bulky flying suit and parachute harness, in the dark, in a hurry, in an airplane rapidly going out of control. The mechanics of bailing out was another taboo subject, which right-thinking crewmen were not encouraged to discuss. The actual fraction of survivors among the crews of shot-down planes was a secret kept from the squadrons even more strictly than the odds against their completing an operational tour. If the boys had found out how small was the fraction of those who succeeded in bailing out after their planes were hit, some of them might have been tempted to jump too soon.

Mike was no respecter of official taboos. He managed to collect fairly complete information concerning the numbers of crewmen, from missing aircraft of various types, who turned up as prisoners of war. The numbers that he found were startling. From American bombers shot down in daylight, about fifty per cent escaped. From the older types of British night bomber, the Halifax and the Stirling, about twenty-five per cent. From Lancasters, fifteen per cent. The Lancaster was our newest bomber and was superior in every other respect to the Halifax and the Stirling. The older bombers were being phased out, and the squadrons were being rapidly converted to Lancasters. Mike was the only person in the entire Command who worried about what this would do to the boys who were shot down. It was easy to argue that the difference in the escape rate between the American bombers and the Halifaxes and Stirlings was attributable to the difference in circumstances between day and night bombing. The Americans may have had more warning before they were hit and more time to organize their departure. It was obviously easier to find the way out by daylight than in the dark. No such excuses could account for the difference between the Halifaxes and the Lancasters. Mike quickly discovered an explanation for the low escape rate from the Lancasters. The Lancaster hatch was in various ways more awkward, harder to squeeze through. The awkwardness probably cost the lives of several thousand boys.

Mike spent two years in a lonely struggle to force the Command to modify the Lancaster hatch. Ultimately, he failed. It was an unequal battle of will power against bureaucracy—one epileptic boy confronting the entrenched inertia of the military establishment. Mike did make progress, but it was maddeningly slow. After he had collected the information on escape rates, it took many months for Bomber Command to admit officially that a problem existed. After the problem had been officially recognized, it took many months to persuade the companies that built the Lancaster that they ought to do something about it. After the companies started to work on the problem, it took many months for a better hatch to be designed. And so the war ended before the hatch could be put into production. When the total casualty figures for Bomber Command were added up at the end of the war, the results were as follows. Killed on operations: 47,130. Bailed out and survived: 12,790, including 138 who died as prisoners of war. Escape rate: 21.3 per cent. I always believed that we could have come close to the American escape rate of fifty per cent if our commanders had been seriously concerned about the problem.

We killed, altogether, about four hundred thousand Germans, one-third of them in the two fire storms, in Hamburg and Dresden. The Dresden fire storm was the worse one. But from our point of view it was only a fluke. We attacked Berlin sixteen times with the same kind of force that attacked Dresden once. We were trying every time to raise a fire storm. There was nothing special about Dresden except that for once everything worked as we intended. It was like a hole-in-one in a game of golf. Unfortunately, Dresden had little military importance, and anyway the slaughter came too late to have any serious effect on the war. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., wrote a book, called "Slaughterhouse-Five; or, The Children's Crusade," about the Dresden raid. For many years, I intended to write a book on the bombing. Now I do not need to write it, because Vonnegut has written it much better than I could. He was in Dresden at the time and saw what happened. Not only is his book good literature; it is also truthful. The only omission I am aware of is that it does not say that the night attack that produced the holocaust was a British affair. The Americans only came the following day to plow over the rubble. Vonne-

"Now, promise you won't start pointing things out."

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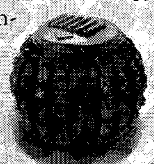

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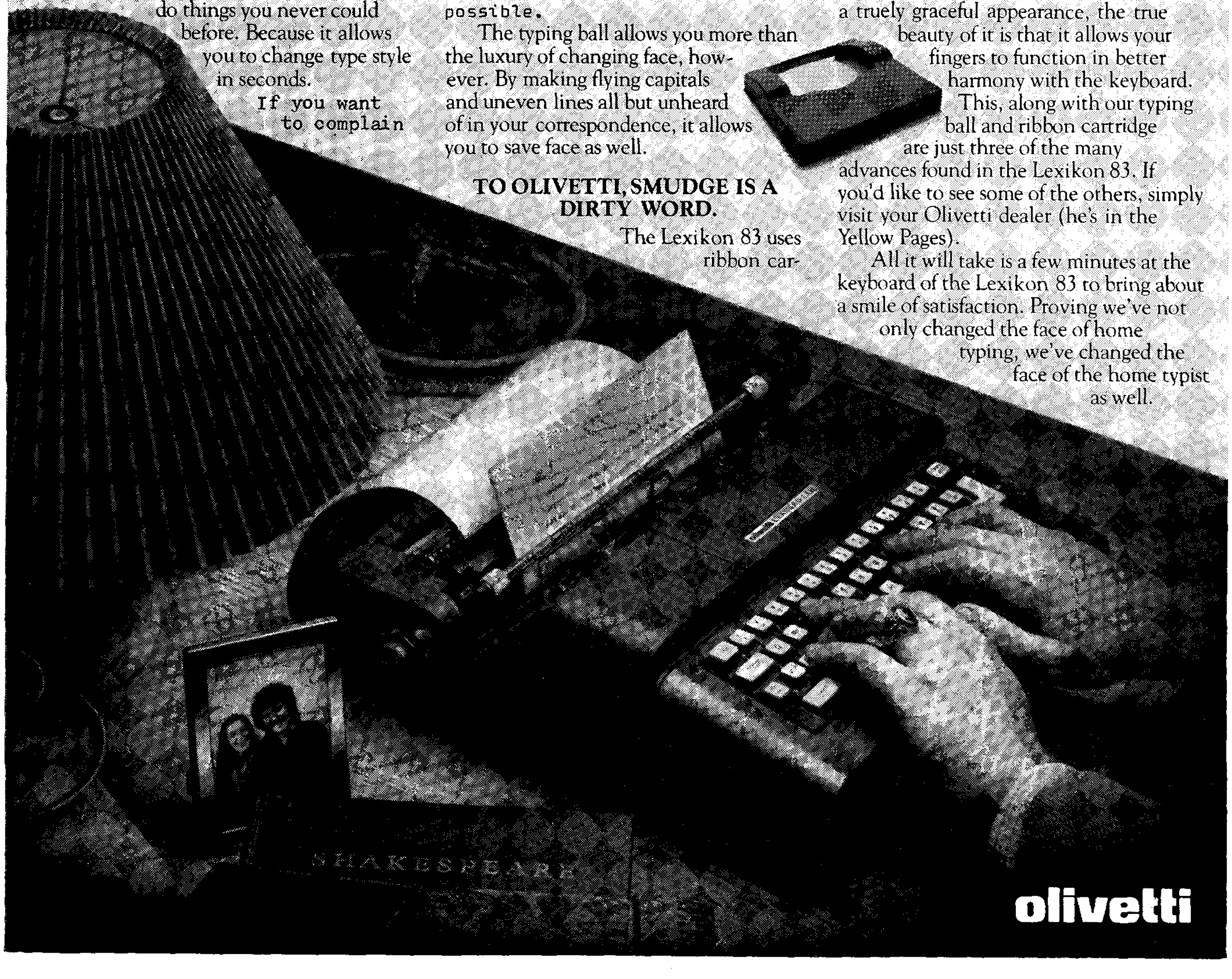
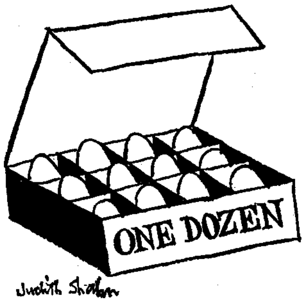


olivetti

gut, being American, did not want to write his account in such a way that the whole thing could be blamed on the British. Apart from that, everything he says is true. One of the most truthful things in the book is the subtitle, "The Children's Crusade." Vonnegut explains in his introductory chapter how the wife of one of his friends got angry and made him use that subtitle. She was right. A children's crusade is just what the whole bloody shambles was.

Bomber Command might have been invented by some mad sociologist as an example to exhibit as clearly as possible the evil aspects of science and technology. The Lancaster, in itself a magnificent flying machine, made into a death trap for the boys who flew it. A huge organization dedicated to the purpose of burning cities and killing people, and doing the job badly. A bureaucratic accounting system that failed utterly to distinguish between ends and means, measuring the success of squadrons by the number of sorties flown, no matter why, and by the tonnage of bombs dropped, no matter where. Secrecy pervading the hierarchy from top to bottom, directed not so much against the Germans as against the possibility that the failures and falsehoods of Bomber Command would become known either to the political authorities in London or to the boys in the squadrons. A commander-in-chief who accepted no criticism either from above or from below, who would not admit mistakes, and who appeared to be as indifferent to the slaughter of his own airmen as he was to the slaughter of German civilians. An Operational Research Section that was supposed to give him independent scientific advice but was too timid to challenge any essential element of his policies. A collection of staff officers at Bomber Command headquarters who reminded me, when, occasionally, I was invited to go and have a drink with them at the Officers' Mess, of the Oxford dons that the historian Edward Gibbon described nearly two hundred years ago in his autobiography: "Their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth."



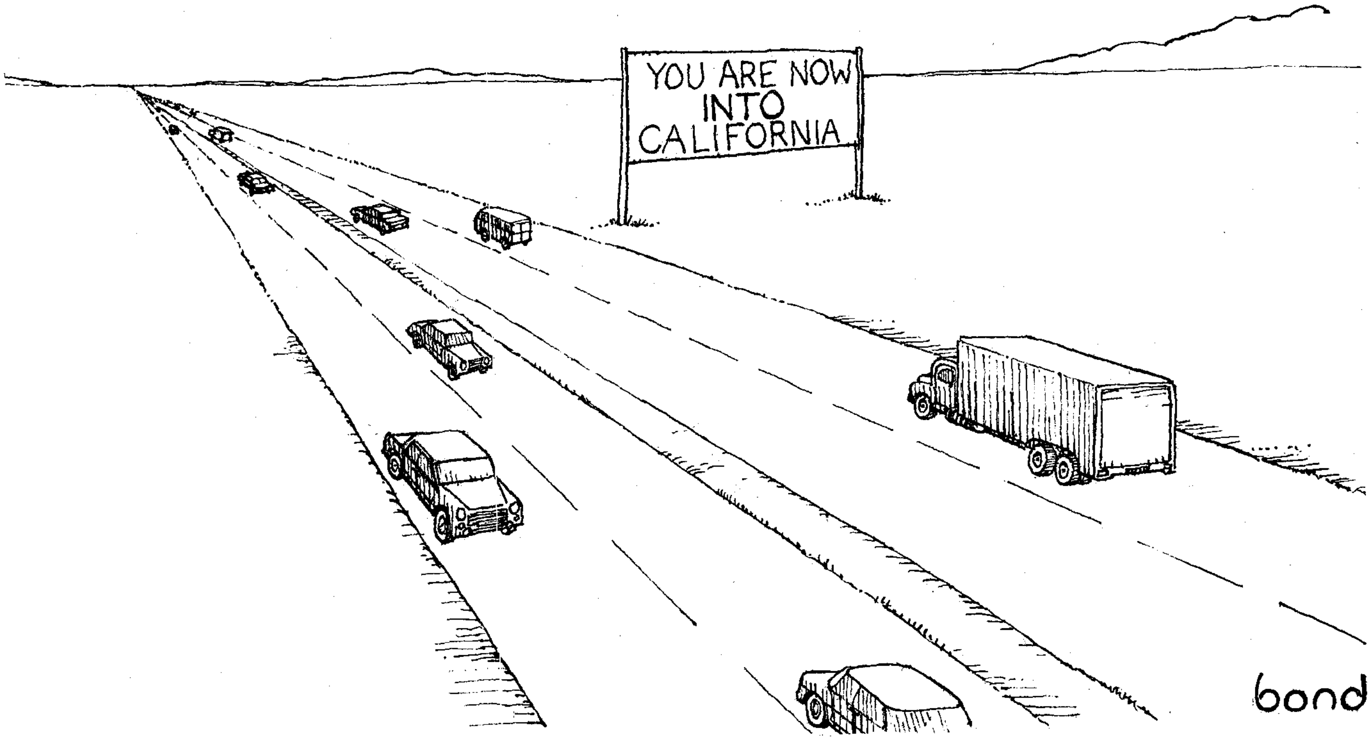
Many of these evils existed in military establishments long before warfare became technological. Our commander-in-chief was a typical example of a pre-scientific military man. He was brutal and unimaginative, but at least he was human and he was willing to take responsibility for the evil that he did. In himself, he was not worse than General Sherman, who also did evil in a just cause. He was only carrying out, with greater enthusiasm than the situation demanded, the policy laid down by his government. His personality was not the root of the evil at Bomber Command. The root of the evil was the doctrine of strategic bombing, which had guided the evolution of Bomber Command from its beginning, in 1936. The doctrine of strategic bombing declared that the only way to win wars or to prevent wars was to rain down death and destruction upon enemy countries from the sky. This doctrine was attractive to political and military leaders in the nineteen-thirties, for two reasons. First, it promised them escape from their worst nightmare—a repetition of the frightful trench warfare of the First World War, through which they had all lived. Second, it offered them a hope that war could be avoided altogether, by the operation of the principle that later came to be known as deterrence. The doctrine held that all governments would be deterred from starting wars if they knew that the certain consequence would be ruinous bombardment. As far as the war against Germany was concerned, history proved the theory wrong on both counts. Strategic bombing neither deterred the war nor won it. There has never yet been a war that strategic bombing by itself won. In spite of the clear evidence of history, the strategic-bombing doctrine flourished in Bomber Command throughout the Second World War. And it flourishes still, in bigger countries, with bigger bombs.

Bomber Command was an early example of the new evil that science and technology have added to the old evils of soldiering: they have made evil anonymous. Through science and technology, evil is organized bureaucratically so that no individual below the very top is responsible for what happens. Neither the boy in the Lancaster aiming his bombs at an ill-defined splodge on his radar screen nor the operations officer shuffling papers at squadron headquarters nor I, sitting in my little office in the Operational Research Section and calculating probabilities, had any feeling of personal responsibility. None of us ever saw the people we killed. None of us particularly cared whether we killed them.

The last spring of the war was the most desolate. Even after Dresden, through March and April of 1945, the bombing of cities continued. The German night fighters fought to the end, and shot down hundreds of Lancasters in those final weeks. I began to look backward and to ask myself how it had happened that I let myself become involved in this crazy game of murder. Since the beginning of the war, I had been retreating step by step from one moral position to another, until at the end I had no moral position at all. At the beginning of the war, I believed fiercely in the brotherhood of man, called myself a follower of Gandhi, and was morally opposed to all violence. After a year of war, I retreated, and said, Unfortunately, nonviolent resistance against Hitler is impracticable, but I am still morally opposed to bombing. A couple of years later, I said, Unfortunately, it seems that bombing is necessary in order to win the war, and so I am willing to go to work for Bomber Command, but I am still morally opposed to bombing cities indiscriminately. After I arrived at Bomber Command, I said, Unfortunately, it turns out that we are, after all, bombing cities indiscriminately, but this is morally justified, as it is helping to win the war. A year later, I said, Unfortunately, it seems that our bombing is not really helping to win the war, but at least I am morally justified in working to save the lives of the bomber crews. In the last spring of the war, I could no longer find any excuses. Mike had fought single-handed the battle of the escape hatches. I had not helped him. I had surrendered one moral principle after another, and in the end it was all for nothing. In that last spring, I watched the woods come to life outside the window of my office at Command Headquarters. I had the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins on my desk. His last, desperate sonnets spoke to my despair.

> See, banks and brakes
> Now, leavèd how thick! Lacèd they are again
> With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
> Them; birds build—but not I build; no, but strain,
> Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
> Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

Thirty years later, I stood with my wife and our four children in the air-


YOU ARE NOW INTO CALIFORNIA
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raid shelter in the garden of my wife's uncle's home in East Germany. My wife's uncle had built the shelter solidly, of brick and steel. Several bomb craters could still be traced in the ground nearby. After thirty years, the roof of the shelter was sound and the floor dry. The house stands in a village southwest of Berlin. During the years I was at Bomber Command, my wife lived in that house. She was still a child. The nights when the bombers came over she spent in the shelter. No doubt she was there the night Wing Commander MacGowan came over, when I was drinking beer with the boys at Wyton. We tried without much success to explain all this to the children. "You mean Mummy was down here because Daddy's friends were dropping the bombs on the garden?" You really cannot explain things like that to a seven-year-old.

DURING the time I was at Bomber Command, one of the London theatres put on John Drinkwater's play "Abraham Lincoln." Drinkwater wrote it in 1918, when England was in the throes of another war. It is a thoughtful play, using the character of Lincoln to illuminate questions that were tormenting Londoners in 1918. The same question tormented them again in 1943. Is there such a thing as a just war? Does any cause, no matter how just, justify the tragedy and barbarity that war brings with it? In that bleak time, Londoners were hungry for answers to such questions, and the play did well at the box office. The fact that the hero was an American may have helped. We were not in a mood to accept any of our own politicians as heroes. Lincoln was like Gandhi—remote enough to be credible. We had not been overexposed to American history in our school days, and so we responded naïvely and intensely to scenes that would make an American yawn. The high point of the drama comes in the last scene but one, at a farmhouse near Appomattox. While Grant and Meade are waiting for Lee to arrive and discuss the terms of his surrender, they relax and discuss the reasons they finally won the war. "We've had courage and determination," says Grant. "And we've had wits, to beat a great soldier. I'd say that to any man. But it's Abraham Lincoln, Meade, who has kept us a great cause clean to fight for. It does a man's heart good to know he's given victory to such a man to handle." Whether Grant in real life ever said these words to Meade, I had no means of knowing. Nor did it matter. What mattered was that in 1865, at the end of a long and bitter war, somebody might have used these words without hypocrisy. A great cause clean to fight for. Lincoln had understood that it was important not just to win his war but to win it as far as possible with clean hands. Our leaders in 1944 had no such understanding. In 1944, we were well set to win our war, which we had begun in 1939 with a good enough cause. But we were also well set on the path that led to Dresden, to Hiroshima, to the nuclear terror in which the whole world now lives. We had dirtied a good cause, and the dirt stuck to us. It was just as Edith Nesbit said when she wrote the rules of the magic city. We had wished for a force of strategic bombers to fight our war for us, so we were condemned to live with strategic-bomber forces for the rest of our lives.

A few weeks after the destruction of Dresden, one of our daily newspapers, the *News Chronicle*, reported the death of Frank Thompson. This was no ordinary death. But to explain the meaning of this death I must go back to 1936, when I was twelve and Frank was fifteen.

One of the virtues of the school at Winchester where Frank and I were boarders was that boys of all ages were thrown together in big rooms, ten or twenty to a room. There was no privacy for anybody. The buildings were five hundred and fifty years old, and we lived in them as our fourteenth-century predecessors had lived, in a constant and cheerful uproar. Coming into this bedlam as a shrimpy twelve-year-old with a treble voice, I crept into a corner and wondered and watched and listened. My main concern was to avoid being stepped on in the verbal and physical battles that unpredictably raged around the room. It

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was like that marvellous Russian film "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky," made in 1938, with Mark Donskoy as director. Alyosha Lyarsky plays the child Gorky, trying to survive in a small house crowded with a family of quarrelling Russian peasants. Whenever I get a chance to see that film, it reminds me of Frank and of my early days at Winchester. Among the boys in our room, Frank was the largest, the loudest, the most uninhibited, and the most brilliant. So it happened that I came to know Frank very well, and learned from him more than I learned from anybody else at that school, although he may have scarcely been aware of my existence. One of my most vivid memories is of Frank coming back from a weekend in Oxford, striding into our room and singing at the top of his voice, "She's got ... what it takes." This set him apart from the majority in our cloistered all-male society.

At fifteen, Frank had already won the title of College Poet. He was a connoisseur of Latin and Greek literature. Both were for him living languages. He could talk for hours about the fine points of an ode of Horace or of Pindar. Unlike the other classical scholars in our crowd, he also read medieval Latin and modern Greek. He was more deeply concerned than the rest of us with the big world outside: with the civil war then raging in Spain, with the world war that he saw coming. From him I caught my first inkling of the great moral questions of war and peace which were to dominate the lives of all of us ever afterward. Listening to him talk, I learned that there is no way to rightly grasp these great questions except through poetry. For him, poetry was no mere intellectual amusement. Poetry was man's best effort down the ages to distill some wisdom from the inarticulate depths of his soul. Frank could no more live without poetry than I could live without mathematics.

Frank wrote little before he died, and published less. I quote here one of his poems, which is addressed directly to the theme of war. It was written in 1940, shortly after the British Army was driven out of France. Frank sees this event through the eyes of the Chorus in the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus. The Chorus consists of citizens of Argos who are brooding upon the ten-year war as they wait for the return of Agamemnon to his home after the fall of Troy. To Frank, it is natural and obvious that the grief and hatred of these Greeks of three thousand years ago, made immortal by a great poet seven hundred years later, should mirror and illuminate our own anguish. The essentials of war—the human passion and tragedy—are the same whether it is the war of Troy or the war of Dunkirk. So Frank weaves these two wars together in his poem, using lines from the Aeschylus Chorus at the ends of two of his stanzas. The poem is called "Allotrias Diai Gynaikos [For the Sake of Another Man's Wife], Agamemnon 437-451," and was collected with other poems and letters by his mother and his brother, the historian E. P. Thompson, in a volume titled "There Is a Spirit In Europe ... A Memoir of Frank Thompson."

Between the dartboard and the empty fireplace
They are talking of the boys the village has lost;
Tom, our best bowler all last season,
Died clean and swift when his plane went reeling;
Bill, who drank beer and laughed, is now asleep
Behind Dunkerque, helped others to escape;
And Dave went down on that aircraft carrier,
Dave, whom nobody minded,
But who played the flute rather well, I remember.

"These boys died bravely. We'll always be proud of them,
They've given old Adolf something to set him thinking."
That was the loudest, the driving wave of opinion.
But in the corners hear the eddies singing—
For he sake of another man's wife.
They died in a war of others' making.

"Helen the Fair went over the water
With Paris your friend, one of your own gang
Whom we never trusted, but you feasted
For years with fawning, let your lands go hang.
We warned you. You could have stopped it ...
But now we have sent *our* sons from the cornfields.
War, like a grocer, weighs and sends us back
Ashes for men, and all our year goes black.

"Yes. They died well, but not to suit your purpose;
Not so that you could go hunting with two horses,
While their sons touched their caps, opening gates for pennies.
Perhaps we shall take a hand, write our own ending."
One growls this beneath his breath.
Soft, but the Titan heard it waking.

Frank was sensitive enough to feel the enchantment of Winchester but strong enough to react against it. "The culture one imbibed at Winchester was too nostalgic," he wrote later. "Amid those old buildings and under those graceful lime-trees it was easy to give one's heart to the Middle Ages and believe that the world had lost its manhood along with Abelard. One fell in love with the beauty of the past, and there was no dialectician there to explain that the chief glory of the past was its triumph over the age that came before it; that Abelard was great because he was a revolutionary." Frank, at any rate, did not content himself with studying the past. He persuaded one of the teachers to give regular classes in Russian and, quickly becoming fluent in it, found the modern revolutionary poets Gusyev and Mayakovsky more to his taste than the classics. I later joined the class and so was able to share at least this one of Frank's enthusiasms. But his appetite for languages was insatiable. He started an Obscure Languages Club among the boys in our room, who then competed with one another in trading insults and obscenities in as many different languages as possible. For a while, there was a project to write Russian verses in Glagolitic script, a wonderfully ornate and curlicued alphabet that flourished briefly in the Dark Ages before the practical St. Cyril replaced it with Cyrillic. "All the Slav languages are good," Frank wrote, "but beside Russian, Polish and Czech seem nervous and restless, Bulgarian poor and untutored, and Serbo-Croat, which is probably the next most satisfactory, just a little barbarous—a fine language for guerrillas and men who drink *slivovitz* in the mountains, not yet fitted to the complex philosophies of our times. But Russian is a sad, powerful language and flows gently off the tongue like molten gold." Later, he changed his mind about Bulgarian.

I saw no more of Frank after he left Winchester, in 1938. He went to Oxford, joined the Communist Party, enlisted in the Army when war began in 1939, and spent most of the war years in the Middle East. He was in Libya, Egypt, Palestine, and Persia, occasionally fighting, and always adding to his stock of friends and languages. In January, 1944, he was dropped by parachute into German-occupied Yugoslavia. His mission was to make contact with and serve as British liaison officer with the underground resistance movement in Bulgaria, organizing airdrop support and radio communications with the Allied Command in Cairo. In his last letter home,

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in April, he wrote, "There isn't really any news about myself. I've been working hard, I hope to some purpose, and keeping brave company—some of the best in the world. Next to this comradeship, my greatest pleasure has been rediscovering things like violets, cowslips and plum-blossom after three lost springs."

We read the end of the story in the *News Chronicle* almost a year later. One of the Bulgarian delegates to the World Trades Union Congress in London had been an eyewitness.

> Major Frank Thompson . . . was executed about June 10 after a mock trial at Litakovo. . . . He had been in captivity about ten days. With him perished four other officers—one American, a Serb and two Bulgarians—and eight other prisoners. . . . A public "trial" was hastily staged in the village hall. . . . The hall was packed with spectators. The eyewitness saw Frank Thompson sitting against a pillar smoking his pipe. When he was called for questioning, to everyone's astonishment he needed no interpreter, but spoke in correct and idiomatic Bulgarian. "By what right do you, an Englishman, enter our country and wage war against us?" he was asked. Major Thompson answered, "I came because this war is something very much deeper than a struggle of nation against nation. The greatest thing in the world now is the struggle of Anti-Fascism against Fascism." "Do you not know that we shoot men who hold your opinions?" "I am ready to die for freedom. And I am proud to die with Bulgarian patriots as companions." . . . Major Thompson then took charge of the condemned . . . and led them to the castle. As they marched off before the assembled people he raised the salute of the Fatherland Front which the Allies were helping, the clenched fist. A gendarme struck his hand down. But Thompson called out to the people, "I give you the Salute of Freedom." All the men died raising this salute. The spectators were sobbing. Many present declared that the scene was one of the most moving in all Bulgarian history, and that the men's amazing courage was the work of the English officer who carried their spirits as well as his own.

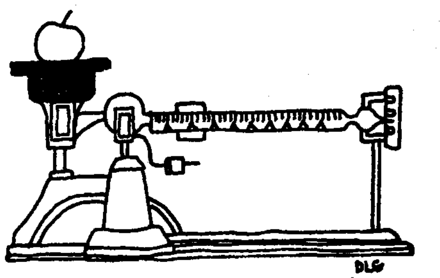
Everything in this account rings true except one word. The word "Anti-Fascism" is, I suspect, a euphemism supplied by the Bulgarian trade-union delegate. Frank always called a spade a spade. I am almost sure that he really said, "The greatest thing in the world now is the struggle of Communism against Fascism." He was, after all, a Communist. His Bulgarian comrades were Communists. They did not live long enough to discover that Communism and freedom are not always synonymous. Communism was for Frank not the Communism of the intellectuals but the Communism of the Soviet truck driver that he met once by chance taking a convoy of trucks through a mountain valley in Persia. Here is Frank's account of their meeting.

> "H'are you doing?" I shouted at him in Russian. His grin broadened as he heard his own tongue. He came slowly towards us. "How am I doing? Well. Very well." He came and leaned on the door of my truck, grinning thoughtfully, feeling none of our Western obligation to continue conversation. "Splendid news from Kavkaz," I said. We had just heard of the first victories at Ordzhonikidze. He grinned again. "You think it is good?" "Yes. Very good. Don't you?" He thought and grinned and looked steadily at me for nearly half a minute. "Yes, it is very good." Another half-minute devoted to thinking and grinning. "Yes, it is just as Comrade Stalin said. He said, 'There'll be a holiday on our street, too.' And so there will! So there will! There'll be a holiday on our street, too!" We both laughed at this. "Yes!" I said. "So there will! There'll be a holiday on our street, too!" The traffic cleared and we moved on; but for hours after my inner heart laughed and sang as it hadn't done for months.

The same laughing and singing must have been in Frank's heart as he gave the clenched-fist salute to the crowd in Litakovo. In September, 1944, Soviet troops entered Bulgaria, the Fatherland Front took over the government, and Frank was proclaimed a national hero. The railway station of Prokopnik, where the partisans had fought one of their fiercest battles, was renamed Major Thompson Station. He lies now with his comrades on a hilltop above Litakovo village, under a stone with an inscription from the Bulgarian poet Christo Botev:

> I may die very young
> But I shall be satisfied
> If my people later say:
> "He died for justice,
> For justice and for liberty."

The news of Frank's death came too late to make any change in the routine of my life at Bomber Command. I continued during the final months of the war in Europe to do what I could as a technician to bring the bombers safely home from their missions. But it became clearer and clearer as the weeks went by that our bombing of cities was a pointless waste of lives. Four weeks after Dresden, we attacked the ancient cathedral city of Würzburg and shattered the bishop's *Residenz*, with its fine Tiepolo frescoes. The bomber crews were particularly happy to obliterate Würzburg, because they knew that the deadly German tracking and fire-control radars were called Würzburg radars. Nobody told the crews that the city of Würzburg had as much to do with the radars as our own cathedral city of Winchester had to do with Winchester rifles. I began to envy more and more the technicians on the other side who were helping the German night-fighter crews to defend their homes and families. The night fighters and their supporting organization put up an astonishing performance, continuing to fight and to cause us serious losses until their last airfields were overrun and Hitler's Germany ceased to exist. They ended the war morally undefeated. They had the advantage of knowing what they were fighting for. Not, in those last weeks of the war, for Hitler but for the preservation of what was left of their cities and their people. We had given them at the end of the war the one thing that they lacked at the beginning—a cause clean to fight for.



I also envied Frank. Not that I altogether believed in the cause he had died for. In 1945, I could already see that the government he had helped install in Bulgaria was unlikely to fulfill the hopes he had held for it. It was undoubtedly better in many respects than the government it overthrew. But it was not, and could not have been, a government of justice and liberty. In 1943, Frank had written, "There is a spirit abroad in Europe which is finer and braver than anything that tired continent has known for centuries, and which cannot be withstood. It is the confident will of whole peoples, who have known the utmost humiliation and suffering and have triumphed over it, to build their own life once and for all." Thirty-six years later, it may be difficult to find much evidence for this spirit in the bureaucrats who are running the government in Sofia. But I have no doubt whatever that this spirit existed among the Bulgarian partisans with whom Frank lived and fought. And the mere fact that they fought and died in this spirit gave a lasting historical legitimacy to the government they established. However imperfect that government may be as an embodiment of their ideals, the monument on the hill at Litakovo remains as a challenge to future generations to prove that those men did not die in vain.

It is a recognized irony of history that the great prophets often misjudge the place of their ultimate triumph. The Buddha failed to hold India and is revered in Japan. Marx failed to make a revolution in Germany and succeeded, against his expectations, in Russia. Likewise, Frank's dream, "the confident will of whole peoples, who have known the utmost humiliation and suffering and have triumphed over it, to build their own life once and for all," has failed to come to fruition as he expected in Europe, but it has been magnificently successful as the driving force of political change almost everywhere else: in China, in Africa, in Vietnam, and among the black people of America. I was not wise enough to foresee all these events in the spring of 1945, but I did already know that Frank had died for a dream larger than Bulgarian politics. I knew that if any hope of salvation for mankind was to emerge from the wreckage of the Second World War, that hope could come only from the poet's war that Frank fought, not from the technician's war that I was engaged in. It was easy at that moment in history to envy the dead.

What lasting lesson can we learn from these experiences? The main lesson for me, at least, is clear. A good cause can become bad if we fight for it with means that are indiscriminately murderous. A bad cause can become good if enough people fight for it in a spirit of comradeship and self-sacrifice. In the end, it is how you fight, more than why you fight, that makes your cause good or bad. And the more technological the war becomes, the more disastrously a bad choice of means will change a good cause into evil. I learned this lesson from my years at Bomber Command and from the example of Frank's life and death. Unfortunately, many of my generation who were on the winning side in the Second World War did not learn this lesson. If they had learned it, they would not have led us to disaster twenty years later in Vietnam. When the American bombers began bombing in Vietnam, I had the advantage of knowing that the American cause was hopeless, because I knew that Frank's spirit was out there in the jungle fighting for Ho Chi Minh.

The Americans in 1945 went through an experience directly opposite to mine. I had taken part in a bombing campaign that caused us enormous losses and failed to achieve any decisive result. I came to the end of it aware that the German defenses had by and large defeated us. The Americans began their campaign of in-

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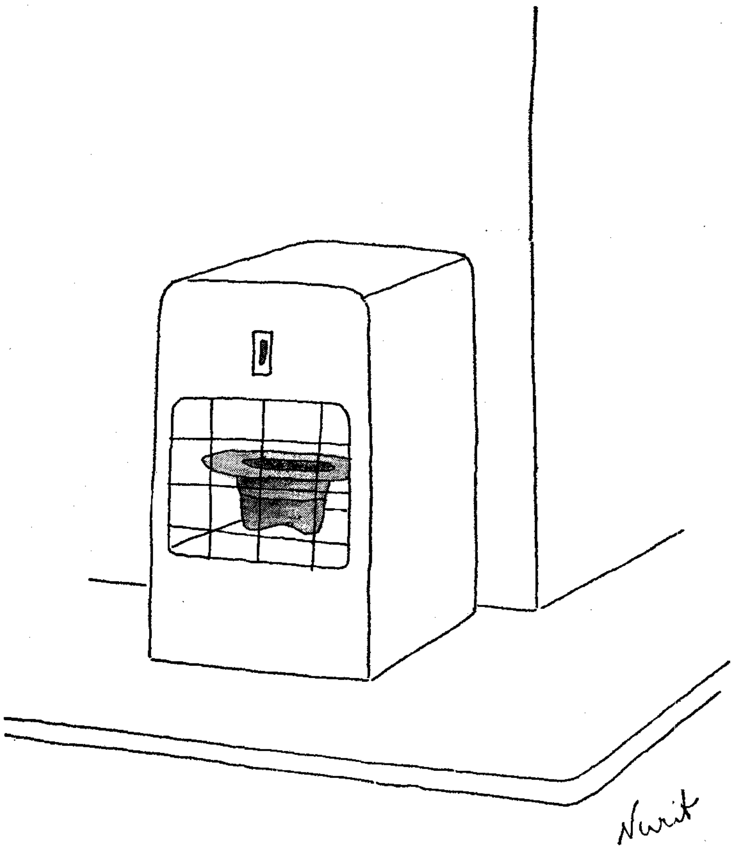
discriminate firebombing of cities in Japan just as we were finishing ours in Germany. Their XXI Bomber Command, headed by General Curtis LeMay and based in the Mariana Islands, attacked Tokyo with fire bombs three weeks after we attacked Dresden, and achieved equally spectacular results. In this, the first raid of its firebombing campaign, it raised in Tokyo the fire storm that we never achieved in Berlin. It killed eighty thousand people and destroyed half of the city in one night, losing only fourteen planes. It continued the campaign in the same style for three months, and paused on June 15th because it had run out of cities to burn. The defenses were ineffective, and the bomber losses were militarily inconsequential. The urban economy of Japan was shattered. Whether the Japanese industrial machine would have recovered, given time, as the German industries recovered from repeated bombing, we shall never know. The Japanese were not given time. The American bombing campaign was as clearly a victory as ours was a defeat. Unfortunately, people learn from defeat more than they learn from victory.

While the firebombing of Japan was in progress, the scientists at Los Alamos were putting the finishing touches on their first atomic bombs, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson was meeting with his advisers to decide how these bombs were to be used. At the time, I knew nothing of their activities. All that I knew about such matters was contained in a book I had ordered from my Cambridge University Press catalogue in the old prewar days in Winchester—a book called "New Pathways in Science," by Eddington. Eddington's book, published in 1935, has a chapter on "Subatomic Energy." In this chapter are two sentences that had impressed me deeply. Through the long years of war, I had kept them in mind: "I have referred to the practical utilization of subatomic energy as an illusive hope which it would be wrong to encourage; but in the present state of the world it is rather a threat which it would be a grave responsibility to disparage altogether. It cannot be denied that for a society which has to create scarcity to save its members from starvation, to whom abundance spells disaster, and to whom unlimited energy means unlimited power for war and destruction, there is an ominous cloud in the distance though at present it be no bigger than a man's hand."

Henry Stimson and his advisers were not insensitive to the moral issues with which they were confronted. The record of their deliberations leaves no doubt that they agonized long and hard over the decision to use the bombs, and that they recognized the historic importance of their decision. They had to balance the overwhelming short-term value of a quick and decisive end to the war against the long-term and uncertain dangers to mankind which would follow from the establishment of a precedent for the actual use of nuclear weapons. It is still possible to argue that they made the right decision. Many books have been written analyzing their decision in the light of knowledge that they did not possess concerning the political forces then struggling within the Japanese government. Nobody doubts that the decision was made by men who sincerely believed that without it many thousands of lives, Japanese as well as American, would have been sacrificed in the continuation of the war. Two factors made it almost inevitable that Stimson—and President Truman, following Stimson's advice—would decide to use the bombs. The first was the circumstance that the whole apparatus for delivering the bombs—the B-29 bombers, the strategic-bomber bases in the Mariana Islands, the trained crews, and the bureaucratic machinery of the XXI Bomber Command—already existed. Not to use all this apparatus when it was there ready and waiting for the word go would have been a hard decision to make and a still harder one to justify to the American public if the war had continued. The second factor prejudicing Stimson's decision was the circumstance that indiscriminate firebombing of Japanese cities had already occurred and had been widely approved. Stimson was well aware of the enormous quantitative difference in destructive potential between nuclear and conventional bombs, but it was difficult for him to feel that there was a difference in the quality of evil between the killing of eighty thousand people by old-fashioned fire bombs in Tokyo and the killing of about the same number by a nuclear bomb in Hiroshima. Those who argued against the use of nuclear weapons could speak only of long-range consequences and dangers. They could not simply say, "We should not do this, because it is wrong," unless they were also prepared to put a stop to the indiscriminate use of conventional bombs. The ground on which Stimson might have been able to make a moral stand was already surrendered when the firebombing started, in March. Long before that, in England and in America independently, the moral issues had been effectively prejudged when the decisions were made to build strategic-bomber forces and to wage war with them against civilian populations. Hiroshima was only an afterthought.

A week before Frank Thompson parachuted into Yugoslavia in 1944, he wrote from Cairo, "Yesterday I read over Lincoln's Second Inaugural, which is, I suppose, when one considers the circumstances in which it was written, one of the most remarkable speeches in human history. It made me think that, if anyone wanted to find a *classic* example of Divine Nemesis, what better than our present war against Japan? All our filthy record in the Far East, beginning with the Opium



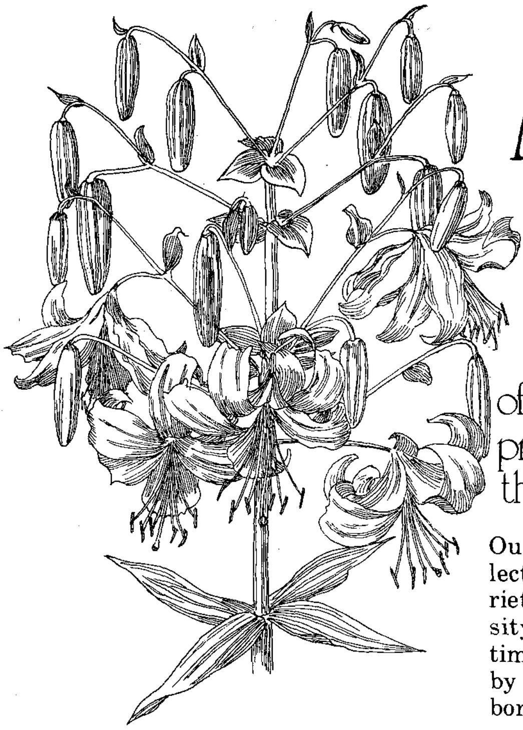
Wars . . . being paid for now in rivers of blood."

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away," Lincoln had said. "Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

In August, 1945, I was still working at Bomber Command. After the war in Europe ended, it was decided that a force of British bombers should be sent to bases in Okinawa, from which they would add their token contribution to the American strategic bombing of Japan. I was supposed to fly out with them to Okinawa. Then, on August 7th, the *News Chronicle* arrived at my breakfast table in London with the giant headline "NEW FORCE OF NATURE HARNESSED." I liked that. The statement was big and impersonal. It was childhood's end. Now perhaps we could all start behaving like grownups. Whoever wrote that headline understood that this was something bigger than one side winning a victory in a tribal squabble. It meant, with luck, that we would be finished for good and all with strategic-bombing campaigns. I agreed emphatically with Henry Stimson. Once we had got ourselves into the business of bombing cities, we might as well do the job competently and get it over with. I felt better that morning than I had felt in years. I did not bother to go to the office. Those fellows who had built the atomic bomb obviously knew their stuff. They must be an outstandingly competent bunch of people. The thought occurred to me that I might one day get to meet them. I would enjoy that. I had spent too long messing around with stupid old-fashioned bombs. It was easy, in the happiness of that August morning, to forget what Grant said to Meade at Appomattox, to forget the Agamemnon Chorus, to forget the Bulgarian partisans, to forget Frank's clenched-fist salute and the memorial stone at Litakovo, to forget Eddington's warning, to forget Lincoln's Second Inaugural, to forget the agony of the people still slowly dying of burns and radiation sickness in Hiroshima. Later, much later, I would remember these things.

—FREEMAN DYSON

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)



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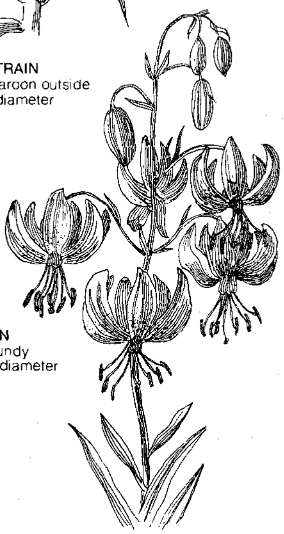

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

As Long As It Works

MOST of the recent movies I have seen invite us to take part in something like a neurotic love affair: we have to make a mental deal every so often in order to enjoy ourselves. With the kinds of movies that in any case get loud audience reaction—an "Alien" or a "Manhattan"—these negotiations are audible. In the timing and pitch of the screams and laughs, we hear ourselves agreeing to play stupid if the movie will just give us a little something in exchange. When we can't hear or see half of what is going on at the start of "Alien," we can fake it (one man I know said he assumed he was getting deaf; a younger man told himself the dialogue must be an Altman-style device, not meant to be sorted out; I claimed I didn't need or even want any exposition beyond a fast O.K.-we're-on-another-planet-and-something-scary-will-happen), and we can passively decline to question the sexual imagery and tensions, which the movie never acknowledges or integrates. We can give up our sense of what is important, so that we won't lose the beat, the mechanical rhythms of the suspense—the box falling over at a crucial moment and the picture cutting to and away from things so fast they would scare us if they were reproductions of Monet water lilies. At "Manhattan," we can trade off our legitimate expectations of a movie for the flattering sensation of feeling in the know when someone says "Elaine's" or "penis substitute;" and we can warm ourselves with affection for Woody Allen at the expense of a point of view: a man who is fearless about looking physically ridiculous, Allen seems afraid to look mentally and spiritually ridiculous, and every time we go along with his self-protection, his ways of making himself look good underneath Isaac's misanthropy, we agree not to see through Isaac the way we should for the movie to work.

These deals we make with movies are not the same as the willing suspension of disbelief—accepting the premise that Superman can fly, or the convention that the actors pretend no cameras are around. They are a willing ignorance of signals that by every right should raise our mistrust. Maybe they are worth it, the way a neurosis is worth it—as the means to get something that seems necessary right then. We want to give ourselves over to a movie's experience, and at the same time we quite sensibly want to protect ourselves from yielding to something that makes no sense. We know every step of the defensive-submissive dance we have to do to seduce enjoyment from a movie.

The hitch is that the more we do this, the more we tell the moviemakers this is all we want. And the fewer trustworthy movies they give us, the more likely we are to mistake our own mental dance for a whole experience, to mistake collusion for give-and-take. If we play stupid for long enough, it begins to come easy. A trustworthy movie feels completely different. We don't have to sit there fine-tuning our brains in order to defend the movie against itself. We are not so jumpy or desperate that we will scream or laugh without cause; we feel relaxed—not warm-bath relaxed but full of a humming alertness, ready for anything.

"Why Not!," written and directed by a thirty-year-old Frenchwoman named Coline Serreau, is this kind of movie: it rewards our trust by giving us experience. A few minutes into the story, Louis, on his way to work as a musician at a jazz club, runs out of gas and returns with his motorbike to the messy suburban house where he lives with Fernand, who we know is his lover, and Alexa, who is at this moment in bed with Fernand. Louis comes into the bedroom, griping about his bike, and the whole movie is suspended from the look on his face. Because of all the reactions we are set for, in movies and in life, we wait for his shock to register, or for his double take. And then we see that his look is matter-of-fact and affectionate. There is no delusion in it; he hasn't needed to wrench himself out of shape to deal with what he sees, and neither do we. Louis's look is the look of the whole movie, of how it shows us the economies and proportions of this three-part life.

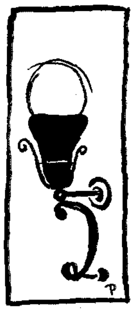
We can see how the three fit together the way we can see some of the shared genetic traits in family members who do not look much alike. Louis (Mario Gonzalez), whose eyes have circles under them even when he is happy, has Fernand's introspection. Alexa (Christine Murillo), who resembles the young Colette, right down to the flat-footed walk in sandals, has Fernand's strength and Louis's childishness. Fernand (Sami Frey) is the center of the sexual and domestic ge-

"Well, young lady! It looks like we've still got some growing up to do."

ometry. A handsome man who frowns easily and guards his eyes and mouth, he is often sweeping back his thick wings of dark hair with his hands in sudden tantrums—the house is "a garbage dump," he goes away for five minutes and they "ruin the place." He is the one Louis asks for money for a new amplifier for his electric guitar, and the one Alexa looks at when she says, "What do I wear? You didn't wash my sweater." Fernand is the worrier—and the weak point. When he falls in love with Sylvie (Nicole Jamet), a blonde whose pale little face and tilted eyes make her look more sophisticated than she turns out to be, he stays away for ten days without telling the others where he is. They miss him, and find that neither is "in the mood" for sex—but it is pure missing, not confused with jealousy, an uneconomical emotion. When Fernand comes back, there is a lovely conversation between him and Alexa, in which everyone is economically considered. "I brought Sylvie—can she stay?" "Of course. But what does Louis think?" "It's O.K. with him if you and I are both here."

This decent, loving threesome (Sylvie has eventually to decide whether to make it four) is disclosed in scenes held, released, and linked to each other with the same sense of proportion that the characters have about themselves: Fernand, despairing on the front steps, surrounded by vacuum-cleaner parts, while Louis plays his electric guitar in an upstairs window; Louis and Sylvie dancing in bluejeans on the lawn at night, by the light of a work lamp tied to a tree; Fernand and Alexa on either side of Louis, each with a hand on his face, comforting him. Their suffering (and there is some; this is no propaganda movie) is not trivialized or inflated: it has its place. There is no whining to curry favor with an audience that shares the whine: yes, we all know people who talk of nothing but their new Alfa, and they have exactly the significance that this movie gives them in two funny minutes. Never once, not even when Fernand was at the treadle sewing machine, did phrases like "role model" and "alternate life style" and "group sex" cross my mind. (How many directors and screenwriters would exploit my mind, full of this stuff as it is, or even put the jargon right up there on the soundtrack.) Coline Serreau knows the score, but she does not insult us by juggling these same old figures and handing them back to us slightly rearranged, hoping we will take them as the results of a fresh game. She has something truthful to put in their place. When Fernand and Alexa sit face to face on a beach in the early evening—the two of them dazedly stroking the collars of each other's jackets while he tries to explain a lunatic method he has devised for doing mental arithmetic—the scene is strange and comic but so emotionally detailed that we accept it as a kind of situation we have experienced a hundred times.

"Why Not!" is a generous movie. And afterward what it has spared us begins to seem almost as important as what it gives. It is stripped of almost all the ugliness that goes on between men and women. In this movie, the authorities who tell us that the ugliness is necessary are dying or benign: wounded parents and ineffectual police. Alexa's estranged husband can still hit her if she goes back to borrow money from him, Fernand's ex-wife can keep his children from him, and Louis still hurts from what his mother did to him in the past, but none of this has the power to destroy the way the three live, or the way they feel about each other. The only authority with any clout is the deaf old landlady. She is the one who turns to Fernand and says, "I don't quite understand if you and Miss Alexa are married. Or is she married to Mr. Louis?" The threesome lifts its teacups in concert. "Well," says the old lady, "as long as it works."



The title "Why Not!" bothered me for a while; I thought, These are not people who are negative or cavalier, who live by omission. But "Why Not!" is no question-begging shrug; it is an exclamation that puts the burden of proof on whoever asks "Why?" And in a sense Fernand, Alexa, and Louis do live by omission: it's not that they won't trouble to imagine something better; they can't imagine doing something worse. Even Sylvie, when she finds out what the relationship really is among the three, can't say anything worse than "It's not as I thought it would be."

The problem with most of the movies we see about men and women, the reason they seem so locked in and repetitive, is that they take for granted the nonexistence of what these three have got—they can't even imagine it for two. In the last scene of a famous movie about the Cuban revolution, called "Lucia," a couple on a beach are having one of these repetitive sexual squabbles, and a little girl comes by and laughs at them. She is laughing not because she is too little to understand but because she is too different to understand. The terms of the squabble, the very look of it, are obsolete and will never have any meaning for her. "Why Not!" is a movie made in the spirit of that little girl. Coline Serreau gives us a world in which certain forms of unhappiness are becoming impossible.

"Breaking Away" is a cheerful family movie about four high-school graduates who don't know what to do next. They are played by Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley, who are talented enough to be told apart within minutes—quite a trick for a group of actors new to me. The movie is all hairless tanned chests in cars, unformed faces with healthy skin, sweatshirts with the sleeves cut off, girls who say "Oh, fudge!," and guys who yell "You bastards!" from cars. It dwells in a friendly way on the leafy green suburban drives, flat green water in quarry swimming holes, flat gray highway, flat green fields, and hazy blue hills near Bloomington, Indiana. This is a university town, and the four boys, locals who—for a reason later explained—are known as "cutters," fight a war of nerves with the uppity college students.

The movie has a sense of the contradictions in American ideas about social class and progress, but after a while it partakes of those contradictions. It wants so much to be relaxed and fun that it ambles off from its own themes. After one of the boys, Dave (Dennis Christopher), gets knocked out of a bicycle race by a cheater—a member of the Italian team, who were his heroes—he says to his father (Paul Dooley), "Everybody cheats—I just didn't know." Dad, a used-car dealer, answers, "Now you know." Later, Dad tells Dave, "You're not a cutter. *I'm* a cutter." He used to be a stonecutter, who helped quarry and cut the stone for the college buildings. This answers our etymological question, but when he adds, "The only thing you've got to show for my twenty years of work is the holes we left behind," how should we take the scene? Is it licensing Dave to cheat? I admire the script for not forcing these issues into a falsely satisfying conclusion; but when Dave and his friends enter another race, against the college boys, is it the class struggle on wheels or just a race? When the announcer leans into the microphone and cries, "Gentlemen, mount your Roadmaster bicycles," he ought to add, for our benefit, "Ladies and gentlemen, clear your minds." —Veronica Geng

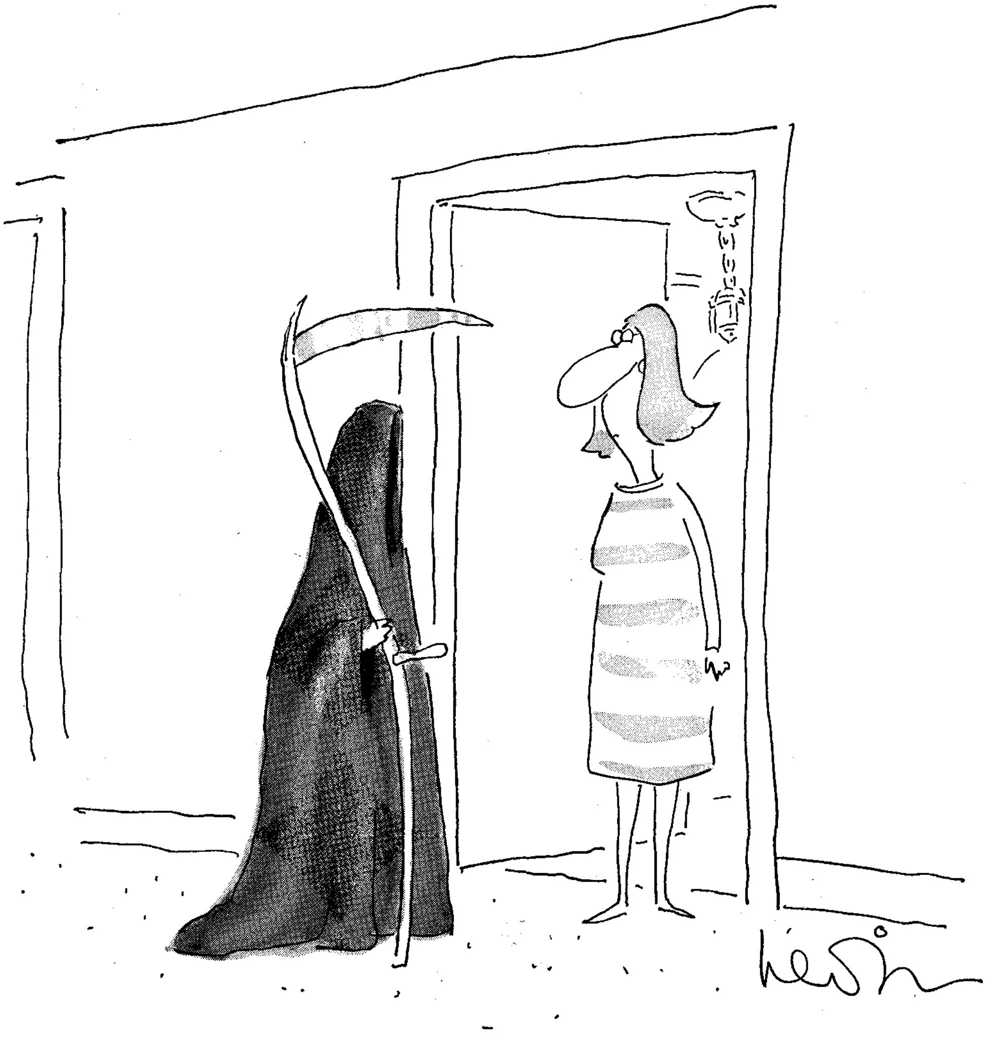
MUSICAL EVENTS

Conte de Fées

FESTIVAL OTTAWA, held in the National Arts Center during the month of July, consists of operas and chamber music—twelve opera performances this year, eight chamber recitals, and a concert by the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. It is the formal core of a festival rather than a day-long, nightlong busy round of music, dance, plays, and other events, which so admirable and versatile a building as the Center could readily hold. The opera house, which seats twenty-three hundred, and the theatre, which seats over nine hundred, were in use, but not—at any rate, for festival purposes—the studio theatre, the salon (a dramatic hexagonal space), or the linked terraces and plateaus that roof the building and would be well suited to protest or pop or other fringe activities. My previous visit to the Ottawa Center was in 1971. I thought it a striking, handsome, picturesque, and useful building, excellently sited at the heart of the city, beside the Rideau Canal. It had interesting and beautiful interiors but was perhaps just a shade too grand in feeling. It seemed to expect you to put on a tie when you entered it. But the Center has worn well, and, like Montreal's Place des Arts, it has now relaxed. There was plenty of unembarrassed informal dress to be seen this year at the opening night of Massenet's "Cendrillon," the major festival event. The canal-side café and the grassy park sloping down from the building to the water make it a friendly place. People arrive by boat. They sun themselves. In winter, they can skate to the shows.

MOST people have mixed feelings about Massenet. A defensive note is apt to creep into the plaudits of his champions, and a conciliatory note into the strictures of his detractors. In fact, he was a more various and a more uneven composer than is often allowed. "Manon" and "Werther," "Hérodiade" and "Thaïs," "Esclarmonde" and "Le Cid" can hardly be lumped together, and the remark in Grove's Massenet entry that "to have heard 'Manon' is to have heard the whole of him" is absurd. There are four late Massenet operas—"Cendrillon," "Grisélidis," "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," and "Don Quichotte"—that it is easy to like without any reservations, and they do have certain things in common. For one, a lack of any conventional, soprano-tenor love interest. (The faithful Grisélidis is tempted through the wiles of a witty, dapper Devil; "Le Jongleur" has an all-male cast; Don Quixote's love for Dulcinea is pure and lofty; and that of Cinderella and her Prince takes on an idealized, innocent quality, since they are both sopranos.) For another, a baritone or basse-chantante role of which Lucien Fugère was the first or the first Paris interpreter: Cinderella's father, the Devil, the monastery cook in "Le Jongleur," Sancho Panza. (I have suggested before that the wise, genial Fugère may have tapped in Massenet a new vein of warmth, tenderness, and sincerity. Fugère made his début in 1874; the mellow des Grieux of "Le Portrait de Manon," in 1894, was the first role Massenet wrote for him; and he lived on to make fine electrical recordings in his eighties.) Most important, these four operas are decent, mature, unlascivious, free from titillations erotic or religious, unpretentious, exquisitely worked, and high-spirited.

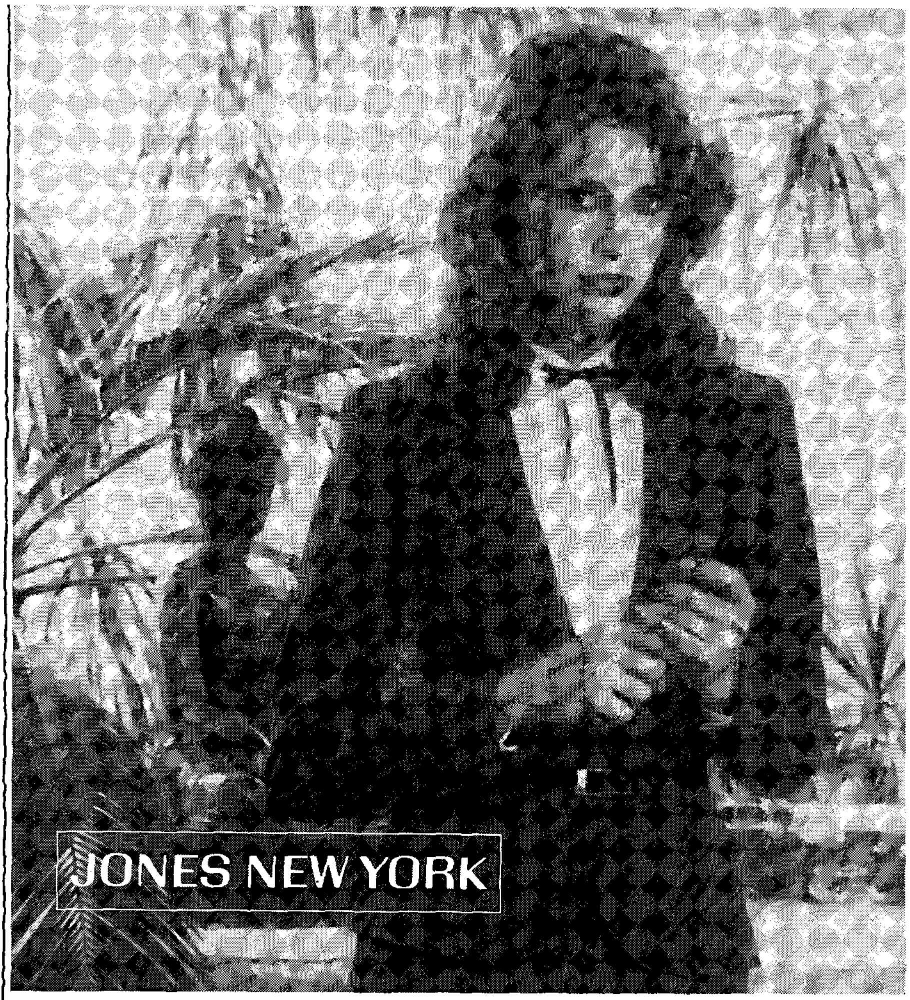
It is surprising that "Cendrillon" should have had to wait so long for a major revival; I suppose it has been waiting for a singer who wanted to do the principal role. Joan Sutherland brought "Esclarmonde" to San Francisco and to the Met, and "Le Roi de Lahore" to Vancouver. Beverly Sills brought "Thaïs" to San Francisco and to the Met. Grace Bumbry and Placido Domingo brought "Le Cid" to Carnegie Hall and to Hamburg. Now we have a Cinderella. Frederica von Stade was the heroine of the recording that Columbia published earlier this year, and of the Ottawa production; next month, this production, with the same cast, opens the Washington Opera season. In Massenet's score, Cinderella is described as a soprano and Prince Charming as a "*Falcon ou Soprano de sentiment.*" (Cornélie Falcon, a Donna Anna, the first Rachel in "La Juive" and Valentine in "Les Huguenots," gave her name to the voice type—a dark, powerful dramatic soprano or mezzo-soprano. The first Prince Charming, Blanche Deschamps-Jehin, was a *Falcon*—an Ortrud, an Amneris, a Favorite, and the first Fricka and Dalila at the Opéra. She also created César Franck's "Hulda," an opera that awaits its American pre-



"Relax. I've come for your toaster."

mière.) In 1911-12, the Chicago Opera performed "Cendrillon" in Philadelphia, in Chicago, and at the Met with two famous Mélisandes, Maggie Teyte and Mary Garden, as Cinderella and her Prince. In Ottawa, there were two mezzo-sopranos—two Octavians, as it were: Miss von Stade and Delia Wallis. They made a beautiful pair. Miss von Stade has the smoother, creamier voice; Miss Wallis's has stronger gleams and colors in it. They were contrasted, but they also blended well. Miss von Stade's strength as an actress lies in the way she listens and responds to others. Louis Quilico, in the Fugère role, was not much of an actor, but Miss von Stade made his aria seem eloquent; and the quizzical glance she gave when her stepmother at the very end bustled forward with aplomb to have the last word—"Ma fille! ! Lucette, que j'adore!"—was perfectly achieved. When she was actually singing, Miss von Stade's face and body sometimes became inexpressive; her eyes may have been alert, but poor lighting left them in shadow. Her singing itself was always expressive, clear, delicately shaped in word and in phrase. She who plays Prince Charming, Massenet further specified, should have "*le physique du costume*"—should look well dressed as a youth—and this Miss Wallis certainly does. She has wonderful stage eyes, cheekbones, and bearing. Teyte's Cinderella was possibly more piquant, and perhaps Garden's Prince was more flamboyant; but Miss von Stade's Cinderella was pure and beautiful and good, and utterly charming, and Miss Wallis's Prince was romantic and ardent, and also utterly charming. Their mezzo timbres brought extra intensity yet no heaviness to the music.

"Cinderella" can be a moral tale. Commentators have traced parallels to "King Lear," Joseph and his brethren, and other tales of sibling rivalry. Perrault, in fact, appended two morals to his telling of it: "Beauty is a treasure rare, but *bonne grâce* [charm?] is worth still more . . . for without it one can achieve nothing; with it, everything." Alternatively: "Wit, daring, birth, and good sense are useful advantages, but they won't get you anywhere unless you also have fairy godfathers or fairy godmothers to provide the chance for you to show them." The underlying moral of Rossini's "La Cenerentola," a working from which supernatural elements were banished, is less cynical, more humane; in this version the Prince must show himself worthy of Cinderella before the happy ending can be reached. Massenet's "Cendrillon" traces no evident moral; but, on the other hand, my



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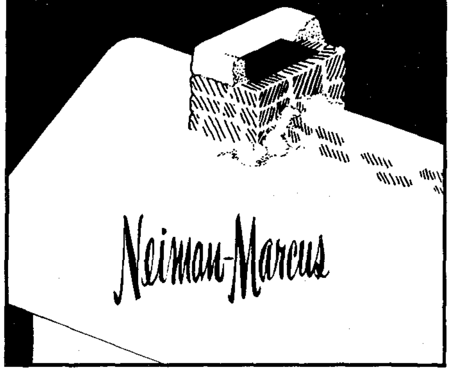

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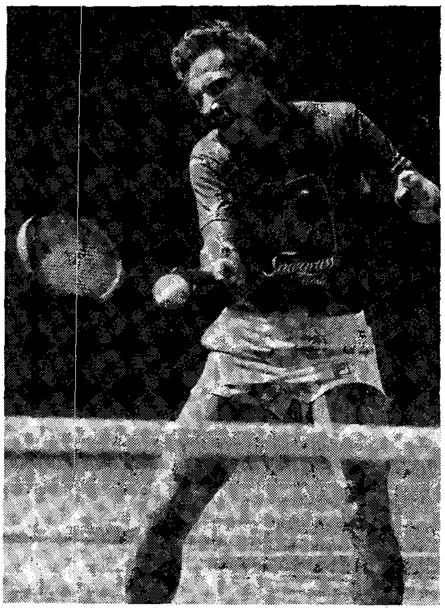
useful French opera guide (bearing the imprimatur of the Bishop of Paris), which assesses operas by their moral worth, assures me that "apart from an allusion to suicide and a slightly sensual dialogue for Cinderella and the Prince beneath the enchanted tree, in Act III, one can impugn no immoral intentions to this agreeable trifle." Not all Massenet's operas escape censure so lightly. "Cendrillon" is not merely decorative. There is something of Louise—a more sensible, more lovable, and, I'd even say, more realistic Louise—about the heroine. The character of her father is drawn with slight but telling strokes. He rings true. So does the aristocratic stepmother. Altogether, the balance of precise human observation, of romance, and of supernatural intervention that is scarcely more than an allegory of the turns real life can take is finely held. Not merely decorative, then; but the work is decorative, too, and as a master of the orchestra Massenet here joins hands with the Tchaikovsky of the ballets, and with Bizet and Berlioz, and he points to Ravel. "Cendrillon" combines the mature honesty of "Don Quichotte," the tenderness of "Le Jongleur," and the high-spirited glitter and fun of "Grisélidis."

The Ottawa staging—scenery by Henry Bardon, costumes by Suzanne Mess—was very pretty, even beautiful, but I didn't feel it was altogether right in style. It wasn't quite elegant or quite "French" enough. It was *comfortable*—Victorian in spirit, an (admittedly exquisite) rendering of high-class British-pantomime décor. Brian Macdonald's direction was fluent but had its odd moments. Cinderella is meant to be a good, industrious, and accomplished little housekeeper—but I'd never let this one near any of my sheets or shirts after seeing what she did with the laundry on the stage. These touches matter: the charm of a fairy tale is that it springs, surprisingly and suddenly, from everyday realistic behavior accurately related. In Act II, for Cinderella's entry to the ball, Massenet takes his cue directly from Perrault:

> The king's son . . . led her into the hall where the company was. And there was a great silence. The dancing stopped, and the violins ceased to play, for everyone was rapt in contemplation of the beauties of the stranger. All that was heard was a confused murmur: "How lovely she is!"

Mr. Macdonald spoiled one of opera's great entries by starting the unaccompanied murmur before Cinderella had appeared. There was a staircase that she could have slowly descended, the cynosure of all eyes; instead, she was dragged round and round the ballroom



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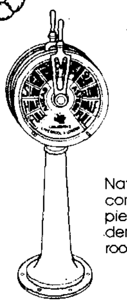

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in a carriage decked with fairy lights. In general, Mr. Macdonald's ideas of court behavior were unconvincing.

Ruth Welting sang the high-lying Fairy Godmother's music, as on the Columbia recording, with soft, limpid charm. Maureen Forrester played the stepmother with great gusto but she overdid things; Mme. de la Haltière is an aristocrat as well as a shrew. She lost her best number: the catchiest tune in the whole opera, accompanying her Act IV aria, was omitted (except for a brief instrumental reprise in the Marche des Princesses before the final scene), and that was a pity. The stepsisters, Gabrielle Lavigne and Michèle Boucher, were an amusing pair, but they had been encouraged to clown at times. Mr. Quilico, I felt on this as on previous occasions, could be an even better Massenet singer if he would study the recordings of Fugère, Vanni-Marcoux, and Maurice Renaud, and learn from them that a smooth, subtle, telling line, built from the words, is more important than impressive sounds.

The opera house in the Center is a big hall, and the high ceiling makes it seem even bigger. The acoustics are good. One can hear what is happening. But it is not as intimate a place as the Opéra-Comique, where in 1899 "Cendrillon" was one of the earliest—and most spectacular—productions of Albert Carré's regime. Mario Bernardi conducted with a good sense of the tenderness, the romance, and the glitter. The orchestral playing is even better in the Columbia recording, conducted by Julius Rudel; but in that set Prince Charming's music is sung an octave too low, by Nicolai Gedda.

THE festival had opened with "Così Fan Tutte." The second production was "The Queen of Spades," a gloss on Tchaikovsky's opera, directed by Václav Kašlík and designed by Josef Svoboda. This was a revival of a 1976 show. The setting throughout was Hermann's cell in the madhouse, where Pushkin ended his tale—but not Tchaikovsky his opera. The walls became transparent, and behind them the scenes of the opera were played as a series of hallucinations. Hermann was allowed out to enter the Countess's bedroom, to join Lisa beside the Petersburg canal, to visit the gaming house. The work became a kind of monodrama for the tenor, with the other performers providing accompaniment, behind a gauze. Hermann, onstage, center stage, and acting all the time, was built into an immense role. It was played with fire and intensity by Jacque Trussel, and was strongly and cleanly sung. His timbre was not the passionate stream of honeyed sweetness that the best Russian tenors produce, but it was admirably, and at times thrillingly, forthright; each vowel (the opera was sung in English translation) was given its distinct color; everything Mr. Trussel did was alive. To this "concept" of the piece were sacrificed the picturesqueness, the charm, the contrasts, the formal structure, and the other characters of Tchaikovsky's opera. Lilian Sukis, a Canadian prima donna of the Munich Opera, made something of Lisa's two arias, even from her subordinate position. Janice Taylor's singing as Pauline was warm and beautiful. Miss Forrester held the house spellbound with the Countess's reminiscences of the old days. Her spectral reappearance to Hermann fell flat, since in this production she had been a spectre all along. Allan Monk was an excellent Tomsky. The score had been cut and here and there rearranged. Franz-Paul Decker's reading of it was sensitive and dramatic. As fancy, how-can-I-make-it-other? opera productions go, this was not one of the very worst. —ANDREW PORTER

• •

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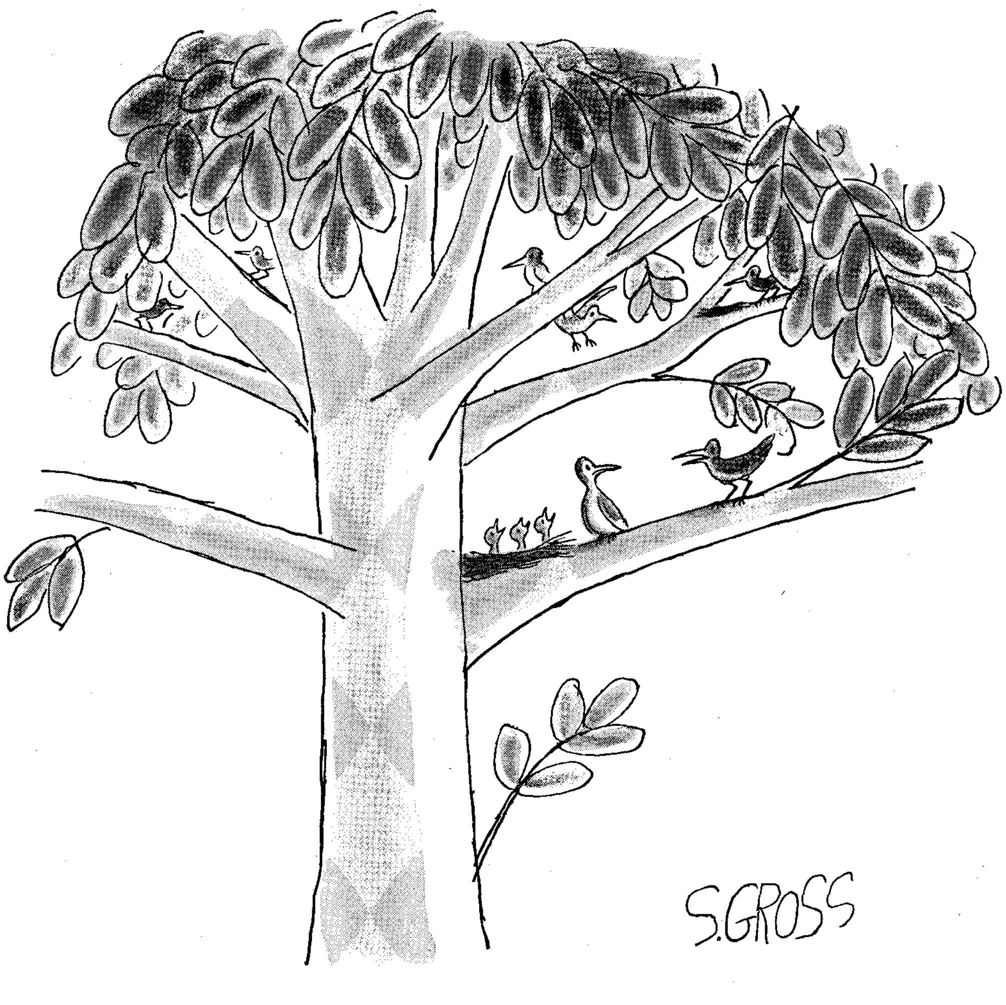
Slouching Towards Bethlehem, Pa.

IN an essay of unforgettable brevity and authority entitled "Walker Evans, Robert Frank and the Landscape of Dissociation," published in *artscanada* in 1974, a professor of English named William Stott compared the photography of Evans and Frank, reading in the "stately populism" of the former an expression of the innocent optimism of the thirties, and in the disdain of the latter the educated despair of the sixties. Of Evans, Stott wrote, "In the lives and appurtenances of working-class and Depression poor, Evans found a beauty of such strength and dignity as to command the respect of anyone with eyes." Frank, in stark contrast, "shows us a land of sullen people, bored, phlegmatic, nasty in their emptiness; a land in subjugation to prefabricated things and pleasures; a land of anomie, where the television set and juke-box have replaced humans as the center of energy in the room." Stott went on to say that "whereas Evans showed his people to be aesthetically respectable, and thus morally worthy, Frank used his people's lack of taste and vigor to condemn them; theirs is a true poverty, a poverty of the spirit." He held up Evans' picture of a corner in a coal miner's shack, showing a rocking chair, a broom, and advertising art tacked to the wall, as evidence of the irrepressible humanism that soared over the poverty and misery of the Depression: "Evans' people, for all their reserve, were not passive before the junk of modern commerce; in a characteristic picture, Evans showed how a West Virginia coal miner used a Rexall poster and a Coca-Cola Santa Claus to give some color and warmth to the cardboard walls of his carefully swept living-room." Opposite this photograph Stott showed Frank's picture of a California diner and pointed out that "in Frank's America, a plastic Santa above a diner counter becomes just one more piece of crud on the wall. The Santa smiles, but here only unreal people—plastic people, like beauty queens and TV hostesses—smile; real people, like the waitress in the diner, have dead eyes and clenched teeth." Stott went on to discuss the stylistic and technical differences between Evans and Frank—the deliberate, craftsmanly formalism of the former and the messy, blurred, tilted, grainy, shooting-on-the-run snapshot style of the latter—as further corroboration of their fundamental ideological incompatibility.



"Have you heard the news? The tree is going co-op."

Last year, a large new collection of Walker Evans' photographs, entitled "Walker Evans: First and Last" (Harper & Row), appeared, and Frank's "The Americans" of 1959, long out of print, was again made available by Aperture. While perusing the two books, with Stott's essay in mind and with a view to collecting fresh instances of, on the one hand, Evans' serene aestheticism and humanism and, on the other, Frank's chaotic nihilism, I found myself becoming aware, with growing perplexity, of *exceptions*, on both sides, to the Stott polarity. The Evans book is not the anthology of grace and order it should have been. It is a book full of chaos and disorder, of ugly clutter and mess, of people with dead eyes, victims and losers crushed by the indifferent machinery of capitalism, inhabitants of a land as spiritually depleted as its soil was physically eroded. The more I looked at it, the more the book appeared to me as a kind of guidebook to a journey through the underworld—a landscape as sterile as the moon's (one of the first pictures in the book is of the Luna amusement park at Coney Island), imagined in terms of a deadly iconography. A ghostly abandoned pool hall on the New York waterfront; a mound of earth that is a child's grave; an automobile graveyard; a street in the rain with identical black cars parked at identical angles, as if mourners at a universal funeral; a row of workers' houses dwarfed by satanic mills; empty streets; empty churches; people walking on the street with the faces of the damned or sitting on the subway in the state of abstraction and isolation that gives a living face the look of sleep and death: man as shade. These are some of the volume's characteristic (and hardly optimistic) images. The pictures in Frank's "The Americans" are "off" in another way. A number of them are as artfully composed and as pictorially conceived as any by Evans. Only a few have the requisite messiness, the blurred tiltedness, the graininess, and many seem more evocative of Evans than divergent from him. They show what Frank has always acknowledged: his heavy debt to Evans.

That the 1978 edition of "The Americans" should reflect the influence of Evans on Frank and underscore the similarities of the two photographers, while the 1959 edition largely stunned the public with its outrageous newness and rawness and unlikeness to anything that had come before, is an instance of a common enough phenomenon. It takes a while for new works of art to settle into the tradition out of which they came. Or, rather, the dust that the difference between the old and the new throws up has to settle before the relative smallness of the difference is perceived and the connection to the past is established. This settling had evidently not yet taken place when Stott wrote his essay. Nor had its corollary process—the alteration of the past by the present, which accounts for the mysterious difference between the Evans anthology of the thirties and the one of the seventies. This process was first detected and described by T. S. Eliot in his 1919 essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent." The well-known passage lays down the principle that

> what happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past.

Accordingly, the arrival of Frank altered the work of Evans; the post-Frank Evans is as different from the pre-Frank Evans as, say, the post-Eliot Marvell is different from the pre-Eliot one. Frank's hellish journey through the America of 1956 was a necessary prologue to the vision of hell that emerges from "Walker Evans: First and Last." In photography, as in literature, the alteration of the past by the present is achieved partly through changed evaluations of works in the artist's œuvre: at different times, different works come into prominence, while others recede. The new Evans collection differs from previous ones largely in its addition of pictures taken by Evans in the sixties and seventies

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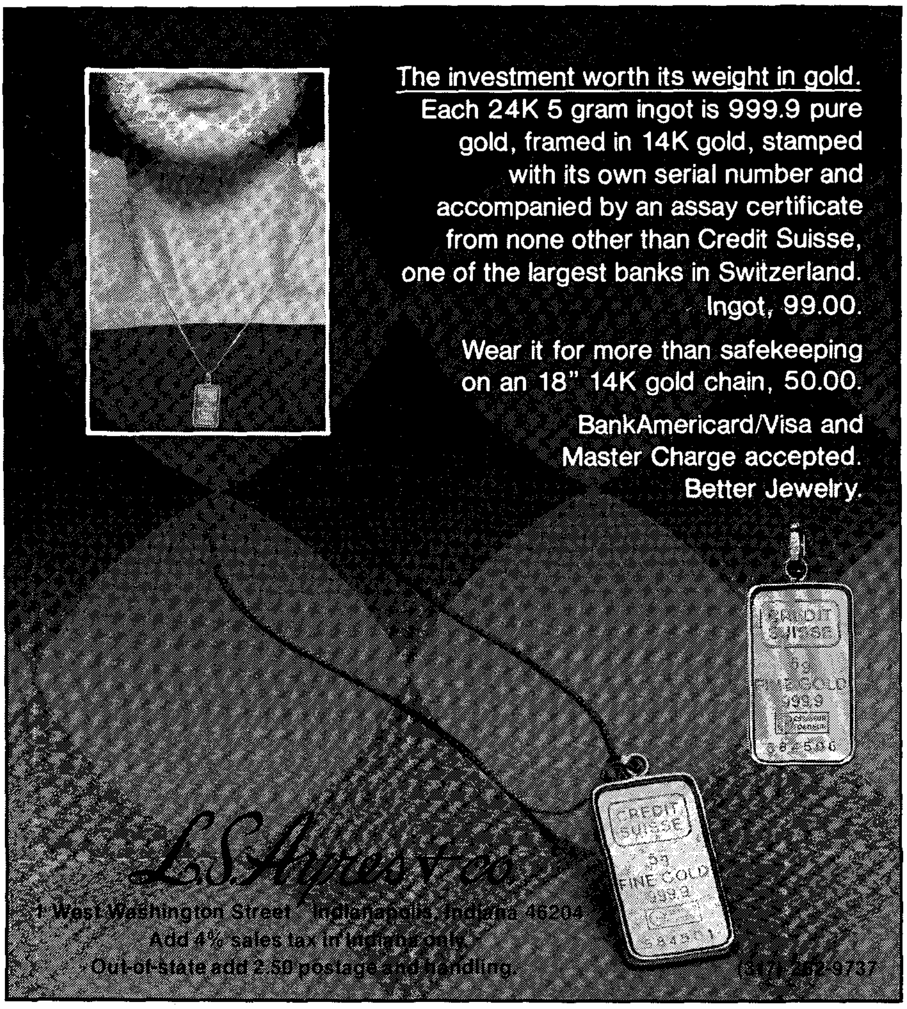

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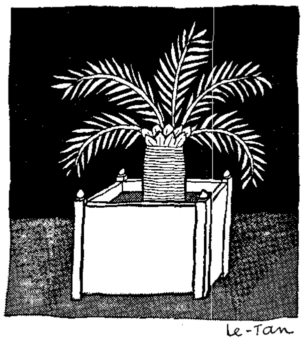
and also of pictures taken in the thirties and forties which pre-Frank judgment had passed over. And the old core of Evans classics is inevitably, if subtly, affected by its new context. Familiar images, like the tenant farmer's wife, the studies of architectural ornament and advertising art, the interior of the West Virginia miner's cabin that so moved Stott, seem to be different pictures. In some cases, they literally are: in the new book, the cabin interior, for example, is a slight variant of the one that Stott published in *artscanada*. Evans was evidently not content to click the shutter and walk away when he made a photograph but would cautiously take the picture several times, to get it exactly right. If you look closely at the Stott version, you will see on the left side, intermixed with boxes and vague shapes, what may be a bit of skirt and arm. This suspicion is confirmed by the version in "Walker Evans: First and Last," which shows that a woman was indeed sitting there, not quite out of the picture; it shows a blurrily moving hand as well as the skirt and arm. Evans evidently took the picture again and discarded the version with the hand as spoiled. (In the 1938 collection of Evans photographs, "American Photographs," published by the Museum of Modern Art, the picture appears cropped to exclude all trace of the woman.) In 1978, however, the makers of the anthology, guided by a different aesthetic and seeing the hand not as a distracting flaw but as an expressive element, dug up the variant. With this addition, and with the exquisitely lucid and detailed printing of the new book, the photograph can no longer be viewed as the apotheosis of the "poor but clean" romance. It becomes a picture not of uplift but of irony. That broom standing against the wall has swept clean, to reveal a piece of linoleum so disgracefully tattered and chewed that it would have been better left hidden under dust, and a floor so grittily rough that one can almost feel the splinters in one's foot; the wall it leans against is a crumbling collage of bits of cardboard and tin nailed together. The central advertising sign shows two smiling young people in caps and gowns, and its message reads "Buy Graduation Gifts Here"—this in a house where the children can scarcely reach grade school. The bit of woman is like a bit of refuse swept into a corner—like all the others of her sort who are swept out of sight in the illusory world of American advertising. The bentwood rocking chair below the advertisements sticks out in its serene vernacular handsomeness—and in its emptiness, both literal (the woman, significantly, isn't sitting in it) and metaphorical. It is an object that doesn't belong in this house. It has washed up here as discrepant objects do in the houses of the poor—discards of the better-off. It is as alien to the reality of this interior as are the smirking graduates in the advertisement.



The picture of the tenant farmer's wife in the new book offers another telling contrast when compared to the version published in Evans' "American Photographs," of 1938. Here, again, a slight variant—a picture taken a moment before or after the other—is involved. The 1938 version shows a young woman of the most delicate, aristocratic beauty, with elegant bones, clear eyes, and smooth white skin, gazing confidently into the camera with a slight smile of humorous indomitability on her lips—a woman who, in her poverty, has the sort of profound beauty that her more fortunate sisters may envy but will seek in vain at their hairdressers' and dressmakers'. The version in "Walker Evans: First and Last" shows an ugly hag, her face covered with lines and wrinkles, her brow furrowed with anxiety, her mouth set in a bitter line, her eyes looking out in the expectation of seeing nothing good. What one feels looking at this portrait is no longer envy but outrage at the conditions that turned a beautiful woman into such a defeated and desexed being—a member of what James Agee, writing in "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" (1939), called "an undefended and appallingly damaged group of human beings." The photograph of the tenant farmer's wife that appears in Agee's book gives the same impression of beauty and indomitability as the one in "American Photographs," even though it comes from the same negative that is used in the 1978 book. The poor printing of forty years ago did a cosmetic job, washing out lines, smoothing the brow, minimizing the damage. The printer of the new book has performed an act of restitution, and his mercilessly scrutinizing prints are consequently more in line with Agee's text than those that appeared with it. This has always been the problem with Agee's book: the pictures and the text don't agree. The text is a howl of anger and anguish over the misery of the sharecroppers' lives. "How can people live like this? How can the rest of us permit it, tolerate it, bear it?" Agee cries. "Don't listen to him," the serene, orderly Walker Evans photographs seem to say. "He exaggerates. He gets carried away. It's not as bad as he says."

In all probability, Walker Evans himself believed nothing of the kind. The disparity between the testimony of his photographs and that of Agee's text comes not out of a disagreement between the two witnesses about what they saw but out of photography's inadequacy as a describer of how things are. The camera is simply not the supple and powerful instrument of description that the pen is. Could a thousand photographs begin to express what the following passage by Agee does?

> There is even in so clean a household as this an odor of pork, of sweat, so subtle it seems to get into the very metal of the cooking-pans beyond any removal of scrubbing, and to sweat itself out of newly washed cups; it is all over the house and all through your skin and clothing at all times, yet as you bring each piece of food to your mouth it is so much more noticeable, if you are not used to it, that a quiet little fight takes place on your palate and in the pit of your stomach; and it seems to be this odor, and a sort of wateriness and discouraged tepidity, which combine to make the food seem unclean, sticky, and sallow with some invisible sort of disease, yet this is the odor and consistency and temper and these are true tastes of home; I know this even of myself; and much as my reflexes are twitching in refusal of each mouthful a true homesick and simple fondness for it has so strong hold of me that in fact there is no fight to speak of and no faking of enjoyment at all. And even later, knowing well enough of such food what an insult it is to those who must spend their lives eating it, and who like it well enough, and when I am sick with it, I have also fondness for it, and when this fails, a funny kind of self-scorning determination that I shall eat for a few weeks what a million people spend their lives eating, and feel that whatever discomfort it brings me is little enough and willingly taken on, in the scale of all it could take to even us up.

OUT of some obscure mistrust (it may be) of the camera's capacity for telling the whole truth, the photographer Chauncey Hare has been moved to preface a collection of his remarkable photographs, "Interior America" (Aperture), with a starkly intimate account of his own life. This preface—in its sadness, bleakness, and flatness of emotional tone—puts one in mind of the final chapters of "The Way of All Flesh." Like Ernest Pontifex's, Hare's history is one of almost unrelieved pathos. Unlike Ernest, who was bloodied and bowed by Victorian hypocrisy, Hare sees himself as the victim of the less overtly cruel but just as deadly modern disorder of alienation. He was born in 1934 in Niagara Falls, the son of an engineer and a depressive mother who would sometimes lock herself in her room for days. After a lonely childhood ("I was undersized, poor in sports, but always at the top of my class"), he entered the Columbia University School of Engineering, because "it just never occurred to me—growing up in that environment—that I would not be an engineer." While at Columbia, he met a quiet young Austrian girl named Gertrude. Although, Hare writes, "Gertrude knew very little English when we met [and] I had only a smattering of German . . . it made little difference, because we did not talk very much." Hare confides that "I never exactly planned to marry Gertrude," but he drifted into marriage as he had drifted into engineering. After graduation, he went to work for the Standard Oil refinery in Richmond, California, where he stayed for twenty years, "discontented from the first day." The technical part of the work agreed with Hare well enough; "the rub was the human side of the refinery—if it could be called that." What Hare calls "the corporate authoritarian ethos" contaminated all relationships between employees at the refinery. In 1958, out of a need for "some kind of escape," Hare bought a camera, and by 1962 he was serious enough about photography to invest in a large view camera. He sees the purchase of the view camera as a symbolic act; it brought into the open the conflict between his hated work at the refinery and his new love, photography. The conflict led to a neurotic symptom: he began to vomit in the mornings. In 1964, he had a show at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, and in 1969 he received a Guggenheim grant, enabling him to take a year's leave of absence from the refinery, during which he took many of the pictures of interiors on which his current reputation is based. The vomiting ceased during the Guggenheim year. Meanwhile, his marriage was foundering. Hare writes of "a similarity between my marriage and my father's relationship to my mother—in which the woman was a shadowy, almost insignificant partner," and continues, "Through photography, I had embarked on an exploration of myself, but it was not something I

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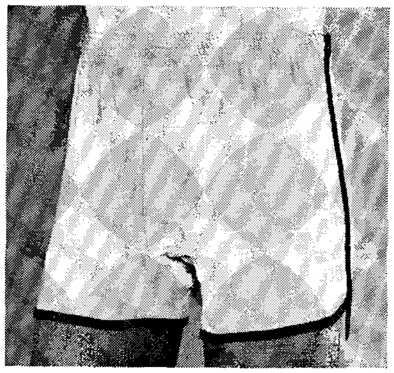

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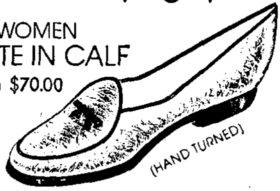

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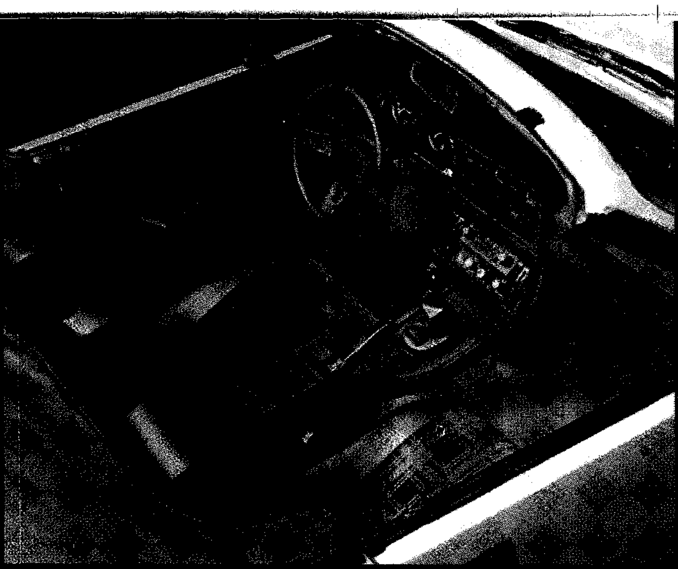
was able to share with Gertrude. We seldom spoke to one another. Even our most intimate moments were less than satisfactory compromises between her instinctive opposition to birth control and my reluctance to have a child." However, in 1965 a son was born, of whom Hare chillingly writes, "He must have sensed that he wasn't wanted at first: he didn't talk for the first six years." In 1975, Hare and Gertrude were divorced, and in 1976 he left the refinery for good, to devote himself to photography full time. In a postscript to the preface, he writes, "I have been away from engineering for two years and find that the photography world is not unlike the corporate situation from which I narrowly escaped."

In "Interior America," Hare enters the homes that Frank sped by when taking the pictures for "The Americans." Hare's photographs are not surprising—they are only devastating. The shock of recognition makes one wince as one turns the pages. He shows us to ourselves as perhaps no other documentary photographer has ever done. The significant word here is "us." Other documentary photographs are about "them"—are taken by photographers working like anthropologists observing an alien culture. Frank's pictures, for example, shimmer with a Nabokovian innocence and irony; they work, because Frank's position is authentic—he *is* someone from another culture (or, at any rate, he was when he took the pictures)—while those of Frank's American imitators, who have no business looking at things as if for the first time, merely seem contemptuous. Hare's vision is the knowing and intimate, loving and hating vision of the insider; the quality of "home" that Agee identified in the awful/wonderful food is present in Hare's pictures, and his pictures hurt because they *strike* home: they are not about people different from us—people with worse taste, worse habits, worse values (though God knows the book does not lack for reproductions of "The Last Supper" on flocked felt, plastic flowers, "modernistic" clocks, Mediterranean furniture, pastel drawings of white horses). Hare's intention is not to chastise some but to implicate all. In thinking about how he achieves universality with his almost obsessively particularized photographs, I was reminded of a passage in a letter once written to me by the historian John Kouwenhoven, gently and brilliantly correcting a misconception of mine in an essay published here:

> When we disagree, we do so because we are looking at different aspects of the same thing. I realized this when I thought about your final statement: that the camera is no better equipped than the eye to tell us what we want to know about the world. That seems to me absolutely right. But is it not also so that the camera is better equipped than the eye to tell us what we do not want to know? Our eyes are looking for what we want to know; the camera can be aimed in the direction whence we think that information may come. But left to itself it cannot (as the eye can) limit its attention. It cannot help showing us what we have no interest in seeing.

We have all had the experience of being appalled by the Polaroid or Instamatic snapshots that someone has taken at a party, in which not only we ourselves look terrible but our surroundings do, too. The pleasant and sometimes even expensively furnished room we're sitting in has been transformed into a hideous and cheap-looking mess of lamp cords, wall outlets, TV antennas, cigarette brand names, creased upholstery, dirty plates and glasses, spindly table legs. "What we do not want to know"—and what our Kodacolor snapshots delight in telling us—is that we are all the same. Under the camera's bland, democratic gaze, Astoria and Sutton Place are all but indistinguishable. The electric cord binds us all together; at our most individual we appear as but slightly different brands of consumer.

Hare takes the camera's capacity for aimless vision as his starting point and works with it somewhat the way a psychoanalyst works with free association. He enters the universe of the undesired detail and adopts an expectant attitude, waiting for the cluttered surface to crack and yield to interpretation. Hare's own view of his art, though somewhat mystical, is to the point. "A quality of magic came into existence early in the first Guggenheim," he writes. "Things began to happen in an uncanny way. . . . To cite an example, I was in a mission flophouse in Chester, Pennsylvania. I had found the photograph, the camera and light were primed—yet I just couldn't take the picture. Suddenly a man walked out of a door I didn't even know was there and came toward me. I shot off the strobe light. He glared at me and said, 'You sonofabitch,' and walked on by. That was the picture I was there for. That, to me, is magic." That, to others, is everyday creativity—is Cartier-Bresson's aliveness to the "decisive moment," is Robert Frost's delight in "the surprise of remembering something I didn't know



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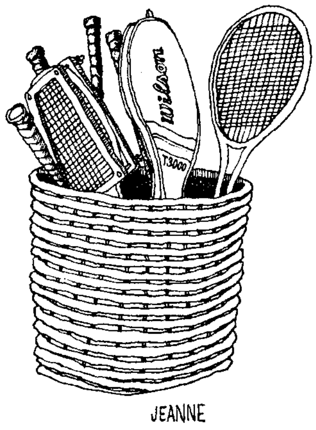
I knew." The picture that Hare cites does indeed owe its existence as a photograph to the *deus ex machina* of the glaring man. The picture shows a dormitory of neatly made metal cots, with various articles of clothing hanging from wire hangers on nails in the walls, toilet articles arranged on bedside tables, towels draped on bedsteads, cupboards with miscellaneous cardboard boxes and vague, forgotten junk on top of them, and, on one of the cots, a small middle-aged man wearing a checked shirt like one of those on the hangers; he is lying on his back and reading, with the grim attention of someone studying "Principia Mathematica," a "Jughead" comic book. To the left of him, down the aisle between the rows of beds, comes a tall, fat man wearing a tight overblouse and baggy cotton pants and carrying a small, mysterious package in his left hand—a type one recognizes and watches out for, a sullen bully. The "meaning" of the picture can't be nailed down literally, but it has something to do with—emasculation? One should not bear down on it too heavily (but remember *where* the scene is set).

Hare's pictures have Aristotelian action. A few other photographers of the "snapshot school" have taken pictures with this property—Garry Winogrand, conspicuously—but most snap the shutter too early, before the action begins, before the secret door opens and yields the photograph. A picture taken in Wheeling, West Virginia, of a family watching TV—this is its "action"—is one of the most disturbing images in the book. It shows a man and a woman of lanky build sitting in identical black leather or plastic armchairs, with their long legs stretched out in front of them, and on the lap of each is a small child. All four sit staring at the offstage TV screen as if in a trance. They sit oblivious of and surrounded by scores of little objects displayed on small tables and shelves and étagères: doilies, ceramic boxes, plastic flowers, decorative ashtrays, miniature figurines, framed photographs, small hurricane lamps. On the wall behind them hangs a large, gloomy work of popular landscape art, ornately framed. The floor is covered with a carpet whose floral pattern, robbed of color, takes on the pitted appearance of the surface of the moon.



The scene has the atmosphere of a horror movie. The father is the most powerfully transfixed of the four: his mouth is agape, his eyes are glazed, he looks exhausted and depleted, his shirt is unbuttoned to show his undershirt. One notices that the shirt is torn at the elbow and that the trousers are dirty, and one infers that the man has just come home from work. To put crudely what Hare expresses metaphorically, a member of the alienated work force comes home and permits television to further alienate him from his wife and children. In the discrepancy between the family's physical closeness and its spiritual isolation lies the true horror of the photograph.

One turns the page to find an even more disturbing image. This picture, taken in Berkeley, California, shows a baby in an old-fashioned wicker crib next to a window that looks out on a concrete balcony. On the balcony one can see a part of a mangy dog and a piece of hose, and, beyond, a bush, a Volkswagen, a trailer truck; receding into the distance are various pieces of industrial detritus of an undefined sort. The baby is lying on his back and sucking on a bottle. This photograph points up perhaps more distinctly than any other the quality of a dream that Hare's "action" partakes of, the sense of latent meaning that it quivers with. Everything stands for something else. The window is a glimpse into the mind of the abandoned baby. The view of ugliness and chaos is an objective correlative of a child's feelings of loneliness and confused miserableness when his mother leaves him. The magic here is that of memory. Something must have stirred in Hare's recollection when he came upon the scene (undoubtedly he remembered his own feelings of abandonment when he was little and his mother withdrew from him into depression), and he recognized his metaphor.

Not all the pictures in "Interior America" are as poignant and disturbing as these. Alienation has its lighter side in a picture set in a kitchen in Richmond, California. Words like "spotlessly clean" and "sparkling white" come to mind as one looks from the gleaming surface of the icebox to the shining chrome legs of the modernistic breakfast table and chairs to the well-

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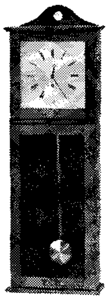

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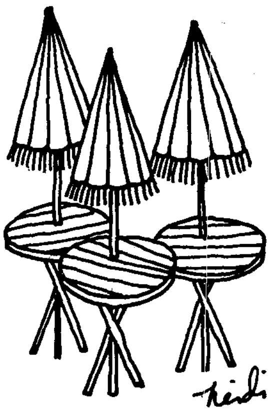
groomed, smiling blond housewife, dressed in a sleeveless black minidress and black boots, who sits at the table with one arm around a sparkling and spotless baby and the other extended toward a large tabby cat parked on the table. In the foreground, on a bureau, stands a large box of Purina Gravy Dinner, illustrated with another cat. Pasted on the wall over the table is a reproduction of van Gogh's "Sunflowers." What is real? Art or Life or Gravy Dinner? One looks at this picture for a long time and never quite unravels its secret conundrum.



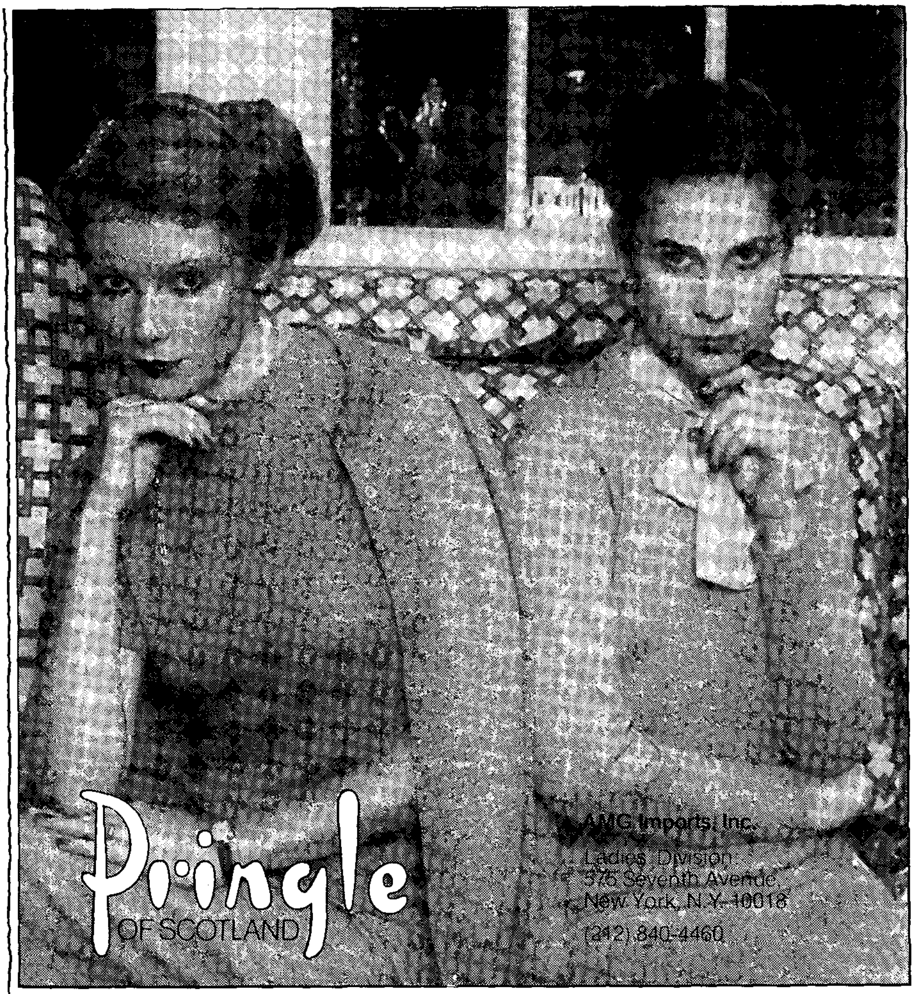
In a similar vein of comedy and mystery is a picture of a white frame house on Interstate 80 in California. A low clothesline in front of the house is strung with garish machine-art tapestries—one of a bullfighter in Toledo, one of horses in a pasture, one of peacocks, and a fourth of a stag and mountains. Signs are hopefully nailed all over the house saying "Open" and "Come In." What gives the photograph its special, Dadaist bizarreness is the fact that in the distance behind the stag tapestry some mountains are visible, so that for an instant one almost thinks that the stag is real; in the next instant one delights in the horrid incongruity of the fake stag (and horses and peacocks and bullfighter) in the real outdoors.

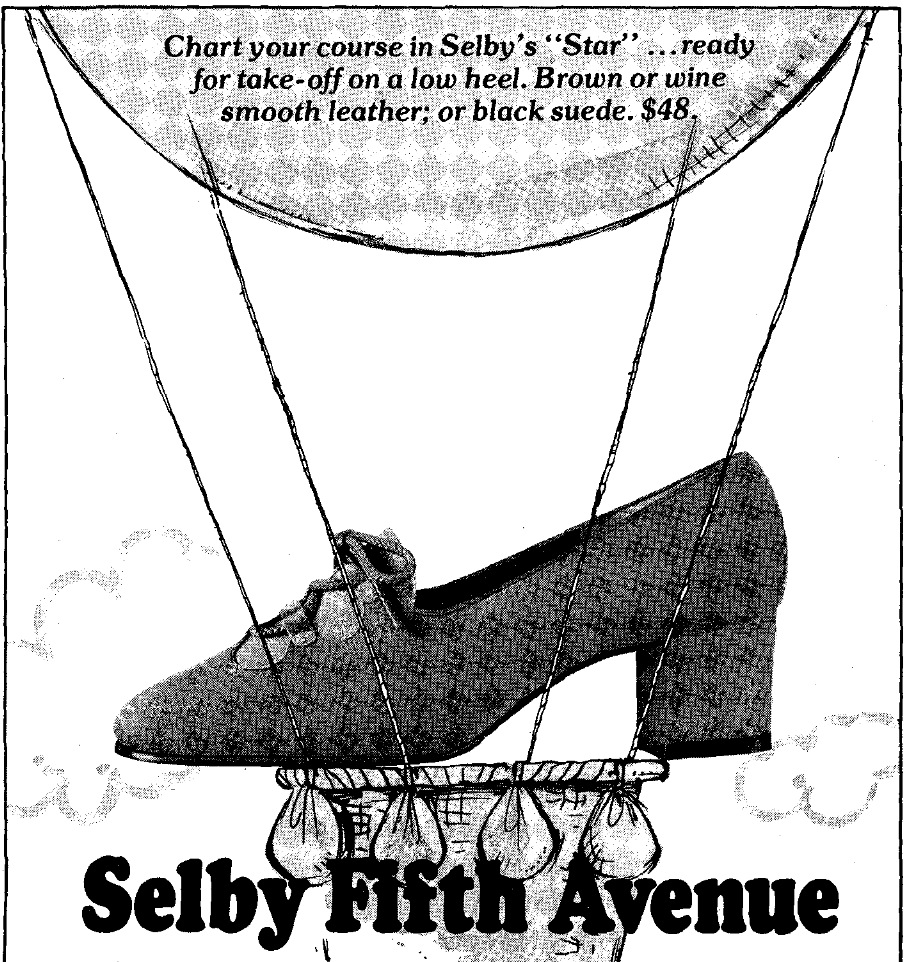
The disparity between human and photographic vision is mordantly stated in a picture of an attractive young couple and their two small children in their kitchen, confidently smiling at the photographer, like people posing for their picture in a studio. Would they be smiling as confidently if they saw what we see: an open toilet through the door; a hulking water tank next to them, with a coffee can perched on it; an open can of grease on a shelf above the stove; a meaningless meander of wiring on the wall? The art of the portrait, a picture like this teaches, is the art of the Potemkin village.

One of the most powerful and emotional, though least showy, images in the book is that of an older working-class couple in their home in Sacramento Valley, California—a picture that, in perverse refutation of what I said above about photography's limitations, is in its way as evocative as the writing of Agee. Hare has somehow got the smells of the place into his photograph—the smell of the kerosene stove in the left background and of the stout elderly woman seated in the right foreground, who is wearing an apron over a sleeveless housedress, whose white hair is pulled back, who wears glasses, whose forearms are fat and tanned. One knows this old lady. One knows her faint, neither unpleasant nor pleasant odor—the odor of real life—and one knows the slow-moving, deliberate way she walks and the slightly-hard-of-hearing way she will listen to you and slowly, skeptically nod her head. Her husband sits by the stove with a pensive German shepherd tucked under his arm. He wears overalls and work boots; he is thinner and younger-looking than his wife. (The artificial chronological disparity between working-class wives and husbands is another recognition.) The room in which the couple sit is a benignly disorderly collection of utilitarian and homey decorative objects—china and bibelots on shelves, piles of papers and magazines, a metal tackle box, a birdcage, a never used set of silver spoons, ruffled white gauze curtains, a wall calendar. The man and woman and dog gaze in different directions, each in a moment of reverie, far away from "the things of this world" and yet in the midst of them, grounded by them, and (for once) not alienated because of them.

Like Frank's pictures when they first appeared, Hare's pictures are more striking for their difference from their predecessors than for their connectedness to them. And yet in two pictures in "Interior America" Hare himself looks backward, openly taking as his *données* a classic work by Russell Lee and one by Walker Evans. The Lee work is the wonderful 1939 photograph that appears on the cover of his new collection, "Russell Lee Photographer" (Morgan & Morgan), of the elderly couple in Hidalgo County, Texas, sitting in respectful symmetry around their magnificent floor-model radio of Aztec Modern design, she sewing and he leafing through a magazine. Over the enormous radio (which had taken the place of the hearth in 1939, with people warming themselves around its songs and comedies and romances) hangs a machine-art tapestry printed on black cloth and depicting a scene from a French rococo court, with aristocrats in powdered wigs graciously gathered about a harpsichord. The stout, swarthy American woman's head is covered with a black hairnet, to keep her pincurls in place, and her stockingless feet are comfortably encased in disreputable laceless shoes. The husband's right sock has an enormous hole at the ankle, about which he is equally unconcerned. This picture's life—its "action"—comes out of the contrast between Art Deco and life plain (and homely and poor), but its irony is gentle and good-humored. (Indeed, Stott's characterization of warmhearted humanism and optimism applies better to Russell Lee than to Evans.) The irony of the Hare version of this scene, taken in Steubenville, Ohio, in 1971, is bitter and unforgiving. It shows a couple in the same symmetrical arrangement around another domestic shrine—a marble fireplace of the most ludicrously elaborate ornateness, which continues rising upward, with carved display cases and shelves on which candelabras and figurines and bric-a-brac daintily sit, long after other fireplaces have subsided; below, it is fitted with a fancy brass grate in which, obviously, nothing so crass as a log has ever reposed. We are in affluent America now, and the couple are a different breed from the pair in the Russell Lee picture. He is wearing a white jacket and a dark tie, and dark trousers with a sharp crease, and good shoes; a tall man in his sixties with bland good looks, he is gazing at the photographer with the slightly fixed smile of a corporation executive in a Bachrach photograph. She is a plump woman of the same age, wearing a bridge-luncheon linen dress and white pumps; she has a vague, fuzzy look about her, and seems to have fallen asleep during the sitting. (People discovered sleeping in living rooms is one of the leitmotivs of "Interior America," as if in paraphrase of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's line "Live? Our TV personalities will do that for us.") On a pedestal table beside the nodding woman is the ubiquitous TV set. The well-heeled worshippers at the empty altar have lost the companionableness of the impoverished Russell Lee pair: they look unconnected and dissociated. The Russell Lee picture was taken at a distance that put the people in a natural relationship to their background; in the Hare version, the photographer has stepped far back, so that the couple are dwarfed by their large, draperied windows and by the fireplace, and further diminished and dematerialized by the distortion of the wide-angle lens that Hare favors in his interior photography.

The original of Hare's second *hom-*

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mage is Walker Evans' 1936 photograph of a street on a hill in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. There is a graveyard in the foreground (from within which the picture is taken), and as the camera sweeps down the long, sloping street it quietly and powerfully evokes all such mill towns that we have driven through, with their rows of shabby frame houses, and their stillness and their decency in spite of poverty and because of mortality. "Death destroys a man: the idea of death saves him," E. M. Forster wrote and this elegiac picture intimates. Hare returned to the same street in 1972, and also took his picture from within the graveyard, though at a spot a bit uphill from where Evans stood, so that in the foreground a memorial angel comes into view with bowed head and an arm extended toward the street in benediction and farewell. Behind the row houses (which are unchanged), a big, innocuously ugly multistory modern building has sprung up in the place of the mills that used to be there. (Another version of the Walker Evans picture shows them more prominently.) In a sense, Hare's picture is an "improvement" on Evans'—his placement of the angel as a foreground figure strengthens the composition. But the big modern building invades the street's stillness, and mocks the row houses as anachronisms, and is what the picture is about—the menacingly bland reality that the angel (with Hare) bows her head before.

These "derivative" pictures give clues to but do not answer the question of how Hare will settle into the tradition of Evans and Frank, which spawned him and which he, in turn, will transform. It is too early to tell about Hare's place in photography, but it is still possible to get gooseflesh from his photographs. —JANET MALCOLM

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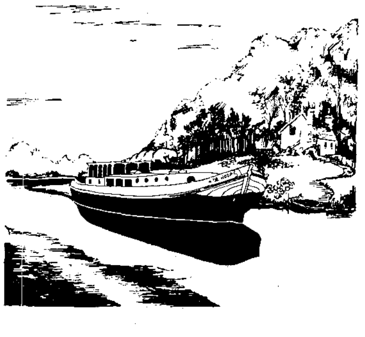

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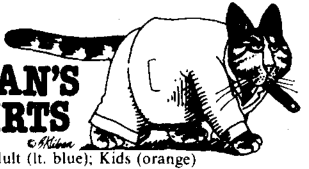

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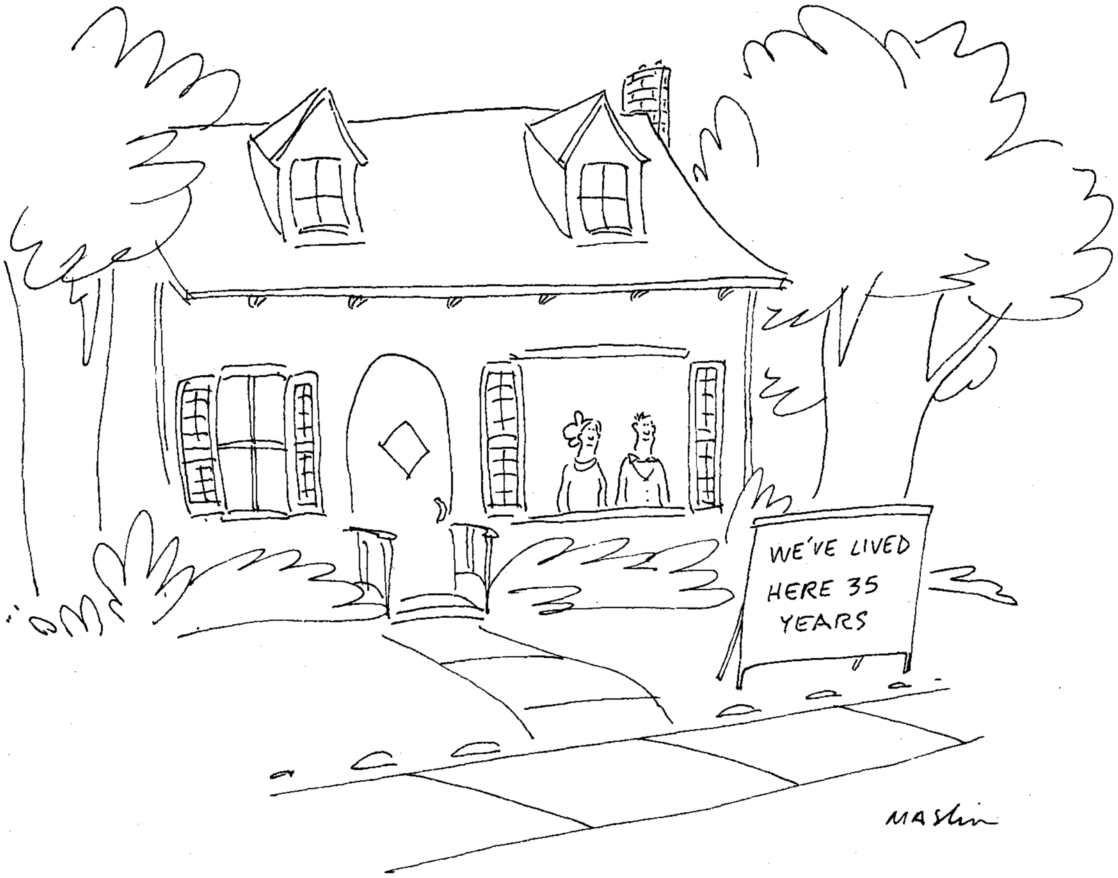
Kylián's Way

IT'S not often that a choreographer can make audiences sit up and forward in their seats and watch the stage with shining eyes. I didn't find as much to watch in the ballets of Jiří Kylián as I did in his demonstrative audiences. It was a spectacle of enjoyment that had something self-conscious about it, as if people were watching themselves watch Kylián and being doubly tickled: not only was Kylián wonderful but they were, too, for responding to him. Kylián, the thirty-two-year-old artistic director of the Netherlands Dance Theatre, was making his New York début with eight ballets. A ninth, "Return to the Strange Land," as slickly confident but not as ambitious as some of those in the Netherlands repertory, had been given a few weeks before by the Stuttgart Ballet at the Met, and its reception had been ecstatic. The press had already turned Kylián into a conqueror, but the audiences who attended his company's two-week season at the City Center weren't just bowing down on cue. I think the reason they could hug themselves in his presence was that they were genuinely stimulated by what they saw and relieved not to be reacting to a critical hype. One might interpret the reception of the company as the return of feeling, yet the feeling was not without a disturbing element. The people who adored Kylián didn't seem to want just to applaud good work; they wanted to celebrate their sense of personal gratification. The applause was peppered with those falsetto woofs that seem to be taking the place of bravos. Why should the sound of people going into a tizzy be changing in this way? Is it another mark of the Me generation? Bravos, olés—all the traditional audience vocables—say, "*You* were wonderful;" they're directed to the performer. These wordless woofs say, "*I'm* wiped out."

Kylián, born in Czechoslovakia, studied Graham-style modern dance in Prague and ballet in London. He joined the Stuttgart Ballet and worked under John Cranko. Four years ago, he became resident choreographer of the Netherlands company, which had an eclectic modern repertory of European and American choreography. As I recall that company from its previous American tours, it moved on an identifiable classical-ballet base and had ranking soloists. Kylián has transformed it into a welded ensemble, an instrument as responsive to his idiomatic personal style as Eliot Feld's and Paul Taylor's companies are to the personal styles of Feld and Taylor. There are no soloists—indeed, there are no solos. Kylián's smallest unit of expression is the duet, and he prefers his duets doubled. A duet that is not doubled is as likely to be a double solo as a standard pas de deux. These devices widen the magnetic field of the action at the same time that they insure anonymity. You watch nothing for its singularity, everything for its duplicatable speed, shape, and finish. Though the company is not large, it seems to be a marvel of universal conditioning, every dancer formed inside the same bubble and impelled by the same breath. And the other things one notices are in line with this impression—the tiny vocabulary of steps, the repetitious patterning, the men's and women's roles evened by unisex choreography. The Netherlands makes a fetish of impersonality, but so do many American modern-dance companies. What interested me was the extent to which the company's blank, impersonal, controlled look became expressive in Kylián's hands and affecting to his audiences. I'm speaking now of his all-dance ballets, the most powerful of which—"Sinfonietta," "Symphony of Psalms," "Glagolitic Mass"—accounted for the success of the whole season. The non-dance ballets were parables of modern life in which impersonality is simply a reflection of moral and social chaos. Everyone must have seen at least one of these bric-a-brackish happening-ballets by now, done by other choreographers. "Children's Games," a Kylián version of that white asylum where people move slowly and portentously, crawl around in cages, try to build something, fight, make love, and are all the while pursued by death figures, seemed to take in every influence, from Anna Sokolow and Alwin Nikolais to Robert Wilson and Kei Takei. It even threw a few of Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" into the noise-band soundtrack. Against this vision of clutter and noise and rebuke, the clean, smooth dance shapes of "Glagolitic Mass" were like a balm, wiping away the sins of the world with a few incantatory passes through space. The faceless crowd reappeared in redeemed form. I don't think I'm making too much of the juxtaposition.

Kylián's art, modelled on the trim,



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organic shapes of so much American dance, is very differently motivated. Where most American dance is nontendentious in its aesthetic choices, American-derived European dance is not only tendentious but specific. The few steps he uses are "strong," "gutsy" steps, chosen for their impulsive, urgent look. A Grahamish rond-de-jambe cross step that keeps pulling the body off its center is invariably the takeoff for the careering flight of the Kylián dancer. A typical sequence will go cross step, jump, cross step, jump-jump. And there are signature dances as well. A favorite form of pas de trois is the woman pulled and dragged on a steeplechase course between two men. It stands for rape, for exaltation, for fun; presumably, it's the music that determines the mood. Kylián likes liturgical music; it's easy to see why the most common adjective his admirers use is "exultant." The word attaches itself to all the runs and rushes and bucking leaps and up-and-away lifts.

But not all of Kylián's movement is captioned. Like that other choreographer-prophet Maurice Béjart, Kylián likes occasionally to preach sermons of ambivalence. Although he reintroduces the easy emotional correlatives that most advanced American choreographers have sought to avoid for the last thirty years, he doesn't make quite the suggestive references one might expect to the texts of Stravinsky's psalms or Janáček's vernacular folk Mass. I don't mean that there aren't penitential postures in the Stravinsky and pietàs in the Janáček and cruciform lifts in both; Kylián deals freely in the nondenominational religiosity of expressionistic modern dance. But one sees these gestures primarily as token allusions to the nature of the experience that is taking place in the music, not as part of any parallel to that experience which is taking place in the dance. Forget that we really don't need to see a dance parallel; would it be worse than the cheerful tastelessness that uses psalms—*these* psalms, especially—or Masses as neutral soundtracks for dance fantasies? Which is worse—clunky José Limón-style piety (see his setting of Kodály's Missa Brevis) or Kylián's ambivalent theatrics? One of Kylián's most forceful passages of choreography comes at the end of his staging of "Symphony of Psalms," where Stravinsky has set words of praise and jubilation glowing to contemplative, slow-moving harmonies. Kylián's response is a protracted view of his dancers with their backs to the audience inching their way upstage into a gulf of blackness. Is it distractingly effective or effectively distracting? If

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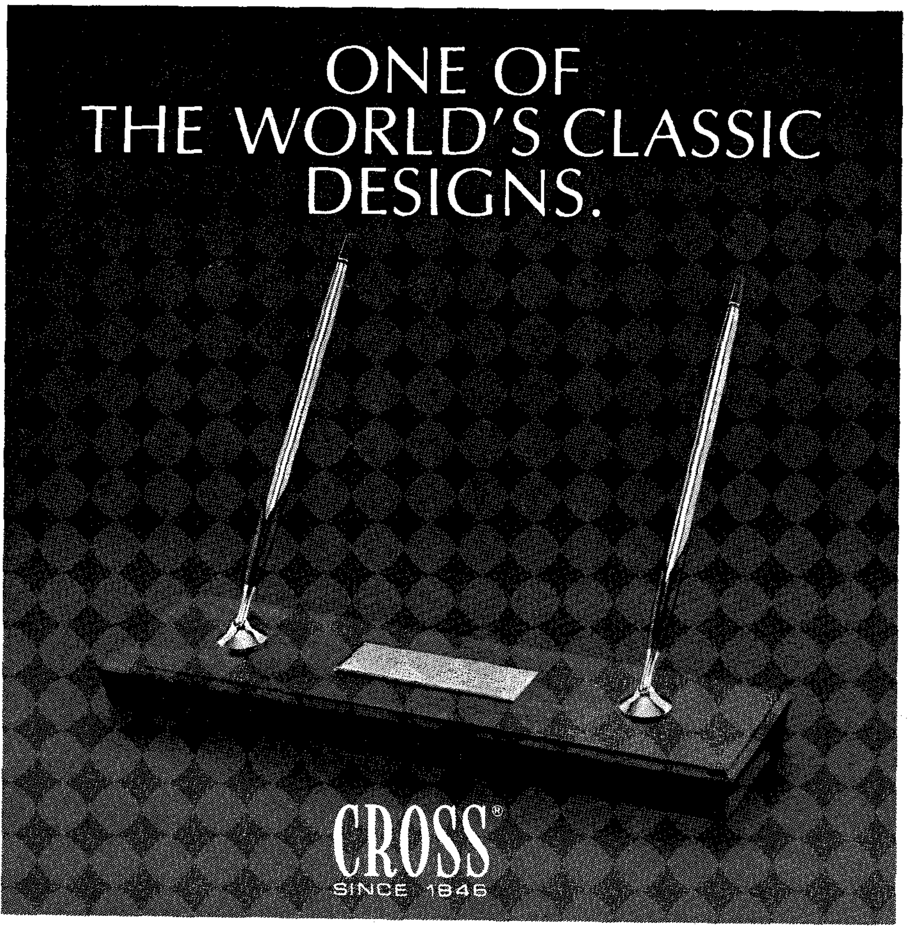
any words fill our minds, they're more likely to be Eliot's despairing parody of Milton—"O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark"—than the words we are actually hearing: "*Omnis spiritus laudat Dominum*" ("Every spirit praises the Lord"). Is it that Kylián doesn't understand any kind of exultation but the leaping-up kind? More likely, it's that he understands how to flavor the juicy feeling we long for with a little of the modern skepticism we can respect.

The décor of the Stravinsky ballet is a wall of Oriental carpets hanging in layers, as in a showroom. The wall dissolves into darkness at the end. We understand that the carpets are "unrelated," as in a Merce Cunningham décor, yet when they dissolve at the same moment the choreography is giving us its "wrong" response to the music, we may feel that we're getting a statement about Kylián's uncertainty as an artist. Ambivalence, skepticism, uncertainty: they're practically a summation of the situational aesthetics that have guided the Netherlands Dance Theatre. Although the carpet décor is by an American, William Katz, it has the same enigmatic menace as all those coolly disengaged backdrops by the Dutch master of the form, Jean-Paul Vroom, and by other Dutch artists. The sensibility of the Dutch loads Cunningham's simple idea of disassociation with intimations of anxiety and estrangement. Vroom's art is familiar to us from the ballets of Hans van Manen, one of the original members of the Netherlands company. Kylián's choreography echoes or extends many of van Manen's devices, and he also shares with van Manen an attachment to heavy concert-hall scores—music of profundity and of questionable suitability for dance. In the thirties and forties, Massine made vaguely programmatic ballets about Man and Fate to music by Brahms, Shostakovich, and Beethoven. The dominant school of European choreography, which was fomented by the Dutch and by the German-based Cranko and maintained by such practitioners as Jiří Kylián and John Neumeier, has tried for twenty years to match big-scale, Massine-style significance to choreography that is as musically responsible and coherent as Balanchine's—a case of wanting to eat your cake and cut your calories, too, and a task made insuperably difficult if, like Cranko and Neumeier, you were unmusical to begin with. I don't think Kylián has succeeded where the others have failed, but I think he has succeeded in finding a point of kinetic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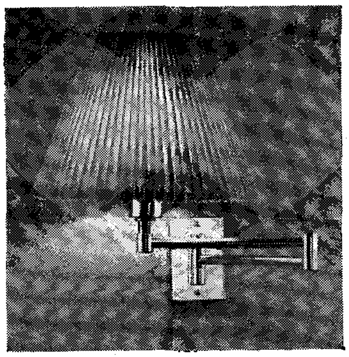

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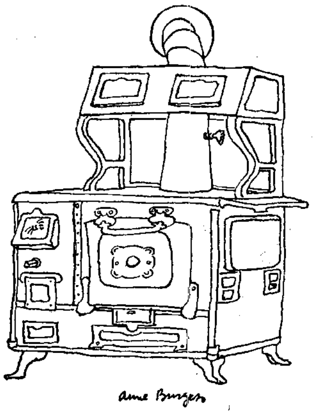
union between music and dance and building something that looks like a ballet upon that point. Van Manen belongs to the old school of music visualization, and his visualizing has always struck me as static. The sole van Manen ballet in the Netherlands repertory this season, "Songs Without Words," has the kind of anecdotal relation to the music which in Kylián becomes a series of polished kinetic links. It's as if Kylián had found a paraphrase in movement which distills anecdotal meaning and makes the music move. While I wouldn't have chosen the untypically modest "Songs Without Words" to illustrate van Manen's connection to Kylián, no ballet could better illustrate Kylián's connection to the man I have been wanting to mention all through this article—Jerome Robbins.

Set to selections from Mendelssohn's piano suite, and with a larky cast of eight, "Songs Without Words" appears closely modelled on "Dances at a Gathering." But van Manen can't make up his mind how much anecdote the music will bear; the choreography is uneasy and musically arbitrary. Robbins, as we know, whips right through the dilemma; he establishes at the outset something that might be called anecdotal rhythm. Its impetus comes from feelings, situations, and moods that Robbins has heard in the music, and you can follow it whether you hear what Robbins has heard or not. The motive may be an anecdote, but the impetus is free. This is Robbins' main resource as a choreographer. It is not, compared with Balanchine's main resource, a pure instinct for rhythm; it's a narrative instinct. Compared with van Manen's main resource, though, it's very pure. And Kylián has understood it. I wouldn't call his kinetic paraphrases of musical sounds and of emotions "under" the sounds *rhythm*, precisely, but whatever sort of rhythmic parody Kylián has devised seems to have come into being in between "Transfigured Night" (1975), a heavy, four-square treatment of Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," and "Sinfonietta," to Janáček (1978), and to have been developed in "Symphony of Psalms" (1978), which contains a few passages of homage to the Robbins of "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." Whether it can be developed further, Kylián has not yet shown. Is it Robbins or Stravinsky whom he salutes in his opening tableau straight out of "Les Noces"? Stravinsky's rhythm seems to have dictated a subtlety one doesn't find elsewhere in Kylián's work. For the most part, Kylián's rhythm is cadential, and that may be why I can't feel it as dance rhythm. Dance rhythm implies momentum, an elastic continuity. Kylián uses a sharp cadence that keeps falling back on itself and repeating. The sensation of force is additive rather than cumulative. "Glagolitic Mass" is a series of dances; one or two of them start out on irregular counts, but before long they've become caught in strings of reflexive ongoing cadences. And it makes no difference whether two or twelve dancers are onstage; there is no change in pressure or scale. Each dance starts at zero and gallops right up to the level of the previous one. Kylián, like so many choreographers, thinks to hold our interest by keeping the shapes as large and open as possible. But he doesn't set "large" and "open" against anything that might make us appreciate those choices as dance values. If one were to arrange dynamic options in terms of contrasting pairs—say, big/small, heavy/light, hard/soft—Kylián would most of the time choose Column A, seldom Column B, never a little of both. Big/light and heavy/soft are beyond him. But then they're beyond most choreographers, American or European.



Kylián reminds me of many people. He uses a tiny assortment of steps, like Paul Taylor, though without Taylor's variety of effect. (His idea of dynamic contrast is to use women as lighteners, doing the same steps as men.) He is as much a cultist of music visualization as van Manen, though not as depressingly bent on step-for-note literalism. He turns music into emotion, sort of like Jerome Robbins, by means of punchy rhythmic devices. And one would have to go all the way back to Kurt Jooss to find another Central European choreographer who has attained the same level of success. The choreographer whom Kylián most resembles, though, is Doris Humphrey. Humphrey was a structuralist who could reduce a Bach concerto to a nest of mixing bowls; the bowls were brown. Kylián, also by simplification and reduction, pretends to lay bare the intent of music; but he doesn't care about structure, he cares about sensation. Just as Humphrey could always squeeze out one more mixing bowl, Kylián can keep his motorized ballets charging ahead as long as the music holds out, on and on into the dark.

THE Royal Ballet's production of "The Sleeping Beauty," which I saw last summer in Houston and again a few weeks ago in Montreal, has still to rid itself of imperfections in the Panorama-Awakening scenes. These are the scenes on which the ballet traditionally founders, and the Royal's failure is the more to be regretted for scuttling what up to then has been a superb production. It cannot be said too often how transparent Tchaikovsky's intentions are in this ballet, how they shine infallibly through misstaging. Yet when the person in charge of the misstaging is as determined and skillful as Ninette de Valois has been in the present instance, license is welcome and transgression can seem like invention—up to a point. Tchaikovsky did not write Carabosse to be performed by a woman; that much seems certain from the livid grotesquerie of the music. To force femininity on the characterization, de Valois has had to blanket certain of Tchaikovsky's effects with her own. It works. Monica Mason gives the performance that justifies the idea. As her carriage is drawn offstage and she makes the gesture that says, "Remember [what I have foretold]!," her huge eyes open wide with fright; she has already been forgotten once.

But de Valois has given us more of Carabosse than we need to see. When Tchaikovsky "remembers" her, it is only glancingly; after Act I, he doesn't bring her on. The memory comes in the Sleep music, but there onstage is the creature, at the heart of a giant spiderweb, and she confronts the Lilac Fairy—another event that Tchaikovsky didn't arrange. She'd even been present earlier, with her minions, as Lilac and the Prince disembarked, well before the orchestra completed their journey by water and the musical cue for Carabosse was heard. What seems to happen at this point is that the Royal, having started the boat ride, is loath to stage it in full. So we fade out on a forest drop while the Water music continues and those incongruous land events with Carabosse occur. Still, nothing seems to be drastically wrong, and a moment later, when we have penetrated to Aurora's bedroom and Lilac, drifting in long bourrées, is clearing it of malign spirits much as the Firebird banished the monsters, the production is once again invincible. From here it rises with

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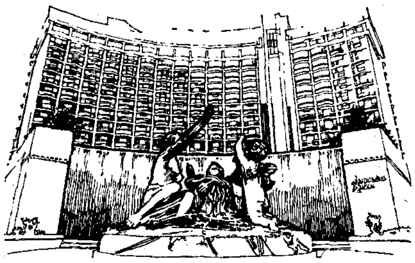

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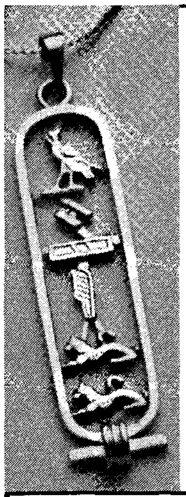

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the Prince's entrance and his awakening kiss. Then: calamity. I do not miss the interpolated Awakening pas de deux that I am told used to be staged at this moment. But, after all the time it has spent breaking in the new production, shouldn't the company have arrived at a more feasible and musically more honorable transition to Act III than a jolting tutti chord, a blackout, and a pause during which the orchestra looks for its parts and people scramble to their places behind the curtain?

The company did not give of its best in the Act III divertissement in either of the performances I saw at the Place des Arts. The orchestra, under Emanuel Young, performed unsteadily both times. And in all the fairy roles the ballet was weaker or else no stronger than it had been last year. One had the sense of young dancers arrested in an eternal state of promise. A Lilac Fairy ought to be giving us secure double en-dedans pirouettes. At Lilac level and above, though, style falls off. There is no Bluebird. Lethargy and small-scaled execution robbed both the Auroras I saw of distinction. There is nothing wrong with being small. Jennifer Penney has the same snowflake delicacy as Makarova and Semenyaka, Gelsey Kirkland and Judith Fugate. But Penney has been taught to use her long, sweetly turned, raylike limbs in short or end-stopped phrases of limited impact. After a while, her small-featured perfection comes to seem minor. The larger and more solidly built Lesley Collier succeeds in imposing herself; her Rose Adagio was as accomplished as Penney's but more forceful. In the Vision scene, though, her legato was sluggish. Like the production as a whole, the Auroras tended to slacken in interest. Their Florimunds, David Wall and Mark Silver, gave unmemorable performances except for the adagio variation, which, if we must have one, now ranks as one of the better interpolations. The worst: Kenneth MacMillan's Hop o' My Thumb, if only because it violates the over-all sense of Petipa style. It is, of course, the Royal's complete conviction in this style that carries us through. Though one may fault the production, nothing in it is garbled or vulgarized. The Royal can make the rational and humane spirit of the ballet more real than any other company, and what it understands by Petipa tradition is worthily upheld. (One can hardly see Leslie Edwards in his thirty-fourth, and possibly liveliest, year as Cattalabutte without thinking about tradition.)

"La Fin du Jour," a new MacMillan ballet, is a satire on the Jazz Age set to Ravel's Piano Concerto in G. Heartless and artificial, like the music, it's concerned less with what fashionable people did for recreation than with how they looked doing it in terms of the iconography of the period. The choreography and Ian Spurling's costumes and scenery draw on the synthetic and the decorative as if there were some archeological deposit to be found in the modish visual jargon of the late twenties and early thirties. And there is. Although the piece discloses nothing beneath its glittering surface, as it goes on it turns out to be about something real—style as an object of human passion. The first section, not terribly interesting, is a social frenzy, with dancers chugging about like mechanical dolls in marcelled hairdos of powdery pink, purple, and blue. In the next part, two of the jazz dolls (Penney, Merle Park) pull goggles over their eyes and, as teams of men manipulate their bodies in passes over the ground or through the air, become fliers. Another moment, and they are flying machines. The choreography recalls the "Bunraku" episode of "Rituals," where MacMillan was unable to sustain and intensify his vision as he does here. The movements of the two women are sometimes in counterpoint, more often in unison, but MacMillan's doubling has a meaning that the doubling of Kylián or van Manen doesn't have: it carries the implication of persons becoming involved in and identified with machines. (Kylián's and van Manen's ballets just *are* machines.) At the end of this section, the two robot aviatrixes are alone, and they totter on their points all over the stage, bumping into each other again and again until they bump each other out of sight. This absurdist ballet mécanique ends with a party scene quite different from the first—a scene with men in evening dress doing tumbling tricks and huge, porpoiselike leaps that reminded me of Paul Taylor's "Cloven Kingdom."

At the climax, everyone falls to the floor, and Merle Park slams shut a door that gives onto a twilit garden vista. The end of the day is the end of an era; but MacMillan's inventions have carried us beyond thoughts about a period.

—ARLENE CROCE

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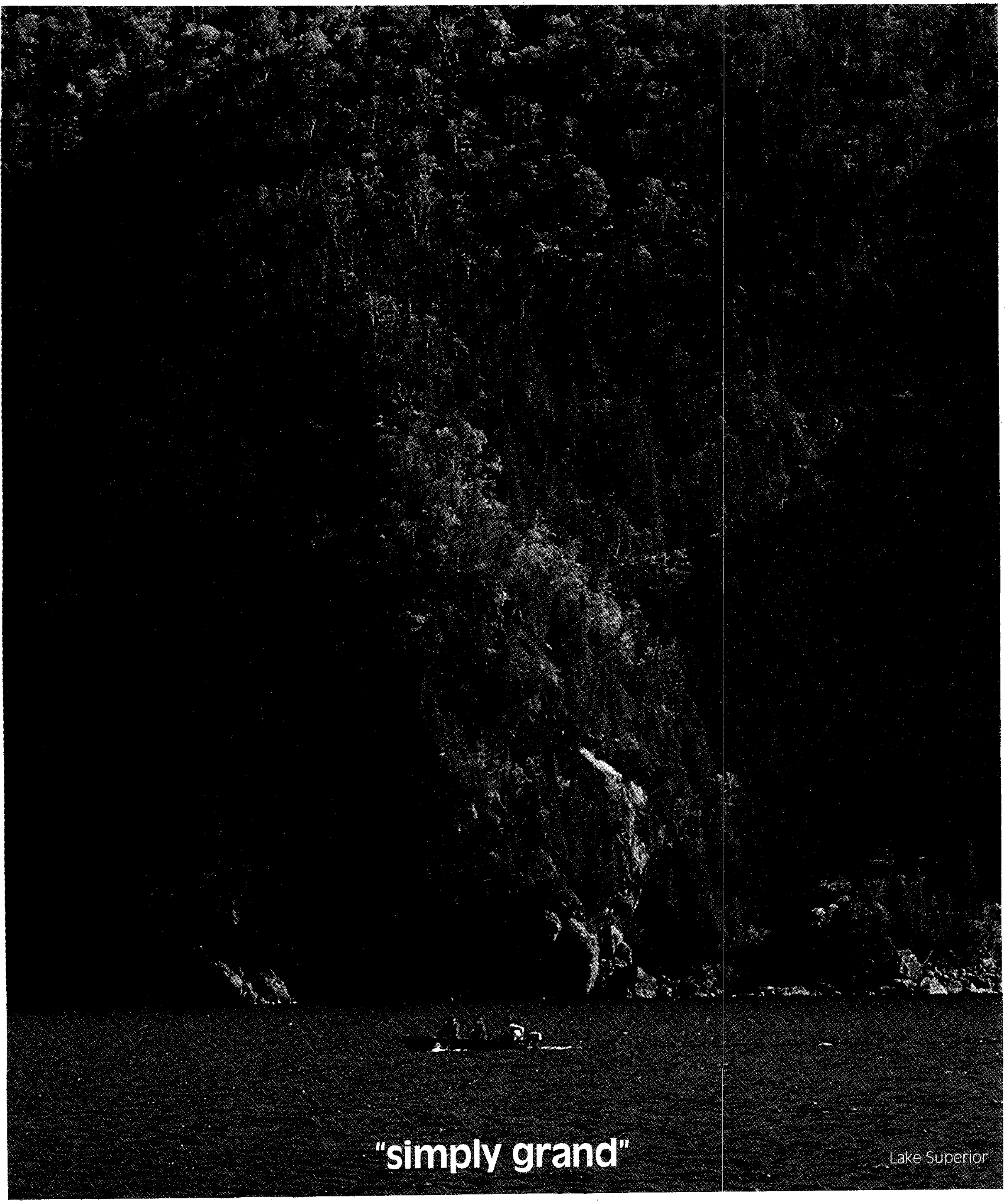

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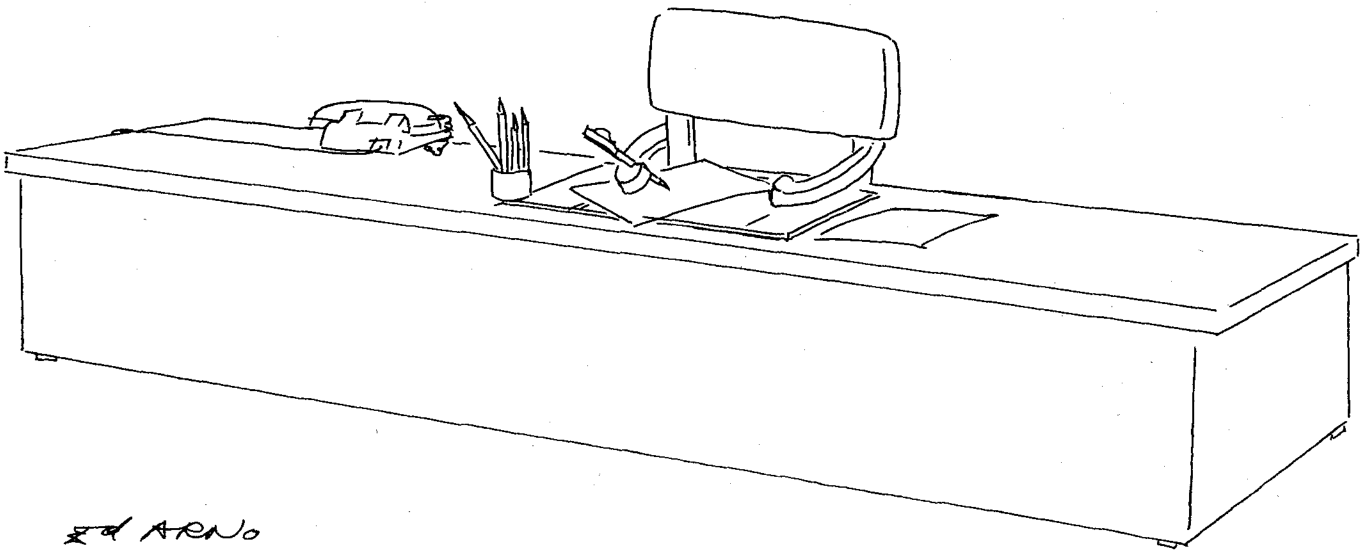
AFFAIRS OF STATE

WHEN the White House announced that, as part of its effort to overcome the "crisis of confidence," of which the energy crisis was only a part, Patricia Roberts Harris would succeed Joseph Califano, Jr., as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, Mrs. Harris said that no one who hoped for a departmental change in policy should take comfort from her appointment. This was perhaps the only clear theme sounded throughout the week of the great shakeup. Policy was established; it had been in place since the campaign of 1976. What was new was a heightened resolve and commitment—that, and a firmer exercise of Presidential leadership, which in turn called for certain revisions in the table of organization. Like incompetence and malfeasance, a change in policy is, of course, a perfectly legitimate reason—often a compelling one—for dismissing a Cabinet officer and naming a successor. Any major change in foreign policy at this stage would require a new lineup in the State Department and the National Security Council. But, just as there have been no charges of dereliction of any kind, there have been no suggestions of ideological deviation. The most that has been said in dispraise of any of the cashiered department heads is that some of them did not perform their lobbying chores with the degree of zeal which the White House staff—particularly its new chief and quantifier of political and administrative skills, Hamilton Jordan—felt the assignments called for. And this alleged diffidence, this insufficient enthusiasm, was read in the Oval Office as disloyalty—disloyalty not so much to the program of the beleaguered President as to his person. No one used the ugly word, but Rosalynn Carter, who's now said to speak for her husband more authoritatively than anyone else, has been naming "loyalty" as the virtue he prizes most in an associate.

There is no dispute over the proposition that loyalty is what every President has a right to expect of an appointed subordinate. Those who cannot in good conscience support his principles and programs have no business being in his employ. But there is a distinction, though at times a rather blurry one, between a spirited advocacy of policy and a spirited defense of, or apology for, the policy's main—or at least nominal—sponsor. It is one thing to spend one's own and the public's time seeking to gain approval for White House programs and another to spend it making the electorate more appreciative of the tenant's charm, ability, and good judgment, and the latter is the kind of loyalty Mrs. Carter clearly has in mind. In general, the electorate is tolerant of the efforts that high officials often make as public-relations agents for their leader. Some of this is essential to effective government operations; without public confidence in a President's integrity and sense of values there can be little hope for consensus. But building consensus is quite different from electioneering. The difference is informally acknowledged in the tradition that while it is acceptable for a Secretary of Agriculture or a Secretary of Labor to engage in partisan politics, it is not acceptable for the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, or, until recent years, the Attorney General to do so. Califano has said that when he and the President parted company, Carter explained that he was reorganizing his team for the 1980 election. The White House has denied this part of Califano's account of the exchange. It hardly matters who is right. Others in the White House have cited Califano's closeness to Edward Kennedy as one of the things that made for suspicion and uneasiness in the relationship. It is certainly a more honorable reason for letting him go than any fear that Califano's anti-cigarette campaign had antagonized tobacco growers in Kentucky and North Carolina.

Only Carter's vulnerability—his failures in dealing with Congress, his failure to establish his leadership in the Western alliance—accounts for his behavior in the past several weeks. It may be that his meditations and consultations at Camp David sharpened his perception of the erosion of public confidence in public institutions and led him to come close to eloquence in describing it. For the erosion has been in progress for more than a decade, and he spoke of it often in his successful campaign three years ago. Most of the institutions, he said, have become unworthy of confidence, and he proposed to restore integrity and make them once again responsive to public needs. But this was easier—far, far easier—said than done. And now there is very little confidence in him, for although he has manfully agreed that he must bear some of the blame, he's placing most of it on others: Congress, the oil exporters, the oil distributors, the press, and the only people over whom he has constitutional authority—the delinquent members of his Cabinet. His strategists in the White House, whose "political skills" are being rated on a scale that ranges from "naïve" to "savvy," should have warned him that there is hardly a more



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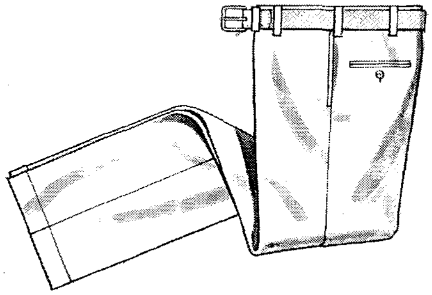

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unproductive approach than the one he has taken. If any of them did, they were overridden by others and ignored by him. And now the situation is a good deal worse than it was before he tried to make it better. Half a dozen agencies are in disarray; their ousted leaders, some of whom have sizable constituencies of their own, may soon be part of the opposition. Only a handful in Congress have defended him. Inflation is up and the dollar is down. The energy program and the strategic-arms treaty remain in jeopardy. The reaction in foreign capitals has been no more encouraging than the reaction in Washington.

IN many ways, Carter is as well qualified for his office as any of those who have held it in the past three decades. Intellectually, he is a match for any of them. He is as diligent as Lyndon Johnson and has a surer grasp of the issues than Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, or Gerald Ford. Like John Kennedy, he is a quick study. He has a strong sense of the opportunities that the Presidency affords for moral leadership, though he seems not quite to know how to get political results by exercising it. His inexperience has been a handicap, but hardly more so than that of most of his recent predecessors. Of the last six, only Johnson and Nixon knew much about the workings of the executive branch, and, as it turned out, their knowledge served them and the country badly. In Carter's defense, it must be said that no President has ever had a greater right to curse the memory of those who served before him—and not simply because of Vietnam and Watergate. Though Carter must live with their consequences—miseries in Southeast Asia, diminished American prestige, compromised intelligence agencies, schisms in the Democratic Party and the Congress—the books were closed, the moral judgments handed down, and the political scores settled before he became a candidate. Inflation, largely the product of an overreaching foreign policy, and the energy crisis were upon us early in the decade, and if they have worsened in the last few years, his responsibility is minimal. The revolution in Iran might have taken a different turn and had a less anti-American coloration if we had not made the Shah a creature of our power and ourselves an instrument of his. For Carter, the price of that revolution was very high. The loss of our surveillance facilities threatens the SALT II agreements, and the anti-Zionist fervor of the new regime imperils the Middle East negotiations. Thus, the two most important and most imaginatively and skillfully managed of Carter's diplomatic initiatives may be overtaken by a chain of events in the forging of which he had no part.

Still, when the allowable discounts are made, when Carter is given all the credit due him for his intelligence and his not infrequent displays of courage, he remains a weak executive and a maladroit politician. It is true that the day is gone, probably forever, when a master of consensus like Lyndon Johnson could, by coaxing and threatening, by favors granted and withheld, get just about anything he wanted from his majority in Congress. But Carter threw away much of the power he needs today when, in 1976, he severed himself from organization politics. He wanted little to do with the organizations, and many of them wanted nothing to do with him. He built a constituency of his own; it got him, narrowly, into the White House, but there was hardly a Democratic candidate for anything that year who did not, in his own district, outpoll the candidate for President and thus become, as it were, doubly entitled to independence. It may be that if Carter had worked through the organizations it would have overwhelmed him. But once in office he did little to put together the kind of coalitions he needed; it must scandalize professional politicians to hear the President's principal White House adviser and now chief of staff say, seventeen months before the Carter lease expires, that most of his critics on Capitol Hill don't know him, adding, "That's not their fault; that's my fault. I have not made the effort to know *them.*" And it must make for some hilarity to hear the President say that he is taking his case out of Washington and presenting it to "the people." It required a week of headlined mystification and ballyhoo, featuring an all-star cast, to get him a decent audience for his latest televised speech (probably his best, though most of it was two-hundred-proof homiletics), and at that his rating was far below the one he got for his first—or "moral equivalent of war"—effort.

More and more, there is talk of Carter as a one-term President, either by withdrawal or by defeat in the early primaries. It is difficult to imagine any turn in his fortunes that would much improve his lot between now and late winter. His resident economists concede that we are well along in a recession and that it will be impossible to bring down inflation and unemployment in less than a year or two. The odds are always against an incumbent's withdrawal. Carter will not be under the sort of pressure that Johnson felt in 1968; he may be ineffectual, but he is not divisive, and no one can say that he has blood on his hands. But if he has any kind of opposition he is likely to be forced out in the primaries in New Hampshire and Massachusetts—states that will suffer from high fuel costs, particularly for heating oil. If Senator Kennedy entered the primaries, Carter would be swamped, but if Kennedy becomes a candidate at all, it is unlikely that he will take the primary route; the victories would be too easy and would shatter Party unity. (Carter's strength in the South is about as low as it is elsewhere, but a New England Roman Catholic mounting a head-on challenge to a Baptist President from Georgia would stir old grievances.) What is more likely—what is now almost certain—is that Governor Edmund Brown, of California, will be on the New Hampshire ballot and will make the kind of showing that Eugene McCarthy made against Johnson in 1968. If the President did not then withdraw, he would have to spend several months fighting for survival. While this might gain him renomination if Brown was the only challenger, it would increase the prospects of a Democratic defeat in November. In such circumstances, Kennedy, whether or not he wants to be President, might feel compelled to come to the aid of his party and let himself be drafted in New York next August. In the process, he might lose some of the popularity he now enjoys. There is a clear contradiction between the enthusiasm he currently arouses and the polls that show widespread opposition to what he stands for—more spending, more welfare programs, more government intervention. Once he tested himself against their conservative figures, his ratings might drop. Still, he would be stronger than Carter and almost certainly stronger than anyone else in either party.

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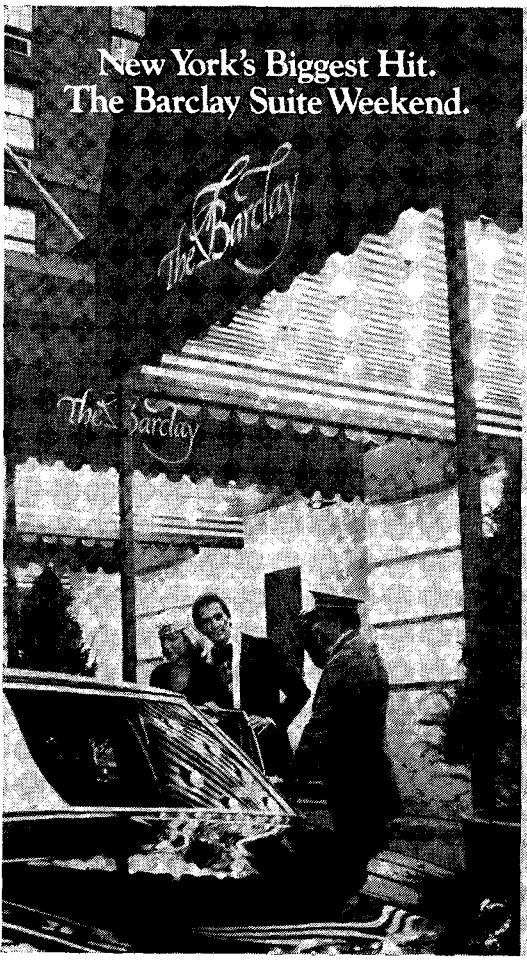

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRIVATE LIES, by M. K. Cooper (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). A horror story about a celebrated theatrical couple—composer and actress—who are linked in their adoring public's mind with extravagant wealth and high living, but also with the brutal murder of their daughter many years ago, and with their son-in-law's trial and acquittal for the deed. Now the composer wants to tell all: not only did they know that their son-in-law was guilty and lie under oath to protect their careers from damaging publicity but their own marriage was rife with depravity and deceit, their daughter was a greedy schemer, and their granddaughter became an incorrigible troublemaker after the murder and the trial. M. K. Cooper makes the composer an interesting narrator; that he is less cunning than his wife but equally duplicitous keeps the reader alert to significant slips of the tongue. But there is a big problem with the novel's design: the murder scene, described early on, is so grotesque (the granddaughter seated calmly by her semiconscious, bludgeoned mother) that the promise of a shocking climax cannot be fulfilled. Instead, the story merely grows messy and sordid, and then ends with a lot of talk about secret identities and missing jewels.

AFRICAN TRIO, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Stuart Gilbert and by Paul Auster and Lydia Davis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95). Three "psychological" novels (as distinguished from M. Simenon's *romans policiers* featuring Inspector Maigret), written in the thirties and early forties, which are linked by their common reflection of French colonial equatorial Africa in the twenties. There is also a certain thematic link. In each story, a Frenchman, for reasons of psychic weakness or immaturity at least partly exacerbated by the African environment, becomes obsessed by a woman—a promiscuous English aristocrat, a promiscuous French hotel proprietress, a promiscuous French wife of the upper class. It is interesting to note that the women emerge as both brighter and more likable than the men they victimize. The stories are period pieces, clearly and coolly depicting the moral squalor of the transplanted European and the virtual master-and-slave relationship between the whites and the blacks, but there is nothing in the least period about Simenon's depiction of emotional currents and crosscurrents; he is simply a bit more subtle than is usual today.

GENERAL

DECADENCE: THE STRANGE LIFE OF AN EPITHET, by Richard Gilman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). In this dry and brilliant book, Mr. Gilman takes criticism in a new and invigorating direction by puncturing one of its giant balloons—the term "decadence," which has always been glibly invoked by critics but which, under his wry scrutiny, proves to be fickle, flighty, and eventually empty. His book works on many levels at once. It is an examination of the way in which certain conceptual terms adhere to the language like counters, without much substance to them. It is also a witty and close study of periods—and of writers like Huysmans and Wilde—that have had the badge of decadence firmly pinned to them, and it demonstrates with a wealth of example that the term has much more to do with fashion than with precision, with pomposity rather than clarity. He skillfully separates literature and literary fashion from popular morality, and the incisiveness and economy of his style make the book a pleasure to read. It would be salutary to see the same informed and precise attention given to certain other critical terms that have inadvertently become cornerstones of literary criticism.

THE QUEEN'S CORSAIR, by Alexander McKee (Stein & Day; $12.95). A narrative of Francis Drake's voyage of global circumnavigation just four hundred years ago, by an English writer and military historian who rescued Henry VIII's warship Mary Rose from the muddy sea bottom off the Isle of Wight a number of years ago and wrote a spirited book about its excavation. Drake's voyage, which in some ways was an even greater feat than Magellan's, was, of course, not only exploratory; it was also, with Queen Elizabeth's blessing and backing, a raiding expedition against the Spanish colonies and shipping, and its primary objective was to

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bring home money. And this Drake did: when the Golden Hind (the only one of his fleet of five ships to complete the great circle) dropped anchor at Plymouth, she was literally ballasted with silver bars, and there were gold and jewels and stuffs and spices to make him a millionaire and to vastly enrich his queen and her noble venture capitalists. Mr. McKee makes this tale seem fresher by going back to early sources, especially the day-to-day journals kept by members of the ship's company, and by comparing them with the records of the outraged Spanish colonial bureaucrats in Drake's wake who kept track of his depredations. It is rather an immoral tale, but the fact that Drake's victims were the direct descendants of the conquistadores and were themselves despoiling and enslaving the entire New World makes it palatable. Illustrations.

EARLY STAGES: SCENES FROM A LIFE, by Anne Jackson (Little, Brown; $8.95). The actress recalls her childhood and girlhood, focussing upon her family—her expansive Croatian father, her prim Irish mother, her two older sisters, who were, respectively, motherly and querulous. The author's style is simple but her themes are complex, as she shows us, for example, how the devotion to cleanliness and propriety of poor people (her father was a not very successful barber) bore heavily on daughters, and how trashy movies and radio programs could stimulate a budding actress's imagination. Miss Jackson's ability to convey emotion brings us very close to her life, but one element in the tale seems remote—how well New York City worked in the nineteen-thirties and forties: the author's Brooklyn public high school taught her Latin and French, and the subways took her safely and speedily to Broadway.

THE NEWSPAPER: AN INTERNATIONAL HISTORY, by Anthony Smith (Thames & Hudson; $14.95). In sixteenth-century Europe, news of international affairs, written by intelligence agents posted in hot spots to the east, was invaluable not only to military strategists but to merchants and traders based in Amsterdam, Paris, and London. Four hundred years later—after the political essays of Swift and Defoe, the weekly editorials of Benjamin Franklin (as Silence Doogood), the "new journalism" (a term coined by Matthew Arnold) of W. T. Stead's *Pall*

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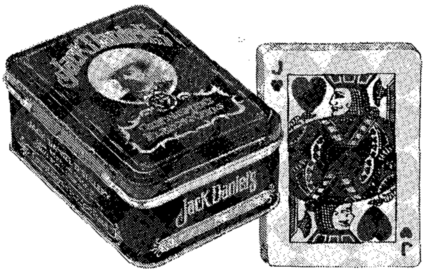

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Mall Gazette, and the sensationalism of Joseph Pulitzer and his imitators—a pair of dilemmas persists: how to distinguish facts from propaganda, and how to make truthtelling a profitable business. Anthony Smith provides many curious details in his succinct history of the shifting fortunes of the free press (in 1776, no government had yet guaranteed its people one), from the handwritten publications of the Chinese imperial court in the year 610 to the cold-type computer systems of the present and the future. A generous selection of illustrations makes the book attractive as well as thoroughly informative.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH IN THE MORNING, by Sheila Radley (Scribners; $8.95). A pretty English country girl in a pretty country dress goes out to gather flowers and is found the next day drowned in a shallow brook. Although the brook is clogged with litter, and drugs are rampant at the local schools, and the surrounding meadows sprout tract houses faced with imitation Cotswold stone, traditional class distinctions have endured, as the two policemen investigating the case—a competent chief inspector with only a grade-school education and a dapper young university graduate fresh out of detective school—discover, to their mutual discomfort. The tension between the two men does serve a good purpose, however: when a schoolmate of the victim mentions a striking parallel to the murder scene and the superior officer asks, "Ophelia who?," his embarrassment spurs him to pursue a more obscure and more pertinent literary allusion to a successful and surprising conclusion. An unusually thoughtful and entertaining look at the commission of a crime and the art of its detection by an English novelist writing her first mystery story.

ESTATE OF GRACE, by James Powers (Harper & Row; $10). Mr. Powers is a young Harvard Law School graduate practicing in Phoenix, and this novel, his first, is a tricky complexity about the law and certain of its familiar practitioners—a probate judge of minimal capability, a lofty corporation lawyer of minimal imagination, a crafty alcoholic shyster scratching for a minimal living, a powerhouse trial lawyer with a maximal talent for suing railroads, insurance companies, and public utilities, a young inarticulate night-

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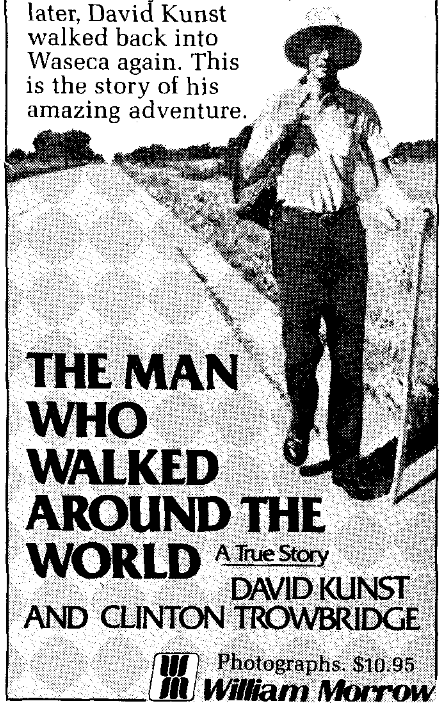

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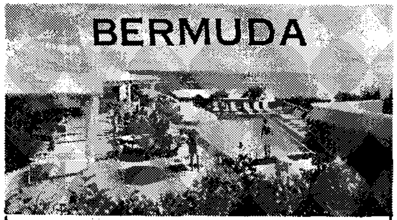

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school lawyer who finds his way to glory. And a maiden in distress. The action has to do with a rich man (named Grace) who inflames his next of kin by leaving the bulk of his ten-million-dollar estate to a decrepit old hired man. Mr. Powers is a sure writer—sure with character, sure with narrative, nicely inventive, and quietly gifted with humor—and he has given us a most attractive novel.

IN AT THE KILL, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday; $7.95). Why Charlotte Cambrey, a tense and tired young woman recently out of a job, chooses to rent one of a set of cottages on an estate in her native Scotland in December; who the inquisitive young man is who meets her on the train and gets off at the same station; why, when she goes to the main house to pay the rent, she is greeted by a well-dressed woman close to hysterics who pretends to be the housekeeper and roars off in a white Renault; and who besides the landlord's ninety-four-year-old stepmother was in the house a few minutes before Charlotte knocked, when half the landlord's head was blown off by a now vanished gun, are some of the questions that need answers in this engaging whodunit by a veteran of the genre. A charming cast of characters—the contentious stepmother, in her purple dressing gown and diamond earrings; her bustling, featherbrained housekeeper; a green-eyed artist in a red velvet suit; an amiable couple who ply Charlotte with sherry and shepherd's pie; a detective superintendent with "grey and singularly unblinking" eyes; and a flock of cottagers who knock on Charlotte's door at all hours with gossip and theories—helps to complicate the case with dozens of red herrings and tempt the most blasé reader to join in the speculation.

•

Official scorer Dick O'Connor of the Palo Alto Times at first charged the error to Flynn but upon consultation with Torre and with Lockwood after the game, he reversed himself and gave the error to Flynn. So justice is done.—*The News.*

And Flynn is twice blessed.

•

Contrary to legend, French pianist Charles-Valentin Alkan was not crushed beneath a heavy bookcase but died while preparing dinner.—*Halifax (N.S.) Mail-Star.*

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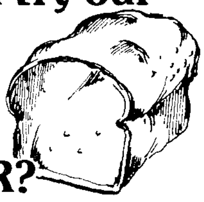

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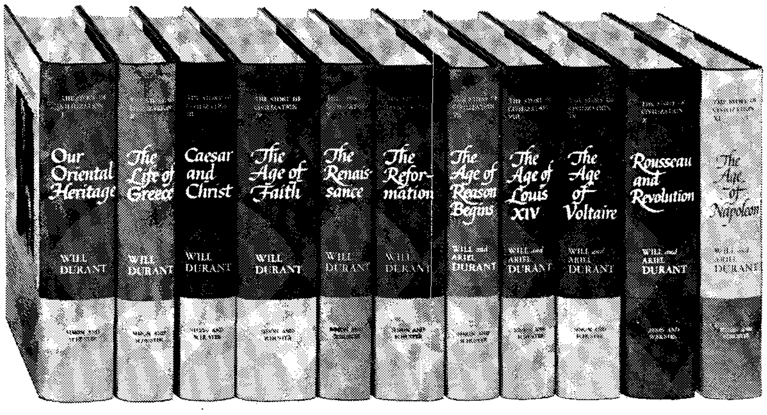

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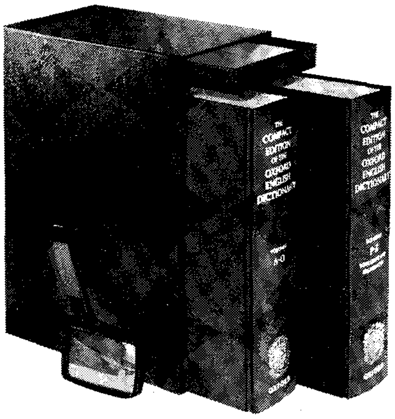

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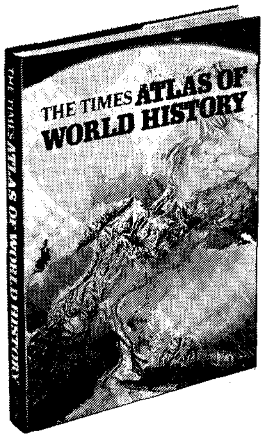

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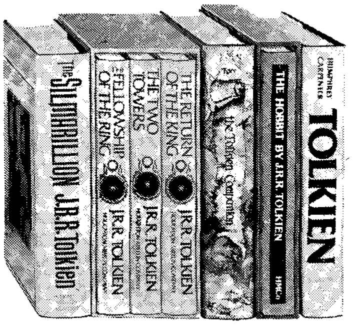

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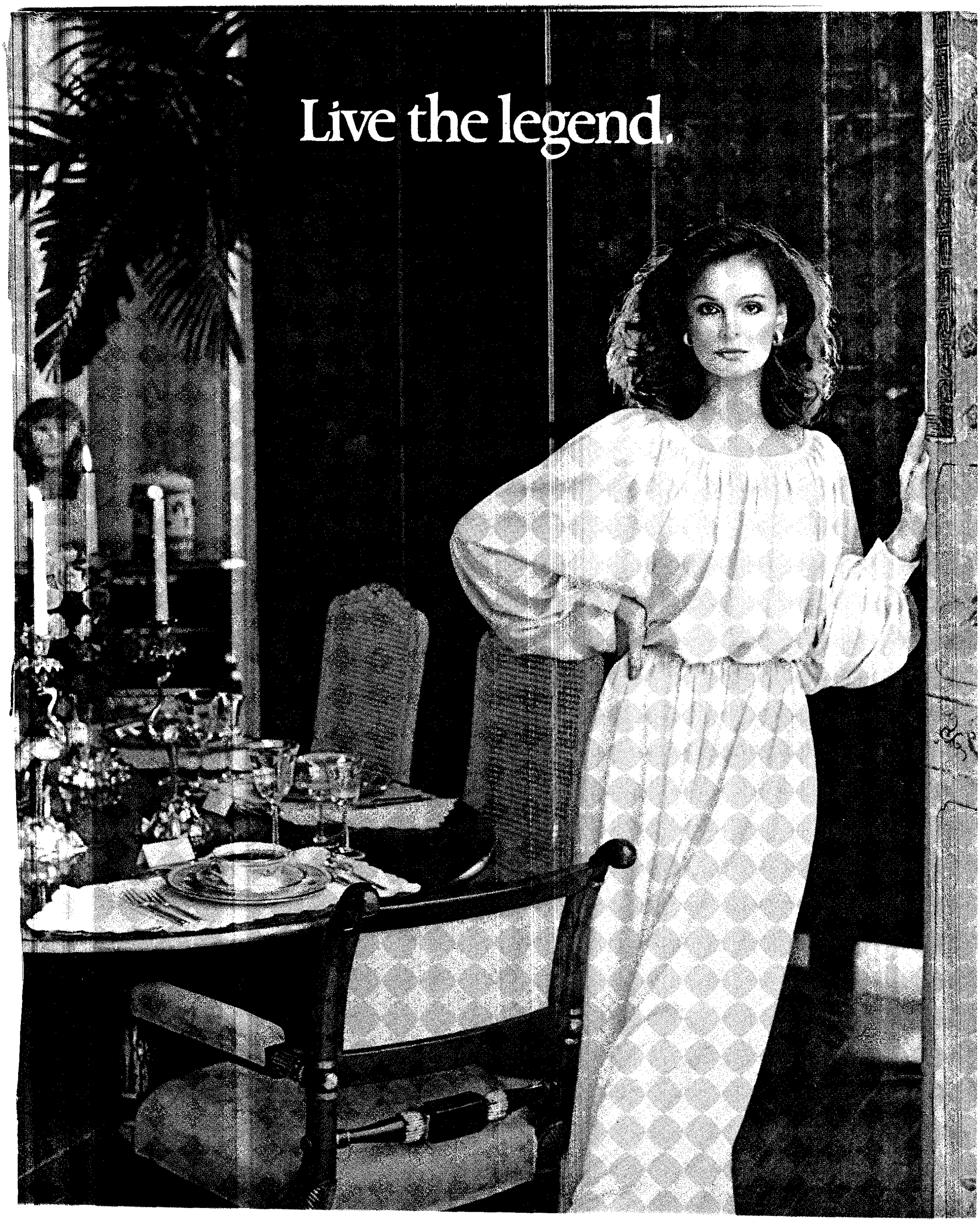
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